

FOURTH ANNIVERSARY ISSUE

APRIL 1985
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THE TWILIGHT ZONE Magazine

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**Rod Serling's
NIGHT GALLERY**
NEW SHOW-BY-SHOW GUIDE

STORY CONTEST WINNERS



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A Word from the Publisher

The *Twilight Zone*, that wondrous land of both shadow and substance, is twenty-five years old this year. In the beginning, someone said that the show was a flower blooming in the desert of the tv wasteland. And today the flower seems to have propagated itself all across the desert floor into many hybrid forms. Witness, for example, the *Twilight Zone* movie, *Twilight Zone* conventions and tv marathons, posters and clubs, *The Twilight Zone Companion*, the Zone Box, the reissue of the *Twilight Zone* Bantam short stories, and, on the horizon, a new book from Avon: *Twilight Zone: The Original Stories*. Witness the new *Twilight Zone* series presently in development at CBS. And witness, most of all, this magazine.

You loyal readers of *Twilight Zone* know that, with this issue, the magazine is four years old. As has been our custom with anniversary issues, we present our annual story contest winners. For all of us here at the magazine, there is a special delight in discovering new talent, and my very personal congratulations go to David B. Schock, Randolph Cirilo, and Joseph Calabro. You've all succeeded with one of the hardest writing formats—the short story. These tales are fascinating and diverse: the first, a morality tale of diabolic villainy and old-fashioned virtue; the second, a portrait of a woman torn between this world and the next; and the third, a Bradburyesque picture of what may lie ahead—if we're not careful.

In honor of all these anniversaries, we're printing the teleplay of the first *Twilight Zone* episode ever broadcast. It's called "Where is Everybody?" and was a one-man tour de force for Earl Holliman, Jr. For Rod, it was, as I recall, a story that almost wrote itself. I'm often asked where Rod got his ideas, and I suppose the answer is that a truly creative mind picks up clues *everywhere* that lead to imaginative speculation. Anyone who has ever wandered alone at twilight around the ruins of Chichen-Itza or Delphi or the reconstructed villages of Jamestown and Plymouth knows the unworldly feelings such places inspire. Rod found some of these same strange vibrations present in the deserted movie backlots at MGM. This gave him the setting and the mood for a story of an eerie town devoid of people. Then, inspired by an article in *Time* about isolation experi-



Earl Holliman in "Where Is Everybody?"

ments on astronaut trainees, and after actually being trapped himself (or so it seemed) in a phone booth, Rod had a story. Mission accomplished.

Four years ago we invited you to reenter the *Twilight Zone*. We promised to give you stories that dealt with all aspects of the human condition—past, present, and future—and to be as varied as man's imagination. We'd like to think that, during this time, we've presented a forum for the best in present-day fantasy, speculative fiction, and horror—and that we've been true to our promise to fascinate and entertain you. In any event, we intend to keep trying for a long time.

—Carol Serling
Associate Publisher

FAIR WARNINGS

Maybe it has something to do with the recent election, but this issue of *Twilight Zone* was so chock full of visions of doom, apocalypses, and sundry Armageddons that we actually had to cut a few in an effort to brighten things up. As it is, you're still in store for some fairly alarming prophecies—even among our contest winners.

This year's story contest brought nearly four thousand entries, plunging the office into a sea of manuscripts, paper clips, and manila envelopes; clearly the winners had a lot of competition. The major task of reading and selection fell to TZ editors Alan Rodgers and Miriam Wolf, who are shown at right, standing by a typical evening's work.

When I ask first-time contributors to tell me a little about themselves, many of them allude to being married, having one or two kids, etc., and it seldom seems worth mentioning. But the reply I got from prizewinner **DAVID B. SCHOCK** was unusual, for the very first thing he listed about himself was "happily married to a genius." Hmm. Also interesting, in light of his story's austere religious tone, is that both his parents are ministers. Schock is the assistant editor of the *University Bookman*, a scholarly quarterly edited by that formidable ghost-story writer and conservative theoretician, Russell Kirk, who served as Schock's advisor for his Ph.D. dissertation on, appropriately, the ghost story. Schock works as a writer and editor for Central Michigan University, but he's also written for *Personal Computer* and various Michigan dailies. Somehow, too, he finds the time to do some farming: he and his wife raise dairy goats and peafowl.

Our second-place story, *In the Shadow of the Castle*, is the sort of subtly ambiguous tale whose concerns are more psychological than supernatural; so it isn't surprising that its author, **RANDOLPH CIRILO**, has a Ph.D. in psychology (from the University of Texas) and is currently on the faculty of California's Century University. "Although I've written fiction on and off over the years," he says, "I've only been working seriously at it for the past two, trying to garner whatever encouragement I

could from writing classes at UCLA"—in which case the results of our contest should be very encouraging indeed.

If you knew that the world were about to end, how would you like to spend your final hours? This is the question that **JOSEPH CALABRO** asks in our third-place story, one that came to him as he strolled through a now-vanished amusement park on the Connecticut shore. Calabro, who teaches high school English elsewhere in the state, has a special interest in military intelligence of the World War II and Vietnam eras, about which he's written for *The Dossier*, a non-fiction quarterly devoted to espionage. He's also recently completed a novel, *Shoreline*, and a radio play—a spy thriller.

Just when you thought it was safe to go to your mailbox, we have a wonderfully inventive Bonus Short-Short by **KEN McCORMACK** which gives a new meaning to the term "form letter." McCormack has nine years of newspaper experience and several copywriting awards to his credit, as well as a first place in another fiction contest sponsored in 1983 by the Madison (Wisconsin) Area Writer's Association.

Last year's contest winner was a memorably creepy tale about a demented baby-sitter. Its author, **JON COHEN**, returns in this issue and demonstrates his range with a far more touching story, *Ben at the Window*. (Cohen will give us another glimpse of his darker side in an upcoming issue.) Also on hand is another ghostly tale of Old Japan by **GORDON LINZNER**, the Big Apple's answer to Lafcadio Hearn. (Hearn, a superb prose stylist who wrote *Kwaidan* and other collections, was among the first to bring Japanese folk legends to Western readers.) *The Magistrate's Pillow* is Linzner's fourth such tale and his fifth TZ appearance.

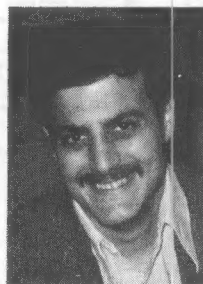
T. CORAGHESSAN BOYLE, whose short fiction has appeared in *Esquire*, the *Paris Review*, and the *Atlantic*, is one of those adventurous writers who never attempt the same thing twice. His first novel, *Water Masic*, was a bawdy, Barthian black comedy tracing the life and exploits of Mungo Park, the 18th-century Scottish explorer who made it a



Schock



Cirilo



Calabro



McCormack



Rodgers and Wolf

thousand miles up the Niger in an age before Lomotil and Kwell. His next novel, *Budding Prospects*, chronicled the troubles of a band of California marijuana-growers. *Bloodfall*, which first appeared in *Epoch*, will be featured in Boyle's forthcoming collection, *Greasy Lake and Other Stories*, from Viking.

Barter marks the professional debut of **LOIS McMASTER BUJOLD**, who's been an avid sf fan since age eight. She remembers the old *Twilight Zone* show fondly, but says: "My bedtime unfortunately was at the same hour that the show used to come on. I used to sneak down to hunch next to the tv in the back room, volume nearly inaudible, until being rounded up and chased back to bed by irate parents." Now a parent herself (and occasionally, no doubt, an irate one), she admits that her life these days is not terribly different from that of the housewife in her story; however, she has "three cats and only two kids, not the other way around."



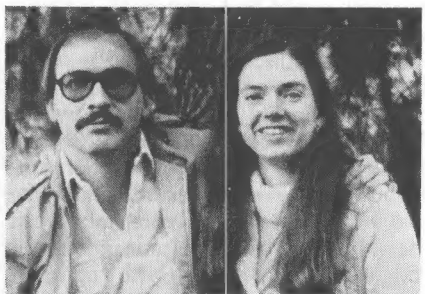
Bujold



Boyle



Cohen



Straczynski and Drennan

Rod Serling's old series is due for a resurrection next fall, and there seemed no one more equipped to report on it than JEFFERSON GRAHAM, who's been covering the project for *USA Today*.

Serling himself is the focus of a career retrospective by the celebrated and always controversial *Village Voice* critic ANDREW SARRIS, who offers a sympathetic but by no means hagiographic portrait of the man as the liberal social conscience of early tv. The article was originally written for the Rod Serling festival held last year by New York's Museum of Broadcasting. Sarris, who's done much to popularize the *auteur* theory of film here in America, is a brilliant, funny, and exceedingly contentious man; as a student of his at Columbia film school, I did nothing but argue with him for two years, but never found him less than provocative. (I recall writing a paper critical of *Vertigo* and noting that I'd been so bored by one scene in a bookstore that I'd found myself trying to make

out the titles of the books. Sarris, a staunch Hitchcock man, circled my comment and wrote, "If you really feel this way, I pity you.")

Serling's second-best-known show, *Night Gallery*, is the subject of a new Show-by-Show series by the husband-and-wife writing team of KATHRYN M. DRENNAN and J. MICHAEL STRACZYNSKI. Relatively little has been written about *Night Gallery*, and source material is difficult to obtain. Fortunately, Kathryn and Joe are two of the most tireless researchers alive; they make excellent successors to this magazine's previous chroniclers of the tube, Marc Scott Zicree, David J. Schow, and Jeffrey Frentzen.

Another feature beginning in this issue is the occasional column "My Darkest Fantasy"—and the perfect writer to inaugurate it was clearly JOE R. LANSDALE, a frequent TZ contributor whose paean to the drive-in, Texas-style, confirms all my worst suspicions about the Lone Star State. Also on board is a new book columnist, D.W. KENNEDY. "Doc" may be not be an M.D. but does know the ins and outs of the publishing world like an old pro, and can be counted upon to deliver wise counsel and authoritative advice in almost any situation. The name, incidentally, is a pseudonym, but I swear to God it's no one on the staff.

CREDIT WHERE IT'S DUE:

The *Outer Limits* theme by Harry Lubin appearing on page 82 of our December 1984 issue is a piano arrangement by Chuck Graham, who should have been credited for it. In that same issue the calligraphy used to illustrate the article on the *Necronomicon* is by Robert Dills; it originally appeared in the Owlswick Press's *Al Azif*. (Thanks to Darrell Schweitzer for pointing this out.) Finally, a credit line that simply disappeared: many of the historical items on last issue's calendar were taken from *The Daily Planet Almanac 1985*, copyright 1984 by Daily Planet Almanac, Inc., and published by arrangement with Avon Books.

—TK

APOLOGY

The Limelight Marketing Group, Inc., manufacturers of the Zone Box, have asked us to extend their apologies to those of you whose mail-ordered Zone Boxes were delayed. All back orders are now up to date, says Jeff Sorkin, president of Limelight. "We're prepared for the onslaught this time. We look forward to promptly filling your orders for the one novelty product every *Twilight Zone* aficionado must have."

THE TWILIGHT ZONE Magazine

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BOOKS /

Doc Kennedy

MAPPING THE TERRITORIES

Is there anyone reading these lines who is not aware of *The Talisman* (Viking, \$18.95)? Not possible. Not possible because: (a) three and a half minutes after it was published, it leaped to the top of every bestseller list in the land and stayed there; (b) it has, at this writing, four fifths of a million hardcover copies in print—more, probably, by the time you read this; (c) Steven Spielberg, who is to film what the authors of this book are to print, has purchased the movie rights, with fanfare; (d) those very authors, Stephen King and Peter Straub, enlivened the pages of this magazine's last issue with an informative and downright riveting account of their collaboration and how it worked.

Good stuff, that last, and since

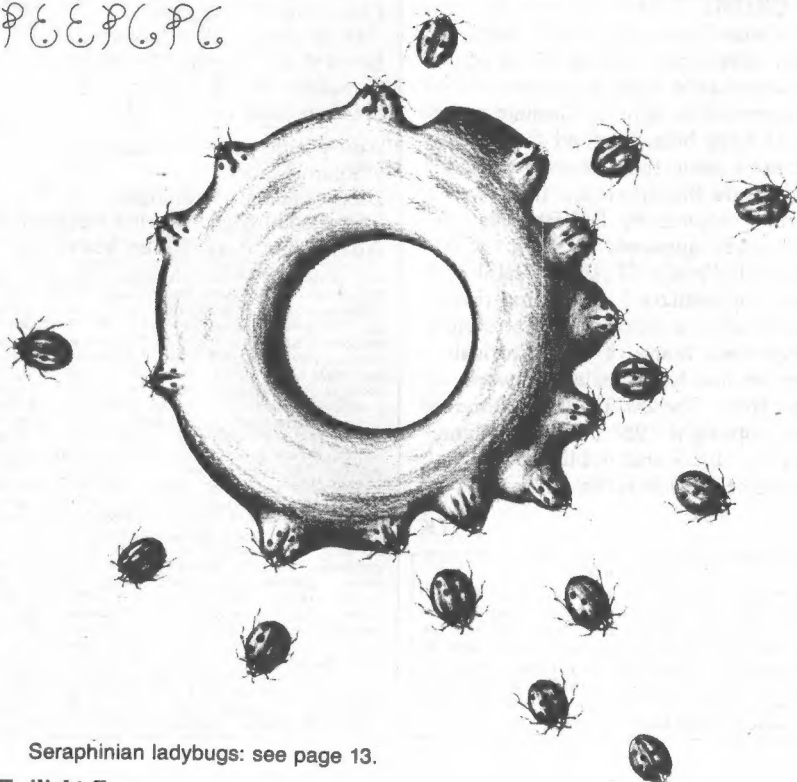
Douglas Winter's interview with them went into some detail about the plot and structure of the book—a quest novel, not a horror novel (which isn't to say that it is not at times horrific)—I'm not going to repeat that. Suffice it to say that if you didn't find it under your Christmas tree, you should probably invest in it. Leaving aside Tolkien's *Lord of the Rings* trilogy and Gene Wolfe's *New Sun* quartet, which, in any event, belong to different sub-genres, *The Talisman* is the best quest novel of our time. This is not an enormous compliment, however; of all the vilely written formula pap around, the quest-novel genre is probably responsible for more sins against the reader than any other, with the possible exception of the romance novel. The very

sight of a publisher's ad announcing yet another "epic tale of heroic adventure and potent magic" is depressing.

King's great accomplishment heretofore—and to a degree this is also true of Straub—is in bringing the horror novel kicking and screaming into the modern world from the fustian depths in which it lurked. Cars, rock songs, shopping malls, fast food chains, junk mail, and the various little disturbances of American life are part of the weave of any King novel; his shrewdly sharp detail anchors these books in our consciousness far more securely than the outworn trappings of genre horror can do. Now the team has managed to do this, to a large extent, with the quest novel. *The Territories*, the region into which Jack Sawyer and other characters "flip," is the same pre-industrial pseudo-feudal never-neverland in which nearly all quest novels take place, featuring smoky taverns instead of highway motels, scullery wenches and sorcery in place of Bunnies and television. But much of the novel, and Jack's quest, takes place in our own America, a place fully as strange and disturbing as any fantasy land. I think the darkly mirrored images of the twin lands work, and I'm interested to see how Spielberg will handle the transitions. It's a perfect story for him, right down to its somewhat sentimental ("tender," Straub calls this) theme and its anti-nuclear message.

One thing I hope he will do is to change the name of the psychopathic, pederastic schoolmaster, "Sunlight Gardener." To call a minor New England baddie "Smokey (after John) Updike" is a good joke, but to name a genuinely dreadful major villain after the author of *The Sunlight Dialogues*, John Gardner, who died in a motorcycle accident two years ago, is a nasty shot worthy of the novel's villain, Morgan Sloat, and it dampened my

3-PEEP-PEEP



Seraphinian ladybugs: see page 13.

reading pleasure a little, though I still like this book.

A horror novel that owes a good deal to the King approach is *Thinner* by Richard Bachman (NAL Books, \$12.95). Its main characters, the Hallecks, are a suburban Connecticut family. Billy is a successful young lawyer whose one regret is that his weight has crept up over the years; his wife and daughters are pleasant and ordinary as you could expect to find in a horror novel. Disaster enters their lives when Billy, while driving, accidentally (or is it?) hits and kills and old gypsy woman who is passing through town with her band of relatives and compatriots. Billy's golfing buddy, the local judge, gets him off scot-free in the trial that follows, and the police chief runs the gypsies out of town. Just after the trial, though, an ancient, hideous gypsy man comes up to Billy, touches him lightly on the cheek and whispers one word: "Thinner." And Billy begins to lose pound after pound.

Billy is, of course, the victim of a gypsy curse, and how this develops and his efforts to free himself from it are the simple, and hardly novel, directives of the book. What works, though, are the writerly details—Bachman, like King, is thoroughly familiar with the New England coastline up which Billy pursues the elusive gypsy band—and the genuine originality of Billy's own counter-curse on the gypsy. I won't say much about the latter except to point out that Billy, as a defense lawyer, has come into contact with members of New York's underworld. And perhaps I should add that, though the curses laid upon the judge and police chiefs are pretty standard stuff, Billy's own experiences as the flesh melts from him are genuinely and realistically horrid. I think the end of this book is hokey, but I recommend it anyway, especially to readers who just can't get enough King and would like to try something similar.

Robert Bloch has achieved immortality as the author of *Psycho*, the novel from which the classic Hitchcock film was taken. His latest book is *Night of the Ripper* (Doubleday, \$14.95) and, as you'd guess, it offers a new solution to the perennially fascinating (to some people, anyway) question, the identity of Jack the Ripper that fiendish slayer of Victorian ladies of the night. Bloch's protagonist is a

young American doctor who is working in the Whitechapel hospital where many of the bodies are brought. Bloch is an old hand and manages to divert suspicion from suspect to suspect as murder after murder occurs and the police pursue Jack more and more assiduously, enlisting our hero's help. This is a competent tale, but not much more than that, though it will have some interest for readers who like Victoriana; the Elephant Man and Arthur Conan Doyle make cameo appearances, and, naturally, the Duke of

Clarence is on hand. And, too, the bloody-minded will like it, for it is heavy, heavy on the grue, adding, as chapter headings, a completely gratuitous and irrelevant series of nasty incidents that are, I suppose, intended as proof of man's continuing inhumanity to man. Tacky. So is the proofreading job.

Much more original is Michael Bishop's *Who Made Stevie Cry?* (Arkham House, \$15.95). Not that the premise is original—every fiction editor at every publication from *Scream* com-

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BOOKS

ics to *The New Yorker* knows that perennially favorite submission of would-be freelancers, the "magic typewriter story." It's a natural for writers to daydream about, because in the fantasy *the typewriter does all the work!* Wouldn't it be pretty to think so! (Where is the magic blue pencil that does all the editing?) Anyway, there's pretty widowed Stevie, struggling to support her children on a freelance income (now there's a fantasy for you), and she gets her typewriter fixed by this really creepy guy who has a pet capuchin monkey named 'Crets (for Screts). And, true to form, that typewriter starts leaving messages for Stevie; slowly it dawns on her that the machine is writing the story of her life as she is living it. And that life is getting more and more disturbing.

Bishop is a science fiction writer most of the time, and he can be a little on the pretentious side. Here, though, he is having fun with the horror genre, and it's diverting to watch him twist and turn through the complications of his plot, though it's also true that the internal logic gets a little muddled here and there. I don't think that should matter, for there are some excellent scenes, plus an entire self-contained short story, a collaboration between Stevie and the typewriter that owes a bit to both Izak Dinesen and Jean Cocteau, thrown in for lagniappe. Definitely worth keeping in mind.

Recently out in a trade paperback edition is Ron Loewisohn's *Magnetic Field(s)* (Bantam Windstone, \$5.95), a first novel that won high mainstream praise in its hardcover appearance last year. What it really is, however, is a beautifully written and elegantly plotted ghost story, or near-ghost story, which ought to appeal to any TZ reader. The main characters are a tough, alienated house burglar (the book's first sentence reads: "Killing the animals was the hard part") and a "serious" modern composer. The thief robs the house the composer has been renting for the summer in the first part or "movement" of the book (the structure is symphonic in a Moog-y sort of way). In the second, we meet not only the composer and his family, but also the ghost of the house, a prodigy who could play Liszt at age five. A potent reminder of the boy's continuing presence is an incredible model train room with thirty-six different engines, hundreds of cars, six tape decks, and at least two dozen speakers, from which

some strange sounds emerge. Also, a book of poetry, *Love Songs to Death*, which provides some clues to what has happened. This is a risky, unconventional novel, but neatly played, down to the last chord.

And, for something completely different, there's *The Big U* by Neal Stephenson (Vintage, \$4.50). Those of you who have noticed this paperback may have judged it by the cover and dismissed it too quickly as a raunchy print equivalent of *Porky's* and other teen film fodder. But it's not, not at all. Instead, it's a first-rate, thoroughly modern fantastical comedy, a genre that has so languished in recent years that I can't think of another for comparison's sake. The setting is a giant megaversity, overscaled, overblown, and jammed with the crowds of oafs and air-heads that generally give



American education its bad name. But in this hostile environment, as alien as anything in the Territories, the good guys—that is, the weirdos—manage to find each other (even if they're not crazy about each other). Thus Casimir the math grind, Fred Fine the War-games warlord (he always refers to himself in third person as "this one"), Vergil the hacker genius, and Sarah the somewhat unusual student body president, together with a number of oddly assorted allies, find themselves up against, variously: most of the student body, a cult that worships a neon sign, a cadre of Crotobaltoslavionian freedom-fighters, a horde of giant mutant rats, a fearsome "worm" in the central computer system, and lots more. The pace of this novel is hectic and its humor sometimes a little collegiate, but what the hey? It is *not* offensive to women. It is not even offensive to

grown-ups, unless they have lost it entirely, which I can't believe to be true of TZ readers. Yes, you ask, but is there a food fight? Well, what do you think?

Also highly original is a third first novel, *A Handbook for Visitors from Outer Space* by Kathryn Kramer (Knopf, \$15.95). Don't confuse it with Douglas Adams's *A Hitchhiker's Guide to the Universe* or Ted Mooney's *Easy Travel to Other Planets*, for it's a different set of guidelines entirely, and somewhat hard to describe. It starts as a boy's-growing-up novel set in the idealized, Ray Bradburyesque middle-American town of Arborville. But there is a war going on—maybe. Young Cyrus Quince's beloved grandfather is a veteran of it, though he can't tell Cyrus where it is or who is fighting whom. Grandpa Quince has a mysterious background, and Grandma Quince has been missing for years. Meanwhile, as Cyrus grows, goes away to school and then to college (to learn to be a spy), we have been catching glimpses of a New Jersey family that is, collectively, as mad as a convention of Gothic haters. For generations its members have been living as royalty-in-exile (from where?), seldom venturing (in some cases, never) beyond the gates of a vast estate, ordering in from supermarkets and an assortment of mail-order catalogues. Through an incestuous brother-sister liaison a beautiful young girl is born and—you guessed it—she and Cyrus eventually meet and fall in love.

Like the King-Straub novel, this one uses America and American conventions to good effect, though its aims are more oblique and its structure more complicated. Readers looking for something eccentric, touching, and often very funny that may just be literature should be sure to check it out. You might want to wait till the Vintage Contemporary paperback edition comes out later this spring.

The strangest book of all the ones I'm covering today is called, quite simply, *Codex Seraphinianus* (Abbeville Press, \$75.00). Do you remember, as a small child, "reading" books or magazines with pictures in them? Do you remember how you *knew*, in some curious way, just what you were looking at, although you hadn't yet learned your alphabet? This is the feeling that the *Codex* will induce in you. I have now watched half a dozen people "read"

the large, gorgeous volume, turning slowly from page to page, puzzling over the beautiful cursive script that seems to owe something to Arabic and even more to the mirror code in which Leonardo da Vinci kept his journals and observations. The *Codex* is itself a journal of observations, a very formal one, perhaps a graduate thesis or, more likely, a real handbook for visitors from outer space, divided into chapters which are quite clearly about botany, zoology, chemistry, machinery, geography, linguistics, anatomy, architecture, cuisine, dress, and so forth. The illustrations are exquisitely precise—and like nothing you've ever seen before. In some we see that trees can be both animal and vegetable, that machines quite naturally can become extensions of human anatomy, that a life cycle of growth may include the edible and the architectural. For it is not *our* planet that this handbook describes, but a parallel world that seems both curiously plausible and miraculously outlandish. No author is listed, but a careful look at the publisher's page reveals a copyright to one Luigi Seraphini—the book's discoverer, no doubt. The cover price is a hefty one, but this book is worth seeking out as a collector's item and—if the purpose of a coffee-table book is to excite curiosity—as the ultimate coffee-table book.

The purpose of a book review column is, on the other hand, to offer advice to people as to whether or not to buy or borrow the books under review. It helps to know a little about the biases of the reviewer and what he intends to do with the column. Tom Disch's name is well-known both as a writer and as a reviewer, and most of you knew, in general, where he was coming from. My own is less well known, partly because it's a pen name. My biases will no doubt emerge, but here, meanwhile, are my intentions:

While TZ does sometimes publish science fiction, it is more concerned with horror and the fantastic, and this column will reflect that preoccupation, though not religiously. Books of interest in hard and soft covers will be evaluated, and most of the marks given will be at least fairly positive; bad books, except under special circumstances, are not worth my time to read nor yours to have brought to your attention.

There are a lot of bad books, especially in genre fiction. In his farewell column Disch got off a swipe or two at

today's science fiction market but, quite frankly, I think fantasy is worse. Originally I had thought to offer you a kind of quick consumer's report here, rating the not-so-major books at the end of each column, but I found that I simply couldn't do it. We've all heard about this fantasy explosion, but not till you've tried to absorb some of the fallout do you realize how toxic it really is. "Product" is the name of this game. There's an audience, sure, and you know who you are, but the latest

clunky Quest clone, or snooze-inducer, that's volume six in a series, no more needs reviewing than does a Harlequin romance or a karate komic. It will find its own level, and meanwhile I would far rather offer, for your interest and pleasure, such fine items from the mainstream as the last four books covered in this column.

Readers' comments and suggestions will be welcome. But my idea of mental health may not be yours—and I intend to keep mine in working order. 17

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SCREEN / *Graham Wilson* CELLULOID PULP

I have always been fond of pulp magazines and of the kind of literature which was written for them. It seems to have survived from an era of almost unbelievable naiveté and innocence. Yet when you reflect on the stuff which is produced for an equivalent audience today—the *Rocky* films, and *Star Wars*, and tv *Dynasties*—you'll see that large numbers of us still obviously need exactly the same sort of undemanding diversion which the pulps provided. We get it, too.

But while it's designed to push the same buttons, it comes to us through wildly different mediums. It bowls us over with huge-screen color movies booming stereo from all directions, pummeling our minds and bodies the way a disco does; or it preys on us through that even more addictive medium, television, which waits like a spider in our private dwellings, defying us *not* to watch its buzzy colors bring us this week's episode of whatever, or not to gape at its banal modifications of the news, with jolly but hopelessly inaccurate weather predictions tacked on, just so we know for sure that whatever intelligence we own has been soundly insulted. There's a big difference between these modern pastimes and picking up a floppy magazine with soft pages, silly illustrations, and ridiculous ads about Rosicrucian Wisdom or How to Make Big Money in One's Spare Time by Repairing Radios, and then settling down with it in some comfortable place in order to read a story. A big, big difference.

Also, let's by all means face it, we are incredibly more sophisticated than the readers of pulps were, at least in a superficial way. We are not noticeably more profound or more discriminating (there are even disturbing reports from the educational community indicating that we may be in the process of becoming even dumber), but we are, by God, more sophisticated. By degrees we've grown quite used to things which might well have fried the minds of pulp readers. We've watched Vietnam, wound by wound, as well as various

other wars and political monstrosities amounting to wars, and we've all become very knowledgeable indeed—and how!—about what napalm and tactical poisoning and starvation can do to the human anatomy of either sex, of any age, of all the races of our species. We have seen crime as the ordinary layman has never seen it before, and we can eat our tv dinners while watching horrors shown previously only in police academies or during conventions of medical examiners or other suchlike specialized environments, and we never once gag on our chemically enhanced peas.

So the menaces which confronted such stalwart pulp heroes as "The Shadow" and "Operator #5" and "G-8 and his Battle Aces" have been so dwarfed by the mind-boggling evil which our contemporary selves know really *does* lurk in the hearts of men that the old-time villains and their dire schemes have acquired an odd kind of charm. When we come across them in some crumbly pulp which has actually survived the intervening years, or read about them in a reprint series, the dear old souls seem to inspire about as much terror as a teddy bear's glare.

This has been noted, and is well employed, in an odd exercise of punk-

style nostalgia called *The Adventures of Buckaroo Banzai*. The hero, a Japanese-American, is a genius-adventurer of a type whose mold I'd thought they'd broken and thrown away when they invented Doc Savage—so it all just goes to show you should never lose hope.

Savage was, bless his bronze heart, a naive concept even for his time. He was not meant for adult consumption (as was, for example, the Shadow); he was designed exclusively for kids. As time wore on and World War II began raising his audience's level of sophistication, Savage was slowly altered into an odd kind of grown-up; but in his better, earlier days, though he and his faithful sidekicks may have *seemed* to be towering, massively muscular scientists of staggering reputation, they were really all under thirteen and probably having a lot of trouble with math and their moms were constantly after them to clean up their bedrooms.

Banzai homes right in on this mood and does not swerve from it once during the whole movie. We start out with a sequence which is absolutely pure Doc Savage, and which demonstrates that our hero (played with just the right mixture of blatant understatement



John Lithgow puts Peter Weller to the test in *Buckaroo Banzai*.

SCREEN

ment and godlike assurance by Peter Weller) is not just a daring test driver, not just a brilliant inventor, not just a brilliant brain surgeon, but also a modest, unassuming, regular kind of a guy with a lot of heart. In fact, the talents of Buckaroo are clearly so vast and all-encompassing that one mere movie could never hope to so much as hint at them, let alone show them in action. We are fortunate to observe Banzai lead his rock group, the Hong Kong Cavaliers; we are profoundly moved when we see him use his sensitive talents as a master psychologist to almost dissuade a lovely young thing, named Penny Priddy* (played by Ellen Barkin as a game but essentially tragic good sport) from trying to shoot herself through the side of the head; and of course the President of the United States, played by *Raiders of the Lost Ark's* Ronald Lacey (made up to look as much as possible like Orson Welles playing Citizen Kane, for reasons which only the sympathetic viewer of this film will ever understand), would really be up the creek without a paddle if he had to make all those important decisions without help from you know who.

Buckaroo is aided and abetted by a stalwart collection of hero pals, the "Team Banzai." Among them are Jeff Goldblum, who dresses up as an old-timey cowboy complete with really terrific chaps and who wants to be called "New Jersey," and Lewis Smith, who has the nickname "Perfect" for reasons which remain mysterious throughout the film.

But if you think Buckaroo and his buddies are worth the price of admission, wait'll you hear about the bad guys. They are—wouldn't you know it?—Martians! And needless to say, they're on a clandestine mission to take over the world. Their makeup is extremely clever in that, simultaneously, they look both alien and repulsive, yet sort of cuddly in a perverted kind of way—and, at the same time, like some guys from a Rotarian convention on an uncomfortable visit to New York in order to "have fun." Actually, to be fair, they appear much more relaxed in their ship, which, as it orbits our endangered planet, looks something like the bottom of an uprooted oak, or maybe a clump of nerve ganglia—anyhow, silly. Inside the ship they sit, legs dangling, on impossibly high stools like

*Now don't you want to name your daughter Penny Priddy, when you have one? Or rename any ones you have around? I'd love to meet somebody named Penny Priddy. Write in if you're out there, Penny!—GW

something out of *Through the Looking Glass*, studying things on impossibly high tables whilst they plot our destruction and enslavement.

But if you think the Martians are worth the price of admission, wait'll you see the magnificently vile, unspeakably fiendish, incomparably icky, insane, mad, crazy scientist, Dr. Lizar-



Arnold Schwarzenegger, as *The Terminator*, takes aim at Linda Hamilton.

do, played by John Lithgow, who absolutely deserves this year's Academy Awards, *all* of them, for his performance. Ooh boy, is he ever worth the price of admission!

Actually it isn't just Lithgow who makes Dr. Lizardo perfect. He had a special dialect coach, to teach him his special—and, by God, it certainly is special—dialect; he had gorgeously awful makeup designed for him, complete with a magnificently unhealthy pallor, hideous discoloration around the eyes, and (a nice, folksy touch) black stuff painted between his yellowed teeth. And of course—haven't I mentioned them before?—he had Earl Mac Rauch and Rick Richter to write his script, which, when they die, they should be sure to carry with them and they'll go straight to heaven. But in the end it's Lithgow himself who makes Lizardo Lizardo, and don't you forget it—because if you do I wouldn't want to be responsible for the terrible things which are liable to happen to you, just starting with the running sores.

Lithgow romps through this role with truly wild abandon cannily mixed with superb precision, and if you have any affection in your heart for outrageous villains you will not rest until you've made it your business to see him. Whether he's applying saline-soaked sponges to his tongue in order to give himself an invigorating jolt of

electricity, whether he's halfway in and halfway out of some other dimension, or whether he's doing an insane-dictator speech for a crowd of doting Martians, you will love him. You'll also love the details of his daily life, such as the wall decorations in his room at the state asylum, including a huge piece of paper with photos pasted

on it, one solitary snapshot at the top labeled *ME* and dozens of others at the bottom labeled *EVERYBODY ELSE*; or his tacky torture tower; or the foot pedals which he works with his horribly dirty feet. There isn't anything about him you won't love. What more can I say? Go see the movie.

Sometimes, oftentimes, I go to see a movie out of the sheer sense of duty brought on by doing this column, and oftentimes I sit there in the dark and wish I had my five dollars back (I notice it's now edging up to \$5.50, the bastards!), and wish I hadn't bought the stale popcorn with the horrible fake butter and the funny things which I can't make out (and it's probably just as well) at the bottom of the paper container. But other times I forget about the stale popcorn and the five dollars, and enjoy a movie I never would have seen otherwise.

The Terminator falls, happily, into this last category. Mind, I could have lived without it, and I wouldn't suggest you take a three-hour bus trip to see it.*

*For Lithgow as Lizardo, take a bus trip of any duration. Take a transatlantic voyage on an ocean liner, and when you're drinking champagne with a beautiful blond person on the afterdeck, with an orchestra playing something soft and romantic, and silvery moonlight shimmering on the waves, remember who sent you.—GW

But if you've got a little time on your hands and are game for some innocent diversion, by all means take it in.

Again, as in *Buckaroo Banzai*, the pulp influence is very strong, but here it's dished out straight. The opening sequence, depicting a future devastated Earth with robot tanks rolling over mounds of skulls, ray-gunning away at helmeted humans scuttling through moonlit rubble, is the sort of scene which would have been right at home on the cover of *Thrilling Wonder Stories*, and the plot is precisely the kind of thing you'd have found inside.

True, there are present-time sequences in *The Terminator*, parts taking place in the eighties, which look decidedly here-and-now, with electronic pickup bars, terrorist weapons, and fast food very much in evidence. But the science fiction elements are decidedly old-timey, and the futuristic technology has a very thirties feel to it. I don't mean any of this as a knock, merely as an observation on the movie's style. Actually, I think the pulpy feel is entirely appropriate to the goings on, and that the thing would have been weakened considerably if they'd tried to make it "real."

Arnold Schwarzenegger, muscles and all, is the star of the show, and he is quite good as a robot assassin, a fearsome killing machine mercilessly and brutally engaged in carrying out a mysterious mission. He starts out mother naked (time travel turns out to be hell on clothes), but soon acquires a snappy punk/s&m outfit which any hooligan would be justly proud of, as well as a ghastly battery of weapons. (One of the creepiest aspects of the movie is that it demonstrates how effectively the overkill philosophy presently followed by our world's great leaders has influenced the design of the deadly arsenal presently available to any enterprising street thug. His first line of firepower appears to be about five times the amount owned by a middle-sized town's entire police force.)

Arnie enjoys his work enormously, pursues it with enthusiasm, and in no time at all his activities come to the attention of the forces of law and order, headed by a tired officer doing the best he can. He's played quite sympathetically by Paul Winfield. I wish he could have done better and held out longer against his startling and implacable foe, as I enjoyed watching his futile efforts; but his character is only human, and that puts him at a considerable disadvantage, since Schwarz-

enegger's decidedly is not.

In a variety of satisfying and imaginative ways—none of them particularly unpredictable to the skilled pulp aficionado, but most of them quite well executed, and many of them having cute little touches and twists which will indeed surprise and amuse—Mr. Schwarzenegger's character grows less and less human. However, no matter what happens to him (and a lot most certainly does happen, poor thing), he manages to remain entirely consistent and eerily recognizable.

The chief and longest-surviving target of Mr. Schwarzenegger's turbulent activities is a couple played by Linda Hamilton and Michael Blehn. If there is an essential problem with the film, it is that their continuing survival against Arnie's determined onslaught never really seems credible, and I'm afraid that a certain amount of friendliness on the part of the viewer is needed to bring it off. Still, I found myself feeling generous, and there's a good chance *The Terminator* will manage to put you in the same mood.

This gives me a chance to mention that I caught *Conan the Destroyer*, and was astounded to discover that everybody seems to have gotten it together. It really wasn't bad at all (am I actually saying this?), and might even be guardedly described as okay. It's certainly a hell of a lot closer to what Robert E. Howard deserves.

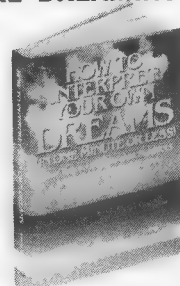
This second *Conan* has an enormous advantage in that its director knows what he's doing; this time it's Richard Fleischer, and that's a big break for Cimmeria, let me tell you! It also has a cute supporting cast featuring Grace Jones as one of the best arguments for mayhem-as-fun-and-games yet put forward; she almost makes you want to go out and kill somebody, just to see if it'd really be all that much of a kick. Arnold Schwarzenegger, this time, is a far more convincing and far, far more entertaining and sympathetic Conan. For those interested, it is worth seeing. Decidedly.

A little esoterica: I don't know if it was on purpose, and doubt very much if it was, but between them Fleischer and his cameraman Jack Cardiff managed quite eerily to capture—in color, composition, figure staging, use of props and statues, even in the rather corny look of some of the monsters—damned near exactly the look of the

old pastel *Weird Tales* covers painted way the hell back in the thirties by Margaret Brundage to illustrate Howard's stories.

Terror in the Aisles decidedly was one of those films which made me think more of my stale popcorn and the strange things in the bottom of its container. It's nothing but a very boring scrapbook of clippings from diverse horror movies, together with a trite and uninteresting commentary put into the mouths of Donald Pleasence and Nancy Allen, who would probably have done much better left to themselves, unencumbered with writers. The first bit, though—a montage from many different movies in which a wide variety of villains and monsters attempts to break down all sorts of doors, while their potential victims make desperate, fumbling efforts to stop them—was amusing, and gave a hint of what could be done along these lines if somebody a little smarter took a whack at it. As it is, I suggest you skip *Terror* and take a refreshing little walk instead. 17

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HELL THROUGH A WINDSHIELD

We are drive-in mutants.
 We are not like other people.
 We are sick.
 We are disgusting.
 We believe in blood,
 In breasts,
 And in beasts.
 We believe in Kung Fu City.
 If life had a Vomit Meter,
 We'd be off the scale.
 As long as one single drive-in remains
 On the planet Earth,
 We will party like jungle animals.
 We will boogie till we puke.

Heads will roll.
 The drive-in will never die.
 Amen.
 —The Drive-In Oath by Joe Bob Briggs

The drive-in theater may have been born in New Jersey, but it had the good sense to come to Texas to live. Throughout the fifties and sixties it thrived here like a fungus, fed on teenage lusts and families enticed by signs that said DOLLAR NIGHT or Two DOLLARS A CARLOAD. Even now, though some say the drive-in has seen its hey-

day, you can drive into one in the more populated areas on any night of the week—particularly Special Nights and Saturday—and witness a sight that can make the ones on the screen seem boring in comparison.

You'll see lawn chairs planted in the backs of pickups or next to the speakers with cowboys and cowgirls planted in the chairs, beer cans growing out of their fists. There'll be the sputtering of barbecue pits and the aroma of cooking meat rising up in billows of smoke that slowly melts in the

clear Texas sky.

Sometimes there'll be folks with tape decks whining away, even as the movie flickers across the three-story screen and their neighbors struggle to hear the crackling speaker dialogue over ZZ Top doing "The Tube Snake Boogie." There'll be lovers sprawled out on blankets spread between two speaker posts, going at it so hot and heavy they ought to go on stage and charge admission. And there's plenty of action in the cars, too. En route to the concession stand a discerning eye can spot the white moons of un-Levied butts rising and falling to a steady rocking rhythm just barely contained by well-greased shocks and four-ply tires.

What you're witnessing is a bizarre subculture in action—one that may, in fact, be riding the crest of a new wave.

And it's high time that it did, for the drive-in theater is over fifty years old. It was spawned in Camden, New Jersey, on June 6th, 1933, by a true visionary—Richard Milton Hollingshead.

Camden, as you may know, was the last home of Walt Whitman; and when one considers it was the death-place of so uniquely American a poet, it's only fitting that it was also the birthplace of such a poetic and All-American institution as the drive-in theater. Once there were over four thousand of them in the United States; now there are about three thousand, and according to some experts, they're dropping off fast. However, here in Texas there's a new interest in the passion pits of old. They have become nearly as sacred as the armadillo. The Lone Star state alone has some 209 outdoor theaters in operation, and many of these are multiscreen jobs with different movies running concurrently alongside one another. Just two years ago, Gordon McLendon, "The Drive-In Business King," erected the I-45 in Houston, a drive-in capable of holding up to three thousand automobiles. In fact, it claims to be the biggest drive-in in existence.

Why does the drive-in thrive in Texas when it's falling off elsewhere? Three reasons.

(1) *Climate.* Generally speaking, Texas has a pretty comfortable climate year round. (2) *A car culture.* Texas is the champion state for automobile registration, and Texans have this thing about their cars. The automobile has replaced the horse, not only as a mode of transportation, but as a source of mythology. If the Texan of old was supposed to be half human

and half horse, the modern Texan is half human and half automobile. Try and separate a Texan from his car, mass-transit that sucker against his will, and you're likely to end up kissing grillwork at sixty-five miles an hour. (3) Joe Bob Briggs.

Okay, start the background music. Softly please—a humming version of "The Eyes of Texas." And will all true Texans please remove your hats while we have a short discussion of Joe Bob Briggs, the Patron Saint of Texas Drive-Ins, He Who Drives Behind the Speaker Rows, and columnist for *The Dallas Times Herald*. In fact, his column, "Joe Bob Goes to the Drive-In," is the most popular feature in the paper. Which is as it should be, because Joe Bob (who just may be the pseudonym for the *Herald's* regular film critic, John Bloom) don't talk no bullcorn afd he don't bother with "hardtop" movie reviews. He's purely a drive-in kind of guy, and boy does he have style.

Here's an example, part of a review for *The Evil Dead*: "Five teenagers become Spam-in-a-cabin when they head for the woods and start turning into flesh-eating zombies. Asks a lot of moral questions, like, 'If your girlfriend turns zombie on you, what do you do? Carve her into itty-bitty pieces or look the other way?' One girl gets raped by the woods. Not in the woods. By the woods. The only way to kill zombies: total dismemberment. This one could make *Saw* eligible for the Disney Channel."

Single-handedly, with that wild column of his—which reports not only on movies, but on the good times and bad times of Joe Bob himself—he has given the drive-in a new mystique. Or to be more exact, he's made non-drive-in-goers aware of it, while reminding the rest of us just how much fun the outdoor picture show can be.

Joe Bob's popularity has even spawned a yearly Drive-In Movie Festival—somewhat sacrilegiously held indoors this year—that has been attended in the past by such guests as Roger Corman, King of the B's, and this year by "Big Steve," known to some as Stephen King. (In case you movie-watchers don't recognize the name, he's a writer feller.) "Big Steve," who was given the solemn honor of inaugurating the 1984 ceremonies with Joe Bob's "Drive-In Oath," arrived wearing his *Joe Bob Briggs Is a Personal Friend of Mine* T-shirt.

This year's festival also sported

such features as a Custom Car Rally, Ralph the Diving Pig (sure hated to miss the boy's act), the stars of *The Texas Chainsaw Massacre*, Miss Custom Body 1983, and Joe Bob his own self. And last, but certainly not least, to crown this chic gathering, a number of new movies like *Blood-Suckers From Outer Space* and *Future-Kill*, making their world premieres.

What more could you ask from Joe Bob?

Kill the music. Hats on.

The drive-ins I grew up with—The Apache, The Twin Pines, The Riverroad, and the rest—varied somewhat in appearance, but basically they were filled with speaker posts (many of which were minus their speakers due to absent-minded patrons driving off while they were still hooked to their windows), a concession stand, a screen at least three stories high (sometimes six), and a swing, see-saw, and merry-go-round up front for the kiddies—all of this surrounded by an ugly six-foot, moon-shimmering tin fence.

All the concessions had the same bad food. Hot dogs that tasted like rubber hoses covered in a watery mustard, popcorn indistinguishable from the cardboard containers that held it, drinks that were mostly water and ice, and candy so old the worms inside it were dead of either old age or diabetes.

And they all came with the same restroom, as if The Apache, Riverroad, and Twin Pines were equipped with warping devices that activated the moment you stepped behind the wooden "modesty fence." Suddenly, at the speed of thought, you were whisked-away to a concrete bunker with floors either so tacky your shoes stuck to it like cat hairs to honey, or so flooded in water you needed skis to make it to the urinals or the john. The latter was forever doorless, the hinges hanging like frayed tendons. And both of these public conveniences were invariably stuffed full of floating cigarette butts, candy wrappers, and used prophylactics.

Rather than take my life into my hands in these seedy enclosures, I often took my chances battling constipation in my car or urinating into a Coke cup and pouring the prize out the window. I was terrified at the idea of standing over one of those malodorous urinals (there was always this item of wisdom crayoned above them: Remember, crabs can pole vault) and having something

(continued on page 86)

Presenting the Winners
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THE **TWILIGHT ZONE**
Magazine

1st Place

Wiley's Hunger

*They were strangers in town, with nothing to call
their own—except a dreadful mission.*

by David B. Schock

Certainty, I am sure, brings about my dis-ease. Exhaustion and loss of blood aggravate the condition. Still, I must capture on paper our ordeal; to put a thing in black and white, no matter how awful, is far preferable to allowing it to nag and roll loose in my head. And I must remember all that I can.

The suspicion itself, while slow to grow, was something I grasped quite suddenly and intuitively: evil was at large. I suspected that my life was in danger, and last night my suspicions were confirmed. There is no longer any room for the comfort of doubt.

I felt pity, not suspicion, when I first saw the elder Fawley. Outside it was a blustery March day—half-snow, half-rain; the worst Michigan has to offer. Protected withindoors, he stood holding a

foam cup filled with hot coffee. We were having a congregational meeting at the end of our regular church worship service, it being our custom every third Sunday to meet for coffee, cookies, and cake. Our minister has often said the true church begins at the end of the formal service, and I suppose he's right. There's always a chance to find out what's going on in each household—who's on the sick list, who's on the mend, who's buying new stock or farm equipment. There's always talk about the weather—you can't farm without it—and although some won't countenance it inside a church, bargains are made and sealed here. I've even arranged some myself—for hay, corn, oats, and the like.

Fawley was a newcomer to our church and evidently felt left out. Our minister had introduced himself and was making efforts to draw others of us



in on a conversation. Soon enough it was my turn. He was introduced to me as "Gid" (perhaps for Gideon), and I took the opportunity to welcome him. He was quiet enough on his own. I found it pleasant to stand there and drink my coffee in comparative silence.

In lieu of conversation we studied each other, albeit politely. He was not a young man; I guessed that he was in his middle or late forties, but it was hard to tell with most of his teeth missing. There were streaks of yellow-grey in his mostly brown hair, and strands appeared to be held together with the residue of dried sweat. He was a gamy specimen; but Jesus never did seem to mind the unwashed. I figured it would be an insult to move away, so I stayed. His brown sports coat was old and not well cared for, and his pants were shiny with wear, dirt, or both. His shoes were surprisingly good, although not polished. I noted that he wasn't wearing socks, and that his fingernails were dirty. Here, I thought, is a misfit who's come for the warmth and the food any maybe even for the gospel.

I offered to refill his coffee cup while he had seconds of cake, both of which he welcomed. As he ate again he finally volunteered some information; his voice was a dry, cracked thing. He was living on the outskirts of our village, he said, in a vacant and ruined cabin. The place had once been cozy, but prolonged neglect had left it prey to the elements; great sections of the wood shingles had blown off. All the window lights had long ago been knocked out by vandals.

"It's my mother's house," he intoned solemnly with his mouth full of cake. His mother now lived in the nearest city, some twenty miles away. "She don't

need it now. I'm gonna fix it up and live there. My mother ain't gonna charge me no rent as long as I wanna stay. If I get it fixed up nice, she might even wanna come an' live here."

"So you grew up here?" I asked.

"Naw. It belonged to her sister and husband, but when they was dead it come to her. An' now it's comin' to me. Me and Wiley."

During our brief discussion a towhead had carefully slipped behind Gid Fawley.

"This here's Wiley. Say hello to the man, Wiley."

The boy looked at the floor to avoid my gaze. His clothes were two sizes too small. He was dirty like his father, but where the father had dull brown eyes set small in a pinched and lined face, I noted—before he looked away—the boy had enormous blue eyes set saucerlike. His long, solemn face was devoid of any lines or extra flesh.

I looked back to the father.

"And is your wife here as well?" I queried.

"Ain't got no wife. Had one, Wiley's mother, but she was a Jezebel and I run her off. Now it's just us. She was a bad woman, a bad influence. A real bad influence."

At last the coffee hour ended, but not before Gid sternly reprimanded his son for attempting to take a third piece of cake. The boy exhibited every sign of a voracious appetite. Chastened, he sulked. No amount of coaxing thereafter would convince either father or son that there was plenty to which they were welcome.

I was relieved to be walking with my wife over the bridge toward home. I thought of Gid and Wiley in that shell of a house. They must have a stove of some kind, I reasoned, or else they'd freeze.

My wife, who is nothing if not a good influence, had been observing the Fawleys, father and son.

"Somebody should do something," she said. "There's social services and the Salvation Army, but those take time. They need some food now."

As soon as we were in the door, she was at our cupboards and pantry. She set out a bag of potatoes and boxed cans of peach halves, chili, beef stew, tomatoes, jams and jellies, and soup. She even took loaves of her homemade bread from the freezer to top off the carton of provisions.

"There," she said. "If you'll just be good enough to run this over to them I'd appreciate it. Now scoot while I get dinner ready and don't stay longer than a half hour . . . Oh, and invite them for supper next Thursday night. There," she said, bestowing a peck. "Now, hurry."

I did. And while I was driving up the narrow and overgrown lane, I had a chance to mentally compare Gid's face with those captured by government-hired photographers during the Dust Bowl days. There were similarities.

While I climbed out of the car, Wiley studied me from the front door of the house. He backed inside when his father marched out to meet me.

I made some stumbling excuse to explain the cornucopia. I knew Gid was suspicious, but he obviously wanted to humor us. He thanked me, and helped carry the provisions into the house. I followed, carrying a ten-pound bag of sand-grown Michigan potatoes.

"Jus' be careful when you come over t' thresh-old. There ain't much floor, and it's a ways down."

More than half the living room floor was gone—not just the floorboards, but the joists as well. They'd rotted away. I tasted fear when I realized that I weighed significantly more than Wiley and Gid together.

"It's okay if you walk around the edge here. When the roof come off, the water got in. The kitchen's all right. The bedroom's so-so. I'm gonna get some new roofin' paper on next week."

"Jo suggested that you come for supper Thursday night," I said as I was waved into a rickety kitchen chair. Wiley stayed out of sight, except for once or twice when I caught him peeping around the corner.

The house was cold, even colder than the outside. I regretted that I hadn't brought blankets. We had extras. In addition to the bone-numbing chill, it was dark; there was no electricity, and most of the windows had been patched with cardboard. The detritus of ruin was everywhere—wallpaper scraps on the floor, dried leaves, mattress stuffing. There was also the all-pervasive odor of mildew.

"Yeh, I see you looking, and I can guess what you're thinkin': we ain't got much. Well, you don't know just how right you are. All I got's Wiley. I'm all he's got, too. But let me tell you somethin'. We got a mission, so it don't matter how we live, or where. This'll do just fine for right now. We got business here. We come from a long ways away, maybe so far that you'd be surprised. Wiley says to come here, so we come here."

"You're a minister?" I asked incredulously.

"Not in your church. But I been a pulpit before. I ain't got no fancy education, but I know my Bible. I come as a messenger. This here's my message: Thou shalt not luster! That's the root of all evil. That's what happened to me. Afore I know'd what I was doin' I was a father and a husband. I lustered after that woman. I have fallen far. And now I got business to tend to."

I mumbled acknowledgement and eased outside.

Wiley was waiting by my car when I left the house. Gid had agreed to have dinner with us. Wiley still had not spoken to me, but he did open the car door.

At home Jo listened while I explained every detail I could remember.

"I think I saw all their possessions," I said, shaking my head. "One pasteboard suitcase with a rope tied around it. I don't know that there are any dishes in there. There was a kerosene lantern, but the globe was busted. Boy, they need some help. Can you round up blankets and sheets by Thursday?"

"I can try. Let me make a few phone calls later today. I think I can persuade some hearts to open. Can you and Don and a couple of the other men go over there Saturday and help with the roof? I'm sure there must be enough roll roofing in the old chicken coop to do most of the job. Roger's got some, too."

I had known that my wife was resourceful, but I had no idea that she carried in her head a working list of building materials at large.

The Thursday dinner was fraught with misgivings on my part. I didn't know that I really wanted either Gid or Wiley to sit at my table. I finally chastised myself and set busily about helping to make the meal. I had time to do the chores and chase dust kittens around the living room.

Gid and Wiley seemed to materialize at the back door. Since they had no car and walked, their approach was nearly noiseless. In fact, the dog began barking only after they knocked.

I steered them to the living room while Jo put the finishing touches on the meal. Gid refused a drink, and Wiley sat impassively. We didn't have much time for small talk before we were called to the table.

"I understand that you're a minister," Jo said, after we'd sat down and said grace. "What church?"

"Congregational," said Gid. "I knew the Book best, so they put me as pastor. I did that for a year. Then we been movin' in our work. I call it a ministry, though there's some as wouldn't. It's my call to do, so here I am."

"What kind of calling?" Jo asked.

"Well, Wiley tells me where to go, and I go there. He knows where there's gonna be trouble and we go, you know ... to put it off."

"Trouble? What kind of trouble?"

Jo was not even bothering to pretend to eat. She was curious. Her right hand calmly by her knife and spoon. Coffee was perking on the stove.

"Woman trouble. The kind of trouble I had. Wiley can tell when it's gonna be, and I go there—" he glanced at his son—"to put an end to it."

Wiley looked over the top of his milk glass at each of us in turn. He'd already cleaned his plate twice and was in the middle of third helpings.

"Wiley's got the sight. It comes in the family. What with his mother and all, it just comes to him. So we go from place to place. This here's different, 'cause we had a roof to start with. But it don't make no difference. I'd like to stay here, but I think that we might have to move on. Then, too, we might come back. You don't never know."

After supper I volunteered to drive the Fawleys

"Wiley knows where there's gonna be trouble—woman trouble. Wiley can tell when it's gonna be, and I go there—" he glanced at his son—"to put an end to it."

back to their encampment. On the way we talked about a roofing party for Saturday.

"That would be a real nice gesture," Gid said.

In the rearview mirror I saw Wiley smile at the back of his father's head. It wasn't a pleasant smile. His teeth were brown and ragged.

We never did have that work bee. It rained all day Friday and poured on Saturday. Then, on Sunday, Mrs. Chambers was killed.

The Chambers family was new to the neighborhood; they lived a few miles up the county line road in a big farmhouse. This was a simple case, as it turned out. They'd both been in a mental institution. In fact, they had met there. After they'd moved here, they dropped their past—or so they'd thought until that Sunday.

When the state police and sheriff's deputies from both counties arrived, they found Mr. Chambers sitting on the front porch. Mrs. Chambers was in the kitchen with half her head on the wallpaper. Their two children were being comforted by neighbors.

Mr. Chambers never did admit shooting his wife; but then, he never spoke again. And the weapon was never found. Oh, he was tried, and they locked him up in an asylum. No one has made a plea to have him released.

On the Tuesday after the shooting, I spotted Gid and Wiley walking along the roadside. Gid was carrying the battered suitcase. I pulled over to give them a lift; I was on my way into the city for a tractor part.

"Just on my way to see my mother," said Gid. "We figured to be gone a few days."

Our conversation naturally turned to the Chamberses. I expressed my sorrow for the children.

"That's all woman's doin'. Take my word for it. It was Eve who first done it, and every one of 'em since been full of the devil's ways."

I didn't agree, but I kept silent.

We rolled into town. I dropped them at a mint-green house with dingy white shutters on one of the few unpaved residential streets; this was the poor part of town.

And that's the last I saw of them—for years.

When they didn't return, we stopped by their cabin and found all the items we'd given them carefully stacked in a corner. Nothing had been used. Rats had made an entry into some of the food,

but no human hands had so much as opened a box of crackers. Mold covered what was left of Jo's bread.

Hurt, we wondered what we'd done to offend them so much that they wouldn't take even our poor but willing charity. We could do nothing more than wait and see what might happen.

And then there were other murders in the state. The next was in rural Filmont, where Bobby Lee Hessiak murdered his estranged wife, her sister, her parents, and several children. Using both a shotgun and a .22 caliber rifle, Mr. Hessiak dispatched seven lives from this world to the next. The story attracted national attention. Hessiak was picked up in the South, fleeing with his new girlfriend. He was extradited, stood trial, and was convicted. He's in prison now, serving seven life sentences.

During the investigation and trial, mention was made of two possible witnesses—a man, apparently a drifter, and a young boy. In fact, a sheriff's deputy had given them a lift the day before the shooting. They'd been tramping down the road that ran past the murder site. The old man had told him they were living nearby and that he was a gospel preacher. On the witness stand, the deputy described the boy as mentally defective and his companion as one not suited to be a man of God.

Next there were the murders near Grand Rapids: four members of a rural farm family, each shot once in the head. The accused man testified that he'd killed them—his wife and three children—after God had spoken to him and told him they were demons and needed to be put under His heel. There was some account in the *Press* of an older man and a boy who had been seen in the area at the time of the killings, but they were never found.

I knew that Gid and Wiley were at the root of it all as early as that Tuesday years before, the day I dropped them off in town. The glee that shone from Gid's habitually lifeless eyes should have tipped me off. But it didn't. Rather, it was the smile Wiley gave me as he got out of the car. It was the same smile he'd given his father.

And then Wiley spoke.

"We'll be back. Bye."

hey're back. Or they *were* back. I'm not sure anymore. They came into the village last week and moved into the old shack.

"You've been busy?" I asked Gid when I saw him walking on the bridge over the Pine River. I felt uneasy; we hadn't spoken in three years.

"It seems that our work is never done," he said. "Wiley's been keepin' us on the road, and we been stickin' right with it. We gone far, and yet we never left the state. Ain't that somethin'—to go so far and get right back where we started from. But Wiley says we got unfinished business here, somethin' we shoulda cleaned up afore."

"Who this time?" I asked point blank. He knew. "It don't do no good to tell. You don't want to know. Cain't be stopped."

I haven't been sleeping well since our conversation; Gid was giving me as broad a hint as he would, smiling all the while behind his mask. Last night was the worst, and it may be over.

The power went out in a spring storm. I'd lit the auxiliary lamps, and Jo went to check the doors before we retired to bed.

I heard the front door bolt slide into its socket, and then Jo screamed. I rushed toward her. In my haste and in the dark, I tripped over the edge of the raised hearth and came crashing down on the floor.

I lay stunned before I was able to sit upright. I grabbed at my leg and my hand came away warmly wet—gashed on the sharp tile. I rose and limped toward the door.

By the time I reached Jo—it couldn't have been more than a few seconds—she was still shaken but had regained her composure. By that time I was little faint at the loss of so much blood; the lamp revealed a spreading pool where I stood.

My accident calmed Jo, and she ran to fetch cloths and bandages. As she worked on my leg, she explained what had made her cry out: "I was setting the front door lock when I looked out and there was Wiley, just peering in at me and smiling. It was ghastly. I shouldn't have let out that yell, but I was frightened."

She tousled my hair around the edges; I'm a little thin on top. Then she helped me to a chair and set about cleaning the floor.

"You had every reason to be scared," I told her. "Come sit down; I have a story to tell you."

"Do you remember when I told you I dropped off Gid and Wiley in town at his mother's house? That was the last time I saw them before they came back here. Well, I've had this thought, it's grown independent of what I want to think, that they've had a hand in the Chamberses' deaths—and the others, too."

"But believing something and proving it are two different things. I needed more proof. About a year ago I went back to the house in town where I dropped them. I suppose I was going to talk with Gid's mother. I thought that maybe I could read her emotions, even if she wouldn't tell me outright."

"The green house was vacant, so I went to a neighbor's. An old woman answered the door. She said Mrs. Fawley's house had been empty for at least five years. Mrs. Fawley did own it, but she died, and it's been untenanted ever since."

"I told her that I'd dropped Gid and Wiley next door far more recently than that. I asked if she knew their whereabouts, and the old girl just about slid out from under her hair pins."

"Gid died even before his mother. He was someplace in the Upper Peninsula when his wife left him

and Wiley. He found her with another man and shot them both. Then he shot the boy and himself."

"Gid and Wiley are dead, Jo. They're dead, but they put on a show for us."

"Do you remember when Wiley ate everything he could get his hands on? He did that to make himself seem all the more pitiable. He wanted some hold over us. Our emotions worked just fine. I think Wiley's the strong one; Gid is just along . . . for God knows what reason. If they feed on anything, it's this: anger and hate. They either make things happen or go where things are going to happen. That's why they're here. I think they've got us targeted; they know we know, and that's enough reason for us to be next. That's why Wiley's out there. He wants us to be afraid. He wants us . . ."

"I'll bring the Bible," said Jo, springing from my side. "We're staying up tonight."

We didn't sleep, not a wink. Oh Lord!, we were weary. We read aloud by the glow of the kerosene lamp to pass the minutes. With each chapter we heard the wind tighten around the house. Branches clawed at the siding. Hands rapped at the windows and doors. But we read.

When the sun came up, Jo alone was reading. I was fully awake but weakened from my misadventure; blood had soaked through three changes of bandages.

I heard Jo intone John 8:12—"Then Jesus spoke again unto them, saying, I am the light of the world: he that followeth me shall not walk in darkness, but shall have the light of life."

I looked from her pale and weary face to the brightening window. There I saw Wiley snarling with feral rage. He shrieked and wailed. Gid stood behind him, barely discernible in the dawn.

Jo looked up from her reading. She stood and walked to the window with only the glass separating her from this fiend.

She is beyond assessing. Tired and afraid, she stood before and above him. She bent down.

"Wiley, poor Wiley. I'll love you."

And he was gone—vanished.

Gid stumbled toward the window. He looked as though he was being sucked inside himself, twisting and shrinking. He came closer and closer, his mouth turned in a crazy smile, but faded before he was halfway to the house.

Jo stood, sighed, and came to me.

"A good meal and some sleep will put us right," she said. "I don't think you'll have to have stitches; the bleeding's stopped."

She took my hand; I could read the exhaustion in her eyes.

I, too, am weary, but before resting I had to write out my narrative. I thought that by putting this down on paper, I could remember every detail. I know I'll want to think on this later.

Meanwhile, we will pray for Wiley's soul. 17

In the Shadow of the Castle

*What was it she sought in her lonely
retreat from the world?
Was it magic—or madness?*

by Randolph Cirilo

It was growing late, and the lights flickered off in the mall. From her car, Lydia studied the mannequins in the windows, wondering why they always seemed to move when the shadows first engulfed them. A little frightened, she pulled the blanket more tightly around her shoulders and twisted the dial of the radio on her lap.

As she pressed her cheek against the window, her foot caressing the brake pedal, she heard a small scraping sound. It came from behind her. From the trunk.

You again, she thought.

Lydia's was the only car in the lot, and she liked it that way. The entire mall could be her domain, if only for a few hours. It was preferable to parking on the streets, where the houses crowded in on her like staring faces. Perhaps someday things would be different, but for now the mall—any mall—would do.

If only that thing hadn't gotten into the trunk, always waking her with odd cooing sounds early in the morning. She couldn't even leave anything in the back seat without fearing that it would disappear. It loved to steal her food or rip the labels off cans and hide them under the seats.

Lydia still wondered how it had found its way in. She seldom opened the trunk or left the windows rolled down. But it was possible there were other entrances she was unaware of. Cars could be riddled with narrow passages like a network of caverns, and she wouldn't know the difference. Perhaps only mechanics knew, it being part of the lore they shared as the grease dripped down their hands.

And maybe that thing is part of it, she thought. Maybe it's something mechanics conjure up to keep people from living in cars. Because if you live in one long enough, you're bound to find out something you shouldn't know.



Feeling frightened, Lydia summoned the memories of her grandmother. They were good memories, and thus a magic that could ward off any evil. She envisioned the old woman reading to her by the fireplace. She had been eight, and there was nothing better than kneeling on the hearth and pressing her face into her grandmother's thick skirt. Then she could listen. *Charlotte's Web*, it had been, or *The Wind in the Willows*. She could almost hear the words pouring from the radio like lullaby.

Then her father had joined them. Years later. Jangling the keys as he gave her the car. His arms enfolded her and he said how proud he was. "Now you'll be running off to college and leaving your old man all alone. I'll miss you, honey. Jesus, I'll miss you."

The thing growled from the depths of the trunk. "Did you kill them all?" Lydia whispered. "Have you been following me around all my life and killing people?"

But even if it had, she knew it wouldn't do to run away or try to live anywhere else, especially in the house. After all, the house had come by way of her father's will. And that made driving up to it like driving to his grave. But in the car, he was close. Almost alive. Sometimes she could even sense his eyes watching her from the passenger seat, the best protection of all.

The thing fell silent, and Lydia wondered what it looked like. She was sure it had sharp teeth because of the way it gnawed on the spare tire. But it also had to be awfully small—otherwise it wouldn't be able to hide so well whenever she searched for it.

And then there were the scratches it left on the dashboard, a complex series of marks running from the steering wheel to the glove compartment. They were so distinctive that Lydia imagined they must be

words. And when she dreamed, Lydia often heard a tiny voice reading the marks aloud. They flowed like a melody, a song of love. Then, when the song was done, the creature's face appeared, huge eyes watched her balefully from the shadows.

Beauty and the Beast, Lydia thought, glancing with a smile into the rearview mirror.

She studied the parking lot, taking comfort in the solitude. Nothing was strong enough to take that from her. Not even things that lived in trunks. Those things least of all.

In the morning Lydia decided it was time to leave. Too many people had noticed her lately. Ever since her father died, she had feared those ugly stares, fleeing whenever they grew too common. Besides, she enjoyed the mobility. It made her kingdom impossibly vast, castle after castle scattered across the countryside.

Finishing her breakfast, she noticed a depression in the passenger seat, as though something had been sitting there for a long, long time. There were even a few errant hairs, brown like hers but much shorter.

Did you like what you saw? Lydia thought. *Complexion's a little sallow, hair kind of stiff. Or doesn't it matter? Do you love me so much I'm the most beautiful woman in the world? If so, you're the only one.*

Imagining what its touch would be like, Lydia shivered. She thrust the keys into the ignition and headed for the bank. It was time to pick up her monthly allowance. Still, she dreaded seeing the bankers again, cowed by the way they invoked the machines that crouched on their desks. Like sorcerers. With only the power of her father's will to keep them in check.

You should have taught me your wizardry, Daddy, Lydia thought. *The money goes so quickly.*

As the car rumbled down the streets, Lydia heard the creature scampering about the trunk. It enjoyed the movement, growing ever bolder the longer they traveled. Sometimes it even made a sound like a laugh, a sound so human Lydia wanted to take the thing in her arms and cradle it as though her own womb had given it birth.

She stopped for gas at a familiar station, the attendant coming out to greet her.

"Been a long time," he said.

Lydia nodded, wondering why the attendant's friendly gaze made her feel so uncomfortable. But she realized it wasn't his eyes so much as his words. They had been her grandmother's constant greeting, no matter how recently they had seen one another. As a child, the words seemed the most powerful spell in the world. After all, presents appeared in their wake, and sometimes cake or candy. There were even times when Lydia had thought they might call forth her mother from beneath the granite slab in the cemetery. But kneeling and repeating them

again and again had done nothing, her father carrying her away to the emptiness of the car when the sobs grew too loud.

The attendant disappeared behind the hood. Lydia imagined the creature sitting on the radiator and whispering everything she had done of late. And, indeed, the attendant leaned back for an instant, an odd, knowing smile on his lips.

But what could it tell him? she thought. *What I've been wearing? When I've gone to the bathroom?*

Still, she couldn't be sure that such things were meaningless. Perhaps the very nature of her life was a spell that kept the evil away, a path her father had revealed in her deepest dreams. And it might even be that the thing in the trunk wasn't a curse at all but rather some mysterious protector.

"Damn!" the attendant yelled; a trickle of blood running down his finger. "I think your car's got it in for me. But I'll be damned if I can see what did it. Nothing but hoses down there."

Lydia imagined that the thing had bitten the attendant to prevent him from working some malign magic on her car. She smiled and touched the scratches on the dashboard, half expecting to be enveloped in white fire, a flame that would purify her soul and return her family.

"Fifteen even," the attendant said.

Lydia handed him a twenty and waited for her change. She glimpsed a shadow. Disappointed, she lay back in the seat, remembering her father's words when she had asked about her mother.

"She's dead, honey. But heaven's a whole lot closer than people think, maybe right in the chair where you're sitting. Your mother used to read there, and sometimes I would lie here and watch her while pretending to watch television. Before long, it got so she didn't have to be here at all. I could just look at the chair and feel her all around me. So when you feel lonely, you can just sit right there and your mother will take you in her arms and love you. Not even death can stop that."

Lydia ran her hand across the depression in the passenger seat. It felt warmer than she thought it should, and the air seemed different as well, thick with a smell like sweat. Her father had sat there as he taught her to drive, always squinting because he refused to wear sunglasses. And as she raced around corners, he would squeeze her shoulder gently.

As though his touch could protect them both.

After receiving her change, Lydia drove to the street and watched the cars pass by. They were so fast she could never make out the faces of the drivers or whether they had faces at all.

Maybe something evil drives them, she thought. *The thing that killed Daddy.*

It had come out of the night, two headlights like all-seeing eyes, and tossed his body across the asphalt. As strangers ran to his side, Lydia had stood on the curb, unable to move. Someone else

**The creature began
scratching new marks into the
dashboard, a dark poetry Lydia
feared she would never
understand.**

was dead, she'd told herself. Another's blood rushed toward the gutter. Not her father. Not the man who had wrapped her in his spells and kept her safe.

Now the evil had multiplied. It swept by again and again, horns blaring and tires screeching. And there was no one left to shield her.

All dead, she thought. All dead.

Except for the thing in the trunk. She grew ever more certain that it had been his familiar, the source of the magic he had wielded. If only she could discover its secrets, all the spells would be hers. No more staring faces or pitying words. She could raise up her father and end all the loneliness.

The creature growled, and suddenly the streets were empty.

After collecting her money at the bank, Lydia went to buy some food. For the first time, she took things she thought the creature would like: a loaf of bread, some oranges, a pound of hamburger. It seemed important to win it over, as though by rejecting it she had only been holding her father at arm's length. And she had never wanted that.

At the checkout counter, an unsettling voice read out the prices as her purchases were swept across a small glass window. Lydia wondered whose voice it might be. It was threatening, and she imagined it screaming in hate as it bore down on her father. The cashier proffered a slip of paper but she refused it, knowing that terrible spells could be passed along in such a fashion.

She hurried out and dumped the groceries into the back seat. People milled about the car in ever-decreasing circles, probing at the limits of her magic. Only the familiar's presence, a scratching within the trunk, promised untapped power. Lydia could see that the passersby sensed it, their eyes widening if they grew too close. The thing could rend them from afar with unseen talons, her father's love shining from its heart.

"Hear me," she whispered. "Show me the way."

Suddenly the image of a house formed in her mind. Lydia smiled, recognizing the gnarled olive tree in the front yard and the walls of oleander, blossoming pink and white, which lined the sides and back. She could see her father through the window, peacefully reading the paper.

Now Lydia longed to visit the house again, sure that in discovering the creature's nature she had

awakened her father's magic. But as she drove, the once-familiar streets became a maze, evil tugging at her from the asphalt. Still the car seemed to find its way as though someone stood at each intersection, indicating which turn to take.

An hour later, Lydia pulled into the driveway, her hopes dimmed by what she saw. The lawn was brown and riddled with weeds, while the arms of the olive tree had been severed, the stumps covered with tar. Even the oleanders appeared dessicated, and the paint flaked from the walls like dead skin. It was why she had left in the first place; the sense of living within a rotting carcass was more than she could bear.

But the windows were curtained, and Lydia wondered if the interior had remained untouched. Gathering her courage, she walked to the door, leaving a window rolled down so the familiar could follow her.

"You remember this place, don't you?" she asked. "It used to be home."

Glancing back, Lydia saw the creature crouched on the steering wheel like a gargoyle. Its eyes met hers, and then it began scratching new marks into the dashboard, a dark poetry that Lydia feared she would never understand.

She unlocked the front door, the house keys squirming in her hand. Then she stepped into the musty smell of disuse. Her father smiled from the portrait on the wall, and at his side her mother gazed at something outside the window.

Death, maybe, Lydia thought.

In her mother's arms, a cat lay nestled, staring protectively at her father. Lydia decided it must be the familiar, the very same creature she had left behind in the car. She touched the canvas and noted how her parents almost moved beneath her fingertips, hoping perhaps to draw her in. But a wall of varnish kept them apart.

Lydia ran to the bedroom and leapt onto the mattress, savoring its warmth and comfort. She placed the pillow under her head, making sure that her initials—the initials her grandmother had stitched into the pillowcase—pressed against her skull, as though they contained a secret message bursting to be shared.

She recalled a day when she had searched through her father's bookshelves, hoping to find her copy of *Pride and Prejudice*. As she examined the volumes, she noticed how many of them contained queer drawings on whatever blank pages could be found within, stick figures mostly. And sometimes words would be interspersed with the pictures, usually misspelled except for her own name, Lydia, precisely rendered in block letters.

Who would have written my name in these books? she wondered.

She ran to her grandmother and showed her one of the volumes. The old woman grew tearful as she

carefully examined each page.

"Who did them, Grandma?" Lydia asked.

"Don't you know, sweetheart? When you were little, you used to draw on everything. An artist through and through. Surely you remember?"

But she hadn't remembered. And lying in bed, poring over that distant day, she thought that people discarded old selves like snakes casting off their skins. Then they moved on, leaving the shells behind to rot. In houses like this. Or worst of all in their heads, where the forgotten selves lingered just out of reach.

If only I knew how, Lydia thought, I could put them back together. I could shape Daddy out of the dust. Or Grandmother or Mother. All I need is the magic they're hiding from me.

But there was no magic left in the house. Something had stripped its soul away, taking even the strange and terrifying sounds it used to make in the night. Being there was like standing by her grandmother's coffin, wishing that the waxy face would suddenly grow pink and open its eyes.

"You're never going to die, are you, Daddy?"

"We all die, sweetheart," he had said. "But you'll always remember me, and there's something awesome about remembering. It makes all the years disappear, and for a while death doesn't mean a thing. You've got all the magic in the world."

But if I could forget drawing those pictures, Lydia thought as she rose from the bed, couldn't I forget you as well? How will I ever find you when I die?

In her dresser drawer, there was a medallion attached to a silver chain. It pictured an old man holding a child in his arms. Lydia placed it around her neck as her father had placed it around his. Squeezing the medallion as tightly as she could, she prayed for the magic she was certain lurked within. She didn't know what god to call upon, but he existed. He had come with the kisses her father placed on her brow, dancing in her heart like a dandelion in wind.

She walked to the window and peered out at her car. The familiar beckoned from the front seat, whispering that only in her own domain could its magic be hers. She must sit in shadow of the castle and blend its strength with her own lonely desires. Then it would sit on her shoulder, opening each and every grave. And no one would be dead anymore.

Lydia rushed from the house, the medallion like ice against her breast.

There is a castle very near here, she thought. It's huge and it's white and in the middle of the night it'll be mine. My domain. My kingdom.

The mall glistened in the afternoon sun. Lydia parked at the edge of the lot, afraid to approach the nearby clusters of cars and people. Sitting apart and alone, the car would shield her with the remnants of

its dying enchantment.

As it grew dark, Lydia felt her strength expanding with each departing car. It was black like the asphalt, stretching out to touch the castle in the distance.

Lydia lay down on the back seat. Overhead, the clouds swallowed the stars, leaving only the streetlights to watch over her. Soon the lot was empty, and the creature in the trunk awakened. Lydia sensed it drawing closer until it crouched just behind the seat, waiting for her call.

"Do you love them, too?" she asked.

It began to cry, small piercing sobs filling the car. As she listened, Lydia felt the same growing pain in her breast, a longing that seemed to entwine itself about her soul.

It's him, she thought. It's his magic.

The fabric of the seat bulged outward, the familiar coming to hold her as she ripped open the graves with all her fiery power. Lydia closed her eyes. The smell of her grandmother's perfume swept over her. Then she laughed, because their hands were touching hers.

They carried her to the castle, singing lullabies until she slept.

The guard noticed the car shortly after midnight. He ambled over and knocked on the window. Someone was sitting in the back, a small dark form—like a dog or a cat—furtively crawling across the person's lap.

The guard tugged at the door, only to find it locked. Going to the other side, he tried again. The door flew open as though pushed from within. Every inch of glass shattered into a crystalline powder, and the nearby streetlights flickered and died. Only the light inside the car still glowed. In the starless night, it seemed the only light in the world.

Lydia's blood had soaked into the upholstery. The wounds in her wrists were deep and ragged as though some animal had made them—or as though she had ripped open the veins with her own nails.

A broad smile was fixed on her lips, and her eyes stared brightly at the dashboard. Following her gaze, the guard noticed the marks etched into the plastic. But they were more than random scratches. They were words, a single sentence stretching from the steering wheel to the glove compartment.

The guard ran back to the mall to call the police. Glancing behind him, he glimpsed something dash out the door and across the lot. Then the light went out and it disappeared, the patter of its footsteps like a cold, endless rain.

After making the call, the guard sat and waited. The sentence on the dashboard kept running through his head, and with every word he recalled the girl's smiling face.

"We love you, Lydia," he muttered. "We love you" 



The washrag-grey storm cloud shredded in the high winds, pulling rain showers from the shore out to the sea. Patches of a red and yellow dusk widened in the sky above the two policemen who continued searching the sodden beach.

Sheriff Leo Payne led with his flashlight sweeping at the dark shadows under the boardwalk for footprints. He was a lean middle-aged man, his face thin and sharp like a knife. From under the brim of his rain poncho, his eyes flicked over the shoreline with concentration. He saw nothing except the churning surf and heard only the gasps of his exhausted deputy behind him.

"We've already gone this way, Sheriff," Bill Lockwood reminded him. His flashlight hung at his side, his legs bowed with fatigue. He wiped rainwater from his face.

Payne kept moving. He knew without looking at his watch that the final Evacuation buses would be leaving within a few hours. Lockwood had repeated that all afternoon.

"Bill, use the horn."

"But Leo," he started to protest.

"Call them in."

Lockwood hefted the bullhorn to his lips. He thumbed the button. "To anyone left here, all buses to the designated Relocation Towns will be leaving in two hours. Do not delay. Gather only what clothes you need and your Relocation identity papers. These are the last buses. The last ones. Meet at Central Avenue within two hours."

Lockwood lowered the bullhorn in the silence that followed after the last echo of his words. Payne faced him.

"You think they heard?"

Payne nodded. He looked past the shore, to the dark and silent maze of the amusement park grounds. In the rain, the roller coaster was a black, skeletal mountain. The arcades and shops were shut-

Does It Make a Sound?

The carousel whirled, the ferris wheel spun . . . and death crouched beyond the horizon.

by Joseph Calabro

tered tight, their gold and red signs drab in the twilight. Empty papers and cups tumbled in the wind, darting across the boardwalk.

"They're still here," Payne said. "I feel it."

Lockwood suddenly exploded. "Then leave them! If they don't have the sense to get away, let them burn!"

Payne watched the soft rose glow of the clearing dusk settle over the park. A far-off rumble of thunder sounded from the sea.

"You've done enough," he said finally. "I can't ask you to stay any longer. Get back to town, but leave me the cruiser. You can get room on a bus."

The deputy came forward. "Sheriff, you can go too. You've done what you can."

Payne shook his head slowly. "Have to save them from themselves," he sighed. "But I've got to find them first, talk to them. They're just afraid, that's all. You'd better get going."

Lockwood shook his hand and quickly retraced his footprints back up the beach. He seemed small against the grey rolling hills of the waves that smashed themselves into spreading foam. Dimly a star appeared in the sky. Payne threw back his poncho hood, watching his deputy disappear in the distance. Then he turned and walked toward the amusement park, keeping to the shadows that lengthened in the late summer twilight.

Mr. Salvatore D'Amico had few rituals that he believed in, but in the twenty years he'd owned and managed the amusement park, he'd held on to one tradition. He would turn on the park lights only when he could see the first star. On cloudy nights, he guessed. But tonight, as he looked up into the August dusk, he knew for sure. He unlocked the powerhouse under the roller coaster and went inside. Sixty-five years old, with broad shoulders and huge hands, he was as limber as a man many years younger. He smiled easily, even to

himself, creasing his face with laugh lines. It was his life's work to make people happy. He put his straw boater on his balding head and threw the knife switch for the main power line.

Stepping outside, he watched the park come to life. Silent explosions of brilliance flickered through sections of rides and stands, as though a captive lightning bolt had been released. The snaking strings of light bulbs ignited along the roller coaster's tracks. Slowly the carousel began to turn, the calliope music in its hub hooting and thumping. The ferris wheel spun into a circle of light against the dark sky. Mr. D'Amico smiled in relief. The darkness, as huge and empty as the bottom of the universe, was gone. Now it was like standing inside a constellation, somewhere at the center of the galaxy, with all the stars spiraling away from him.

Hitching up his leather tool apron, he walked briskly down the boardwalk, yanking up the rumbling shutters on the food stands and the arcades. He passed the funhouse, hearing the taped howling and deep chuckling from within. The clown's plaster face over the entrance flashed its eyes at him. He opened the doors to the hot dog and soft-shell crab stands, the shooting gallery and clam bars and even the small Hotel Surf, releasing their light to spill out over the boardwalk to the dark wine of the sea beyond.

In twenty minutes he had thrown all the switches, started engines chugging, and fired up all the compressors for the last time of his life. Satisfied, he leaned on a railing and called out to the darkness. "You can all come out now."

Slowly they appeared. First was the Grant family—David, his wife Linda, and their two little daughters. So young, all of them, Mr. D'Amico thought. Linda seemed strained, trying to smile through it all, at least for her girls. David was the one who had made up their minds for them, convinced that there was no way to outrun the end.

Mr. D'Amico turned and saw Mrs. Luseski emerge from the shadows, her cane tapping the boardwalk. Nearly eighty and a widow, she said she wanted to remain behind because this was the town where she and her dead husband had grown up, the same amusement park where he had asked her to marry him so many years ago. Her thin white hair and glasses seemed to glow in the light from the arcades.

Mr. D'Amico spread his arms wide and laughed. "Welcome, all of you!" he shouted.

They gathered around. Mrs. Luseski smiled, and so did David. Linda held the hands of her girls.

"Tonight," Mr. D'Amico said, "is the biggest celebration of the season, the official End of the Summer party."

"The whole park is going," David said, looking around him.

"Yes! All the rides are open, all the food is

Mr. D'Amico found himself looking at the dark horizon out over the sea, where it would come when it began. He shivered in the cool evening breeze.

ready. And later on there'll be fireworks on the beach." He turned to Mrs. Luseski. "And you're feeling fine, dear lady?"

"Oh, much better," she said. "I took my pills this afternoon. The dizziness went away."

He patted her hand on the cane. "Put away your sickness and enjoy this evening. All the arcades are open."

"And all the rides," one of the little girls asked eagerly, "are they really working?"

Mr. D'Amico nodded, waving with his hands. "Of course. Your dad and mom know how to run them. I wired everything up to one big switch this afternoon, so the whole park has its own power now. No more darkness. All lights!"

The girls began pulling their father toward the spinning carousel. He went off with them, thanking Mr. D'Amico. Mrs. Luseski told them she was going to play the bowling games in the arcades first, and left. Only Linda stayed behind with Mr. D'Amico, watching as her children climbed on the painted wooden horses.

"Did you hear the warnings today?" she asked him at last.

He nodded. "Yes, I did. The same old threats."

"They said there was still time to leave."

Mr. D'Amico watched her, tears forming in her eyes. He put out his hand to her shoulder.

"Don't listen to them. Enjoy tonight, because it is all for your family. Nothing else matters."

She turned and moved off toward the carousel. Alone now, Mr. D'Amico found himself looking at the dark horizon out over the sea, where it would come when it began. He shivered in the cool evening breeze, then hurried off to challenge Mrs. Luseski to a bowling game.

The flashing clown face atop the funhouse cast a dark pool of shadow on the boardwalk. Sheriff Payne stepped from that blackness very quietly. Unseen, he walked toward the carousel while the hollow beat of the surf filled the night.

The painted horses reared with their enameled teeth bared in the lights. Grant and his daughters held on to brass poles that skewered their horses like sticks of lightning. Colors and reflections whirled and chased themselves as the two girls and their father flew round and round through the summer night.

Linda stood outside the circle of light, standing by the ticket booth. She held her arms tightly to her

body as the wind ruffled her blond hair. Suddenly she heard steps behind her.

"Mrs. Grant," Payne began softly.

She opened her mouth to speak, but he motioned for her to be quiet. The sheriff took her gently by the arm and moved her out of sight from her family.

"I thought you were gone," Linda said.

Payne shook his head. "Just a few of the authorities are left, to gather up anyone who has missed the buses. There's still transportation out."

She looked at his dark eyes, the thundering sea and rising moon at his back. She thought of her family behind her on the bright spinning top of the carousel, the bump and clang of marching music.

She wanted to say it was her family's decision.

"I know Mr. D'Amico," Payne went on. "I grew up here. I know what he told you. But—he's an old man, who only has this place, instead of a wife and kids. You've got a family..." He motioned to the ride. "There won't be any protection here when it starts. No shelters, no food. He could barely get the power going until tonight."

Linda stared at the rushing carousel.

"You haven't made a decision you can't go back on. You can all still leave. The Relocation Towns in the mountains are beautiful. And so safe."

"But Mr. D'Amico said that there's no running away. That we can die there just as easily as here."

Payne shook his head again, gesturing to the horizon. "An amusement park won't protect you from the bombs."

She looked at the sheriff for a long moment, then nodded. Turning away she threw the switch that stopped the carousel. Payne watched her as she went to her family and explained why she'd ended the ride.

Mrs. Lusesky flipped the hot dog off the grill and into a bun. She turned off the sizzling griddle, edged up to a stool, and reached for a squeeze bottle of mustard. It had been a nice night so far. She had won two stuffed dogs at ring-toss and had beaten Mr. D'Amico at slide bowling. Then they both had gone for rides around the whole park on a little gas train, with Mr. D'Amico driving. As the train rattled and hooted by the boardwalk, she looked to the horizon, feeling how soon it would be before she would see her husband again. But this thought, which usually consoled her, was of no comfort tonight.

In the arcade to her right stood a dummy gypsy woman encased in a glass box. For a quarter, she would tell your fortune on a slip of paper that spit out of a slot at the bottom. When Mrs. Lusesky had tried the game earlier tonight, no fortune had come out. Instead, pulled by strings from a device above her head, the gypsy woman had gestured and shaken with the sound of recorded laughter.

Mrs. Lusesky was watching the dummy now as

she reached for the bottle of mustard. The dummy figure under the glass was ancient. Shore sun had bleached and cracked her dress and faded her painted skin. Mrs. Lusesky looked at the grinning face and saw where scabs of old paint had blistered off; the gypsy's eyes were totally white now.

Suddenly she felt the familiar stab of pain in her chest. She gasped, dropping her food, and waited, hoping that it would go away, that she wouldn't have to use up her last pill. But it didn't leave, and she took the drug. Slowly the knife of discomfort withdrew from her heart. She regained her breath before she heard the Grants walk up behind her.

David, Linda, and the girls were there. So was Sheriff Payne.

"The last pill," he said.

She looked down at the empty box, suddenly feeling tired, old. The restless sea was a threatening darkness that took the form of the gypsy woman's blasted white eyes and peeling face. She would never see her husband again. She trembled, then began to cry. Linda came forward to comfort her.

"There's doctors and medicine in the Relocation Towns," Payne told her.

"I... I don't want to die," she said.

"You won't, I promise that."

She looked at him, his badge, his gun and uniform, his reassuring smile. He was the law. He was the order.

"Take me away," she cried.

Mr. D'Amico was on the beach, planting fireworks in the sand. He inserted primer cord into the skyrocket and aimed them out over the water. Nearby, a clambake of lobsters and corn steamed under a seaweed-covered fire. He smiled to himself and whistled. The best closing the park would ever have, he told himself. Then he heard the bullhorn.

"Mr. D'Amico!"

He got to his feet quickly.

"This is Payne. I've got the Grants and Mrs. Luseski with me. They want to leave."

His words echoed over the dark waves. Mr. D'Amico's heart raced.

"And you can come too. It's time, time to come in. The playing is over."

With those words, the lights of the amusement park began to flicker off. Mr. D'Amico dropped a skyrocket. "No!" he cried out. The carousel wound down like an old clock. The roller coaster froze into a black spider web, silent. The arcades disappeared into the night like falling dominoes. The park was gone, and suddenly he was standing alone at the edge of the galaxy—no more stars, just the endless cold darkness of deep space and death.

He ran up the beach, eyes clouding with tears. His breathing was ragged as Payne's message still sounded in the sea air. "Wherever you are, come in."

Mr. D'Amico ran to start the shooting gallery.

It remained dark despite his efforts, the line of tin ducks and rabbits motionless in their chained tracks. The ferris wheel would not work, a frozen ring of black girders and seats that creaked in the wind. Insanely he ran from ride to gallery to arcade, trying to make it all work, crying. His tools fell and scattered on the boardwalk. All dead. Trying with brute force to move a bumping car, he cut his hand. He spun round in the darkness.

"Please! Turn it back on!"

Dread now geysered through him, the terrors he'd struggled so long to keep down. It really was the end of the world. He dropped to knees, tears falling on the boardwalk.

A flashlight shone in his face.

"Come on up," Payne said gently. He helped the old man to stand while the others watched.

Mr. D'Amico got to his feet and saw them all there in the moonlight, as scared and frightened as he was.

"David," he asked in amazement. "Why? You said there was no way you would want to live after it happened. That you wouldn't run."

"I—I know. But Linda and the girls ... Maybe there's a chance it won't be as bad as they say." He looked away in shame. "Believe me, I thank you for all that you did to make us happy and comfortable here. But ... we can't take the chance."

Mr. D'Amico turned to Mrs. Luseski. "And you too?"

"I don't want to die." She clutched her cane to her chest.

Tiredly he rubbed his face.

"Come on," Payne urged. "You'll be safe too."

He hesitated for a moment, looking at the darkness that covered them all. The full moon was a plate of cold light in the sky. "No," he said quietly. He drew himself up, wiping a bit of blood from his hand. "Take the others. It's their choice." He wiped his eyes. "I can't tell them how to spend their lives."

"We're sorry," said Linda.

Payne exploded. "This is insane! When the bombs start falling, this will all be gone."

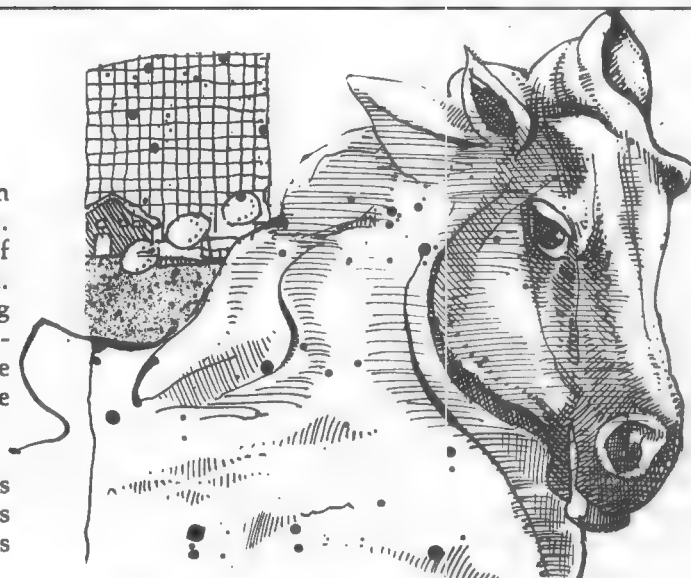
Mr. D'Amico patted the railing. "No, I'll be fine. Just turn the lights back on for me. I want the lights."

"Why? I don't understand."

Mr. D'Amico sighed, regaining a fraction of his calmness. "I'm afraid of the dark," he told them. He looked at the water. "Crazy, isn't it, to act like a little kid when the lights go out?" He turned to the sheriff. "Did you ever know my father?"

Payne shook his head. David put his arms around Linda and Mrs. Lusesky.

"Of course not, how could you, you're younger than I am. He was a good worker and he loved his family. And his house, and this park that he built. I have the pictures in my office now of the place he originally built." Mr. D'Amico absently ran his



fingers through his thinning hair. "He died one night when my mother and I were here running the place. We came home to a house that was all dark. And we knew that something was wrong, that he'd only had a cold, a flu, before we'd left that afternoon."

"But my mother couldn't stop me from going inside first. I ran in, and it was all dark. And there were two things in the darkness, Sheriff. My father, passed away there in his easy chair ... and Death. Death was still in there too, and I felt it."

He turned back to the others. "You all go. But leave the lights on, please."

Payne held his hands out imploringly.

Mr. D'Amico smiled. "There's nothing else I want to do. I can't run away with you. To what, to where? Confusion, hysteria, people wandering without homes. They'll meet the end with fear, apart from everyone and everything they cared about. You can deny it by running away and hiding. I do it by keeping this old park lit up." He tilted his head towards Payne. "I think the both of us are right. But if you could choose, which way would you rather have it?"

The seven people stood silently inside the circle of light. The wind fluted through the cracks of the roller coaster. Slowly arcade signs creaked and swung. Then Mrs. Luseski moved.

"I smell the clambake. Is it about ready on the beach?"

Mr. D'Amico nodded, and she went down to the shore, following the sparkling path of moonlight on the waves.

Linda squeezed David's hand. She looked for a long time at Mr. D'Amico, then asked her family if they were hungry. They moved down the boardwalk, following Mrs. Lusesky.

Payne and Mr. D'Amico stood alone.

"They're going to stay," the sheriff said.

"It's not hard to understand. We can't have forever. So now we're spending what we do have as happily as we can." He picked up his boater hat from where he had dropped it on the sand bar and started down the beach. He turned after a few steps.

"We have plenty of food," he held out his hand. "And you look tired."

Payne recalled in that moment the Evacuation refugees, the panic, the certain knowledge of what was about to happen to them all. He could not deny the vision of the blacked-out overcrowded towns slowly starving themselves in the mountains. He turned out his flashlight. The town behind him was deserted, already filled with ghosts. Just like the one behind it, and the one after that. They had all run into one corner in the dark, waiting. And now he had simply found another corner.

"I'll be there," he said, "as soon as I turn the lights back on."

Mr. D'Amico smiled and waved him along.

They finished the clambake, and for dessert Mr. D'Amico brought down a cooler of his home-made ice cream. While they ate, the sheriff helped him set up the remainder of the fireworks. Together they launched them. The seven people on the beach watched the fireworks explode and thump in the sky, spreading glowing webs and blossoms of colors. Sparks whistled and chased

each other. Everyone applauded as each explosion punched the sea air. Finally, after a flurry of bursting rainbow stars, there was a new, strange silence. Even though the air was thick with the smell of salt and gunpowder, something else was there too.

Sheriff Payne, his trousers rolled up above his knees, stood in the surf with Mr. D'Amico. All of them looked to the horizon.

"Do you remember the old riddle?" he whispered to Mr. D'Amico. "The one that goes, 'If a tree falls in the forest and there's no one there to hear it, does it make a sound?'"

"Yes, I've heard that one." Mr. D'Amico nodded, his eyes on the rolling waves.

"I wonder," the sheriff said, "what the answer will be."

And there, on the last night of the summer, the great brilliant flare brighter than any August sun grew on the horizon. Swiftly it rose to wipe away the stars, coming toward them at the speed of light, silently. 

Bonus Short-Short

Airmail

It was an eviction notice, sort of. Only it concerned his body.

by Ken McCormack

Eternity

Dear George Green:

There has been an unfortunate error. In reviewing My records, I have discovered your soul is currently residing in the body of a human.

This is not as it was Planned.

Your soul was specifically designed to be suitable for, and should have been placed in, the body of an Atlantic plankton.

Please commit suicide at once so that

the error can be corrected.

Have a nice day,
Your Maker

April 4

Harry —

I'll write more later, but I just wanted to drop you a quick note to thank you for the "Your Maker" letter.

It was great! One of your best. Ever since college I've been able to count on you to drop me a gag out of

the blue and make me smile again.

How's the wife?

Thanks again,
George Green

April 11

George,

Good to hear from you again, even if your letter was a little batty. Your Maker? My Maker? Whose? You been smoking those funny-smelling cigarettes again?



May 2

George,

You'll have to fill me in on your "creative accounting." I really got socked this year. Ouch! So when are you going to invite us over for a steak dinner on your new patio?

Go IU!

Harry

P.S. Fall sounds good for the canoe trip, but August sounds even better. Okay? By the way, I hope that "notification" letter you mentioned wasn't an early audit, because it wasn't from me.

Eternity

Dear George Green:

Enclosed are copies of your first and second Notifications.

I understand you might want to take time to put your affairs in order, but I can no longer ignore the needs of an Atlantic plankton, what with everyone up here being equal and all.

You have one week to comply. After that I will be forced to take matters into My own hands.

See you soon,
Your Maker

enc.

June 27

Harry -

Sorry I haven't written, but maybe you read about it in the papers: I went out to my car, started it, then remembered I left my wallet in the house. I ran back to get it, and while I was in the den there was the biggest KA-SMASH you ever heard. Guess what happened? A meteor obliterated my car! Not just a little toe-sized meteor, mind you. This was a two hundred-pounder.

The university said the odds are trillions to one against that sort of thing. Lucky me, eh? Anyway, that's why things have been a little hectic. The canoe trip is still on, though.

Beat Purdue!

George

P.S. Thanks for the third note, but maybe it's time we move on to something else, hey? The "notifications" are getting a bit old.

Helen's fine, thanks.

Go Hoosiers!

Harry

P.S. How about the four of us getting together this summer for a canoe trip? Just an afternoon or two? Let me know.

Eternity

Dear George Green:

Enclosed is a copy of your first Notification.

Please stop wasting time. There is a lifeless body of an Atlantic plankton up here waiting for your soul.

Regards,
Your Maker

enc.

April 23

Harry -

Finally: taxes out of the way for another year. Thanks to a little "creative accounting," Cindy and I should be able to afford that patio and grill we've always wanted. Wasn't it Franklin who said you can't avoid death and taxes? Ha!

Go Big Red!

George

P.S. Let's shoot for this fall for the trip. The colors will be nice. Oh yeah: thanks for the "notification" letter. That's damn near framable. You always were a creative bastard. I can't figure out how you got both letters delivered without a stamp or postmark, though. You got connections in high places?

July 10

George,

Wow, what a holiday! Fireworks, picnics, frisbees in the park. Lots of fun. No fireworks to compare to what happened to you, though. You're damn lucky it didn't hit the house.

We just bought some life jackets at an "after July 4th" sale, so we'll be prepared for the canoe trip. Mid-August sound okay?

Go Hoosiers!

Harry

P.S. Sorry you're getting testy about the "notification" letters, but I'll tell you again: they're not from me. You sure it's not a legitimate audit?

Eternity

Dear George Green:

There has been another error.

The three previous letters you received from Me were delivered by mistake. They should have gone to —confidential—.

Sorry about your car. I'll provide a small miracle to compensate for your troubles.

See you eventually
anyway,
Your Maker

July 17

Harry—

I suppose you read in the paper that I won that \$100,000 sweepstakes. And yes, that does make me really happy. God only knows Cindy and I can use the money. But I got a letter just before I was announced as the winner, and, well, I'd just like to talk with you about it.

When can we get together? I don't want to scare you—this may not be real serious, just sort of strange.

Go IU,

George

P.S. I read that a seven-foot center from Chicago just signed to play basketball at Indiana next fall. Averaged about thirty-nine points per game. Wow!

August 5

George,

That's great news about the center from Chicago. He could give them a powerful front line.

Sure we can get together. How about mid-August as we have been planning? That should be perfect, and if we decide to camp overnight we can watch the Perseid meteor shower. It

peaks every year about that time, and is potentially very sharp. How about it?

Go Hoosiers,

Harry

P.S. I assume these Notifications I've been receiving are from you. Thanks for finally letting me in on the joke. An Atlantic plankton. Ha! Strange how none of the letters are post-marked, though. What's your secret?

August 8

Harry—

Sorry to cancel out of the trip at the last minute like this, but quite frankly, I'd rather have some distance between us during the meteor shower. You'll laugh if I ever get the chance to explain why.

Yeah, that center from Chicago should really help them: he's played well in the summer all-star games. I hope we both get to see him play next year. I really do.

Your friend,

George

P.S. I didn't send you those "notification" letters.

P.P.S. How do you feel about taking a trip to the ocean soon? 12

FOURTH ANNUAL TWILIGHTZONE STORY CONTEST

HONORABLE MENTION

Dear Christine
Tony Bures
Victoria, B.C., Canada

So You Know It's True
Marie Cain
Los Angeles, Calif.

Medicine for Paleface
V. M. Carroll
Sacramento, Calif.

A Living Doll
William T. Center
Puyallup, Wash.

Horizontal Hold
Glenn P. Dubois
New York, N.Y.

Apotheosis
Stefan R. Dziemianowicz
Union City, N.J.

Faced With Blue Eyes, Again
Warren Ellifritz
Newark, Del.

Massage From the Grave
M.E. Etienne
Hermosa Beach, Calif.

Mr. Clarence
Barbara Fisher
New York, N.Y.

Stephen King Is Scaring Me
Jonathan Floyd
Fountain Inn, S.C.

Reepicheep's Revenge
Richard W. George
Concord, Calif.

Another Chance
Garrett Jacobsen
Columbus, O.

Just Like Us
Jeff Kashuba
Whitaker, Pa.

The Pocket Watch
Ken Kessler
Raleigh, N.C.

Premonition
Gilbert Marshall
Las Vegas, Nev.

The Last Bedtime Story
A.R. Morlan
Ladysmith, Wis.

The Carving
Lionel Sapkus
Burbank, Ill.

*The Lady Who
Lost Her Head*
C.L. Sayre
Ontario, Calif.

Compensation
John Sherman
Sherman Oaks, Calif.

Waiting for William
B.J. Smith
St. Louis, Mo.

Silent Vengeance
Andy Tisbert
Crown Point, N.Y.

Victoria's Garden
Chris Weir
Iowa City, Ia.

And Still We Wait
Andrea Winkler
Austin, Tex.

Anniversary
Paulette Zachariou
San Bruno, Calif.

Body Language
Susan Zickmund
LaPorte, Ind.

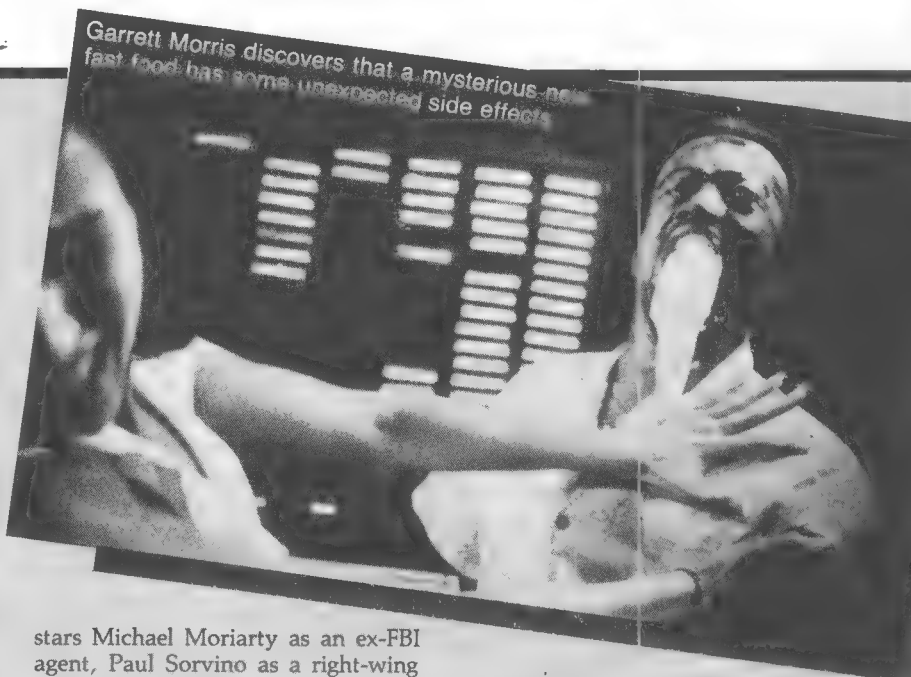
ETC.

THE WHITE STUFF

What's white, tasty, comes in cute little containers, and is a hundred times more popular than yogurt, Tofutti, or even vanilla ice cream? It's "The Stuff," a brand new food product that takes America by storm in an upcoming sci-fi horror comedy called, appropriately, *The Stuff*, produced, written, and directed by Larry Cohen (*It's Alive*, *Q*, *Full Moon High*). Only trouble is, the substance is curiously addictive—so much so, in fact, that its fans tend to virtually live on it, to the exclusion of milk, meat, and veggies. They start acting odd in other ways, too—almost as if "The Stuff" had (dare we say it?) a Mind Of Its Own. And when you shoot these people, guess what oozes out instead of blood? Yep, that's right. White stuff. The movie, which gives new meaning to the adage "You are what you eat,"

stars Michael Moriarty as an ex-FBI agent, Paul Sorvino as a right-wing militant, Garrett Morris as a chocolate chip mogul, Andrea Marcovicci as a Madison Avenue marketing genius, and several tons of

slithering white goo—whipped cream, ice cream, shaving cream, plastic glop, firefighting foam, and whatever else was handy—in the title role.



Garrett Morris discovers that a mysterious new fast food has some unexpected side effects.

THE ONLY METAPHOR IN TOWN

A couple of years ago, when we first asked readers to send us clippings from newspapers and magazines containing references to "the Twilight Zone," we never expected that we'd get 'em by the bushel—but that's just the way they've been coming in, week after week, enough "twilight zone" references to paper our walls and insulate our attic. (The majority seem to come from the sports page,

suggesting that when sports writers get their hands on an all-purpose metaphor, they don't let go.)

The novelty's worn off a bit by now, and we're less inclined to run such items in this column, but just to keep the tradition alive, here's a random sampling, courtesy David W. Tipps, Cheney, Kans.; Joe Egry, Montpelier, Vt.; Diane Johnson, Ashtabula, O.; Diana Cook, Woodside, N.Y.; Jay E. Hadley, Plymouth, N.H.; Matt Snyder, St. Louis, Mo.; Tom Hall, Waco, Tex.; George W. Thompson, Sterling, Va.; Michael Rogers, New Rochelle, N.Y.; Gloria Ellsworth, Seattle, Wash.; Rudy Bauer, Cicero, Ill.; Gary Kimber, Downsview, Ont.; and Randy S. Lavine, Culver City, Ca.

We thank you all—and thanks to the hundreds whom we just don't have room to include.

Thanks, too, to the nine of you who sent in copies of an *Outtakes* cartoon by Kevin Ahern in which someone discovers that "starting his day out by running into Rod Serling wasn't a good sign"; to the sixteen of you who sent in the *Arnold* comic strip by Kevin McCormick in which the hero, in an elevator, whispers, "That guy staring in back of us... He looks exactly like Rod Serling"; and to the thirty-seven of you (honest!) who sent in the *Frank and Ernest* strip by Bob Thaves in which a tv fan yells, "Hurry! A 'Twilight Zone' rerun is just starting." We love 'em all!

outdoors

hunting/fishing/fi

Minneapolis Star and Tribune

An angler's visit to twilight zone of muskie fishing

Let us please between the

twilight zone to a fellow angler

Pentagon's Twilight Zone race

The N.Y. Marathon's twilight zone

Runners left wonder...

Los Angeles Times

Sunday May 20, 1984

Democrats, Welcome to the Twilight Zone

nia's June Primary

Out-of-this-world Tigers are trapped in the

'Twilight Zone'

Disease leaves victims in a 'twilight zone'

Twilight zone is nightmare for hitters

Creepy series steps into Twilight Zone

Season Nears Twilight Zone

Sculptures Live in Twilight Zone

Twilight Zone scares Cubs

Bando enters twilight zone in getting back to Tribe

INDIANS NOTES

Ryan's heat hard to see

TENNIS' TWILIGHT ZONE: WHAT LIFE'S LIKE IN THE MINOR LEAGUES

Season Nears Twilight Zone

Sculptures Live in Twilight Zone

Twilight Zone scares Cubs

Bando enters twilight zone in getting back to Tribe

INDIANS NOTES

Ryan's heat hard to see

THEY CALLED HIM MAD ...



The Disturbingly Lovecraftian Death of George Zucco

This wonderful character actor, the perfect High Priest of Satanic Atlantis, he of the disturbing glassy eyes and quick, disconcerting gestures and cat-purr voice, ended his days in the lunatic asylum, after he began believing he was the crazed villains Monogram and PRC kept paying him to play. The High Priest of Mu/Egypt/Atlantis was led away by the fellas in the white coats, dressed to the nines in borrowed Monogram bogeyman finery.

George's faithful wife and daughter moved into the asylum with him, hoping their presence would restore his grasp on reality. Quite the contrary. George Zucco slipped away in the Atlantic fog banks, finally, one midnight dreary, working himself into a paroxysm of fear and loathing, screaming he was being stalked by the Great God Cthulu!

George Zucco died in the madhouse, from fright. The following midnight, Mrs. Zucco and daughter, unable to face life in Tinseltown without George, joined him in death.

—Kenneth Anger, *Hollywood Babylon II* (E.P. Dutton, \$24.95)

GREAT MOMENTS IN LITERATURE

or Why We've Stopped Reading Science Fiction

"What good will *that* do?" Lanton asked, his tone more puzzled than belligerent.

"It should get us home." I waved towards the outer hull. "For the past two days we've been moving toward a position where the galactic field and other parameters are almost exactly the same as we had when we went through that point—providing your neural tracer is on and we're heading back toward Taimyr. In another two days we'll turn around and get our velocity vector lined up correctly. Then, with your tracer running, we're going to fire up the generator and rotate the same amount—by gyro reading—as we did then. *You—*" I leveled a finger at Lanton—"will be on the bridge during that operation, and you will note the exact configuration of your cascade images at that moment. Then, without shutting off the generator, we'll rotate

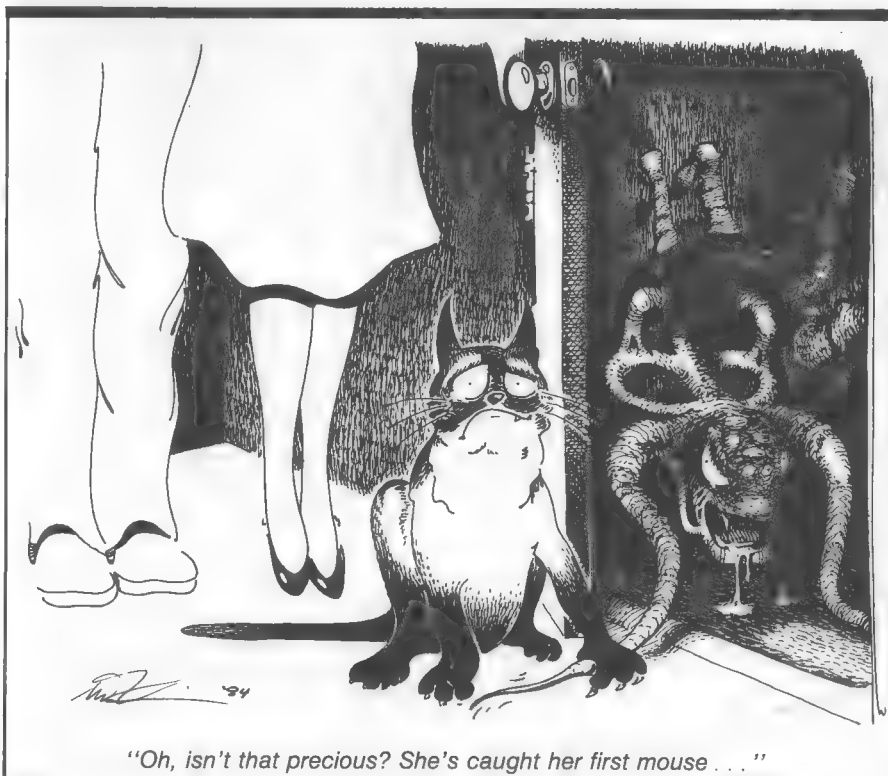


back to zero; zero as defined by your cascade pattern, since it may be different from gyro zero. At that time, I'll take the Ming metal from your tracer, walk it to the number one hold, and stuff it into the cargo shield; and we'll rotate the ship again until we reach your memorized cascade pattern. Since the physical and real rotations are identical in that configuration, that'll give us the real angle we rotated through the last time—"

"And from *that* we can figure the angle we'll need to make going the other direction!" Alana all but shouted.

I nodded. "Once we've rotated back to zero to regain our starting point, of course."

—a climactic scene from this year's Hugo-winning novella, "Cascade Point" by Timothy Zahn



QUOTE

"People I don't know generally assume that as a science fiction writer I am required to believe in *everything*—not just telepathy and clairvoyance, but flying saucers, dowsing, political promises, and the Tooth Fairy. I would like to believe in them—some of them, anyway—but the evidence is simply not any good, and I am skeptical of believing in things that many people seem to want to believe in for deep psychological reasons, evidence notwithstanding."

—Frederik Pohl, *S.F. Chronicle*

TZ PROFILE

Kenneth McMillan: Never Out of Characters

He's no superhero—more your average Joe—but a villain's role in Dune has given him a chance to fly.

TZ Interviewer Lorenzo Carcaterra reports:

Ken McMillan could be anybody. A cab driver fighting gridlock; a construction worker hovering thirty floors above urban madness. He could be a bartender, lonely, in need of family, afraid of death, or a baseball manager willing to do anything in order to insure victory. He could be a United States Senator, wary of the laws he votes on every day, or he could be a salesman working at Gimbels, handling the department store traffic, watching customers come and go, their lives etched across weary faces.

Ken McMillan can be all these things because he is an actor, a character actor, one of the best we've ever had. New York born and raised, the beefy, middle-aged Irishman with the quick smile and gentle voice has, in only a decade, appeared in the incredible total of thirty-five films, each as different and as varied as the previous outing. In addition, he has worked in countless theatrical productions, including the electro-shock Broadway match-up with Robert Duvall and John Savage in David Mamet's *American Buffalo* in 1975.

He started late, choosing to first build a career in another arena—sales. He worked at Gimbels—the large New York department store—first as a salesman, then as an executive. But pension plans and shoes were not his calling—acting was and, at thirty-five, he made his move.

The trip began slowly, with an off-Broadway play. Then, more plays and a small part in *Serpico*. Then better plays (*Streamers*; *Henry IV, Part I*) and the dizzying express ride to a variety of strong movie roles: *Hide in Plain Sight*,

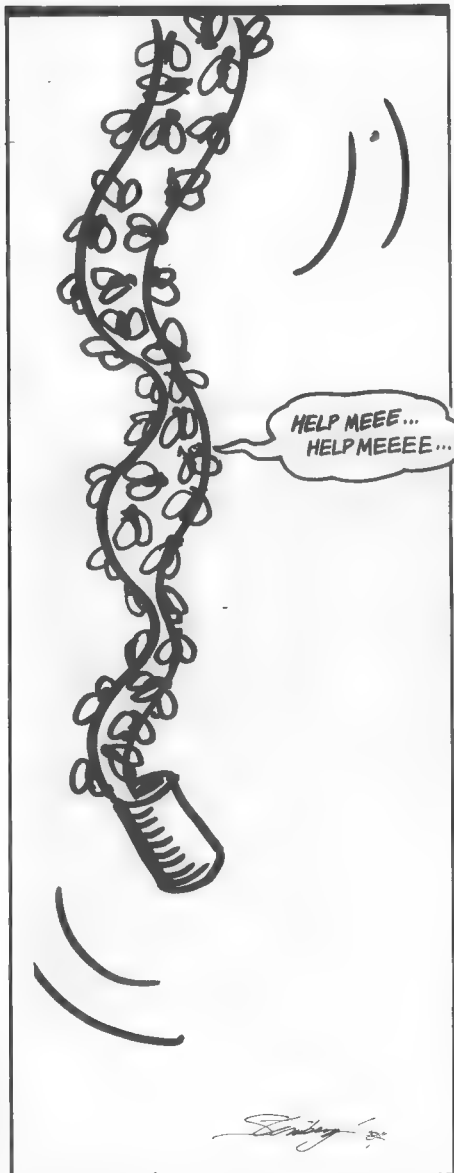
Bloodbrothers, *True Confessions*, *The Stepford Wives*, *Ragtime*, *Whose Life Is It Anyway?*, *The Pope of Greenwich Village*, and now, the long-awaited *Dune*.

In a hotel room on Manhattan's west side, thin hair combed neatly back, arms resting comfortably against the hulk of his belly, face the very picture of humanity, McMillan sits relaxed, calm, poised. Today, the role is a simple one—to talk briefly of his life and career and then move ahead to a well-planned afternoon of theater-going and dinner with old and trusted friends. As with any role, any part, Ken McMillan is well prepared, though maybe not as well as he'd like to be. "Sorry I look the way I do," he says, rubbing sleep out of his tired eyes. "I had a few too many last night." The hands leave the face and the smile sneaks onto it, from a corner. "So now you know I'm not perfect."

He slaps his hands, then rubs them together. "Okay, I'm ready. Let's talk."

TZ: How much preparation time do you allow yourself for each film?
McMillan: It varies, depending on the role I'm playing. Usually, I'll read the book, if the work is based on one, while I'm filming. It's during this time that I really get to know the character I'm playing. He becomes someone I share my life with—emotionally and physically. By reading the book, I'll come across situations that may not have been dramatized in the script. Often, a sixteen-page chapter will end up being nine lines of a script. Reading that chapter will help me do that scene much better.

There are other things. For *True Confessions*, Duvall and I went out



Leslie Sternbergh

with the LA cops, worked with them. Hell, we even made an arrest with them.

TZ: Does that really help?

McMillan: I think it does. But even if it didn't it would be fun to do. Running with cops isn't a drag, it's fun.

TZ: What was behind your decision to appear in *Dune*?

McMillan: I had never done a sci-fi movie, nor anything with that big a budget. The obvious for me, though, was a chance to work with David (The Elephant Man) Lynch, who's a wonderful director, a very talented man. I thought that *Dune* would become one of the most unusual experiences I'd ever have in life and it turned out exactly the way I thought it would.

Besides, very seldom does an actor get an opportunity to do the kind of things I did in *Dune*. Christ, I fly in the picture, all through it. I'm always flying, always in the air.

TZ: Was it a difficult character to prepare for?

McMillan: No. Roles in films of this scope tend to be easier to do. In fact, they gave me my character—handed the Baron over to me—in the shape of a suit that gave me the body of a man weighing over 500 pounds. I mean, baby, I'm obese. I have sores dripping down my face. I have orange hair. I always look angry. It was just fascinating. If I could liken it at all to anything I've done before, it would be to Falstaff for Joseph Papp in a Shakespeare-in-the-Park production. It had this kind of reality. Not untruthful, but unburdened by the cloth that covers reality.

TZ: Did you like spending all your time in the air?

McMillan: The flying affected me. It's easy, when you're flying, to quickly get either excited or angry. It's easy to find yourself saying, "I own the planet. I am the Baron." It does something to you. It's not like being a lump, sitting on a chair, watching tv, and saying, "gimme a beer."

TZ: You don't seem to repeat roles. Is that difficult to do in Hollywood?

McMillan: Yes, but you try anyway. I could do three movies in a year, portray a cop in each one and each one will be different. One may be brighter than the other, another more sympathetic. That comes from



understanding the movie, the situation, the character.

TZ: Do you ever turn a role down?

McMillan: I don't like to. My only problem is time. If the offer conflicts with something else I'm doing or if I've been away from my wife and daughter too long, then I'll say no.

TZ: Are there roles you won't do anymore?

McMillan: I won't play slobs again, unless they've got problems that are real, different from ones I've played in the past.

TZ: Are you glad you left Gimbels?

McMillan: Yes, but while I was there I felt like I accomplished something—I ran the toy department three years in a row. It was a madhouse, but I liked it. I also learned things which helped my acting.

TZ: Were people surprised at the

switch in careers?

McMillan: If you knew me well, it wasn't much of a surprise. I had studied for a number of years and done a handful of plays, so there was a life there. But coming from the background I do come from the prevailing feeling was you had to make a living—and that's what I did, I made a living.

TZ: Have you a favorite role?

McMillan: In terms of what I've seen, and for me all the roles have their own special pain, I'd have to single out the Baron in *Dune*. He's bigger than life and I've never played a guy like that. And that's what an actor should be when you see him either on screen or on the stage—bigger than life. They don't come much bigger than the Baron. Not much uglier, either. 17



BLOODFALL

*Blood rained from the sky, changing their whole world.
And yet, in a way, it changed nothing.*

By T. Coraghessan Boyle

It started about three-thirty, a delicate tapping at the windows, the sound of rain. No one noticed: the stereo was turned up full and Walt was thumping his bass along with it, the tv was going, they were all stoned, passing wine and a glowing

pipe, singing along with the records, playing Botticelli and Careers and Monopoly, crunching crackers. I noticed. In that brief, scratching silence between songs, I heard it—looked up at the window and saw the first red droplets huddled there, more

falling between them. Gesh and Scott and Isabelle were watching tv with the sound off, digging the music, lighting cigarettes, tapping fingers and feet, laughing. On the low table were cheese, oranges, wine, shiny paperbacks, a hash pipe. Incense smoked from a pendant urn. The three dogs sprawled on the carpet by the fireplace, Siamese cats curled on the mantel, the bench, the chair. The red droplets quivered, were struck by other, larger drops falling atop them, and began a meandering course down the windowpane. Alice laughed from the kitchen. She and Amy were peeling vegetables, baking pies, uncanning baby smoked oysters and sturgeon for hors d'oeuvres, sucking on olive pits. The windows were streaked with red. The music was too loud. No one noticed. It was another day.

When I opened the door to investigate, the three dogs sprang up and ran to me, tails awag. They stopped at the door, sniffing. It was hissing down now, a regular storm; it streamed red from the gutter over the door, splashing my pants leg. The front porch smelled like raw hamburger. My white pants were spotted with red. The dogs inched out now, stretching their necks; they lapped at the red puddle on the doorstep. Their heads and muzzles were soon slick with it. I slammed the door on them and walked back into the living room. Gesh and Scott were passing the pipe. On the tv screen were pictures of starving children: distended bellies, eyes big as their bony heads, spiders' arms and spiders' legs; someone was laughing in the kitchen. "Hey!" I shouted. "Do you dig what's happening outside?" Nobody heard me. The windows were smeared with red: it fell harder. Gesh looked up to pass the pipe. "What happened to you?" he said. "Cut yourself?" "No," I said. "It's raining blood."

Gesh was in the shower when the tv screen went blank. Earlier, when the whole commune had crowded around the open door, holding out their hands to it as it dripped down from the eaves, wowing and cursing and exclaiming, Gesh had pushed through and stepped out, down the stairs and out under the maple tree. His white pants, shirt, and shoes turned pinkish, then a fresh wet red, the color of life. "It's fantastic out here!" he yelled. We held back. In a minute or two he came back up the steps, his face a mosaic mortared in blood, the clotted hair stuck to his forehead. He looked like the aftermath of an accident or a casualty of war. "How do I look?" he said, licking the wet red from his lips. "Like the Masque of the Red Death or something, huh?" Scott was taking pictures with his Nikkormat. The smell when Gesh stepped in reminded me of a trip I took with my dad and mom when I was in the third grade. An educational trip. Every weekend we took an educational trip. We went to the slaughterhouse. Gesh smelled like that when he came in. Amy made him take a shower with baby shampoo and

peppermint soap. She laid out a fresh white shirt and pants for him, and his white slippers. Scott ran downstairs to the darkroom to develop his pictures. Basically he does black and whites of slum kids in rakish hats giving him the finger: old slum women, their fingers stewed to the bone; old slum men, fingering port pints in their pockets. These he enlarges, frames, and hangs about the house. One of them hangs in the corner over Alice's reclino love-chair with the dyed rabbit-fur cover; another hangs in the dining room over my 125-gallon aquarium. The rabbit fur is dyed black.

Walt took a break for a minute to change records and adjust the treble on his amp. In the ringing silence that ensued, we realized that the tv was emitting a thin, high-pitched whistle. There was no picture. "What the fuck?" said Isabelle. She jumped up, flipped through the channels. All grey, all emitting the same whistle. Isabelle's eyes were bleared. "Let's try the radio!" she frantically. It too: the same insidious whine. "The phone!" she shouted. The phone hummed softly in her ear, my ear, Walt's ear, Amy's ear. "It's dead." We stood mute, staring at the receiver suspended from its cord and humming inanely. We theorized:

Maybe it's a National Emergency —

Maybe it's D-Day —

Maybe it's The Nuclear Holocaust —

Maybe it's Judgment Day —

Maybe it's the rockets they're sending up —

But we all knew these things were unlikely.

Probably it was just some new form of pollution, and a few wires down in the storm. Gesh appeared in fresh white, smelling like a candy cane. He walked deliberately to the pipe, thumbed in a chunk of hash, and sucked the flame of a match through it. Isabelle, quickly sedated, picked out a couple of albums and Walt ducked under the embroidered shoulder strap of his bass; the blast of music sealed the room, stopped the ticking at the panes. Alice brought in the hors d'oeuvres and a comforting smell of exotic dishes abubble in the kitchen. I sat, smoked, and ate.

In the morning, I slipped early from the warmth of the nest (Alice's tender buttock, Gesh's hairy satyr's foot framed there beneath the sheets), wrapped my white robe over my white pajamas, stepped into my fluffy white slippers, and went downstairs, as I always do on Saturdays, to watch cartoons. My mind was a tabula rasa, wire-brushed with intoxicants; my dreams had been of cool colors, the green of the forest, the cerulean of the summer sky. In the living room, a pinkish light suffused through the slats of the blinds. I rushed to the window — brushed aside the tubes of oil paint, plastic egglets of silly putty, Isabelle's jewelry-making kit — and snapped open the blinds. The window was like stained glass. In the early morning quiet, the red

BLOODFALL

splashes drummed against it. I was stunned, and—all alone there, at that early hour—frightened. Then I heard the scratching at the door; the dogs had been out all night. Without thinking, I opened the door and they rushed in, great living lumps of raw flesh, skinned carcasses come to life, slick with blood, their bellies bloated with it. "No, no, get down!" But they were already up on their hind legs, pawing affectionately at me, their fetid breath in my face. Their teeth were stained, blood hung even in the sockets of their eyes. "Get down, God damn it!" My robe, my pajamas, my fluffy white slippers were ruined: the blood spread through the white cloth like a stain in water. I kicked out at the dogs. They backed off and shook themselves; a fine bloodmist spotted the walls, the white rugs of the hallway, the potted plants. The dogs grunted, eased themselves down and licked their paws. Blood seeped from beneath them. I felt sick from the stink of it, and so upset with the mess that I verged on tears—exasperated, hopeless tears. The hallway looked like a sacrificial altar, my arms like the gory high priest's. I would wash and go back to bed, face life later.

In the bathroom, I stepped carefully out of my clothes in an effort to avoid staining the bath mat. It was no use. Blood oozed from the fluffy red slippers. I wiped my hands and face on the lining of the robe, bundled everything together and stuffed it into the hamper. Seven electric toothbrushes, seven cups, and seven hot-combs hung on the rack over the sink. We kept the seven electric shavers, each in its own carrying case, stacked neatly in the cabinet. I stepped into the shower, the tap of blood against the bathroom window loud in my ears, and turned on Hot, full-force. Eyes closed, face in the spray, I luxuriated in the warm pure rush of water. I'd always taken a great deal of pleasure in showering and bathing, in being clean; it reminded me of my mom and the baths she used to give, sponging my crotch, kissing my wet little feet ... But there was something wrong—that odor—good God, it was in the water supply! Horrified, I leapt from the shower. In the steamed-over mirror I was newborn, coated in blood and mucus, pulled hot from the womb. Diluted blood streamed down my body, puddled at my feet. I lifted the toilet seat and puked into the red bowl. Hung my head and puked: puked and cried, until Amy came down and found me there.

Gesh sat back in the stuffed chair. He wore his white robe with the gold G on it, and his slippers. The bloodfall hammered on. "We've got to look at the precedents," he said. There was a pie and a soufflé in the oven. We were in the living room, sipping apricot nectar, munching buns. Alice, in the entrance hall with detergent and scrub brush, was muttering like Lady Macbeth over the carpet stains. "What precedents?" I asked.

"Like all of that shit that went down in Egypt about thirty-five hundred years ago."

Walt was tuning his bass: *dzhhzhzhzhtt ... dzhhzhzhzhtt*. He picked a rumbling note or two and looked up. "You're thinking of frogs, brother. Millions of frogs. Frogs under the bed, frogs in the flour, frogs in your shoes, clammy frog flippers slapping your ass when you take a shit."

"No, no—there was something about blood too, wasn't there?"

"Yeah," said Walt, "Christ turned it into water. Or was it wine?"

"You know what happened in Egypt?! You want to know?" My voice cracked. I was getting hysterical. A cat jumped into my lap. I tossed it over my shoulder. Everything in the room had a red cast, like when you put on those red cellophane glasses as a kid to read 3-D comic books.

Gesh was staring at me: "So what happened?"

"Never mind," I said.

Amy howled from the basement. "Hey, you guys, guess what? The stuff is ankle-deep down here, and it's ruining everything." Our croquet set, our camping equipment, our dollhouse! The announcement depressed us all, even Gesh. "Let's blow a bowl of hash and forget about it," he suggested.

"Anyhow," said Walt, "it'll be good for the trees." And he started a bass riff with a deep throbbing note. The hum of it hung in the air even after the lights went out and the rest of his run had attenuated into thin metallic whispers. "Hey!" he said. From the kitchen: "Oh shit!" A moment later, Isabelle came in wringing her hands. "Well. The breakfast's ruined. We've got a half-baked pie and a flat soufflé sitting in the oven. And a raw-eggy blob purporting to be eggnog in the blender."

There was a strange darkness in the room now. Not the gloom-grey of a drizzly day, but a deep burgundy, like a bottle of wine.

"Well? What am I going to do with it all—give it to the dogs?"

The dogs glanced up briefly. Their hair was matted and brown with dried blood. They were not hungry. They stank.

Scott whined: "I'm hungry."

I was scared. I had been scared all along, since yesterday, from the moment I'd noticed the first drops on the window. I looked at Gesh, our leader. He was grinning in that lurid light, sucking reflectively on the pipe. "Don't hassle it, Iz," he said. "Mark and me'll pop down to the deli and get some sandwiches."

"I don't want to go out there—I'll puke."

"Come on, don't be such a candy ass. Besides, it'll give us a chance to talk to somebody, find out what's going on." He stood up. "Come on Mark, get your boots."

Outside was incredible. Red sky, red trees, red horizon: the whole world, from the fence to the field to the mountains across the river, looked like the in-

**Outside was incredible. Red sky,
red trees, red horizon: the whole
world, from the fence to the field
to the mountains across the river,
looked like the inside of some
colossal organ.**

side of some colossal organ. A dreamscape indeed, intensified by the nightmare stench of rotting meat. I felt like an undigested lump of food, Jonah in the belly of the whale. The bloodfall streamed down hard as hail. Under the eaves, on the porch, we were fooling with our rain hats, trying to get up the nerve to run for the car. Gesh too, I could see, was upset. Yesterday it had been a novelty, today a plague. "Well, what do you think, bro'—make a run for it?" he said.

We ran, down the steps and into the mud. I slipped and fell, while Gesh hustled off through the blinding bloodfall. It was deeper now, lying about the low areas in nasty red-black puddles. I could feel it seeping in, trickling down my leg, inside the boot; the smell of putrefaction nauseated me. I choked back the apricot nectar and biscuits, struggled up, and ran for the car. When I got there, Gesh was standing beside the door, the bloody gale thrashing about him. "What about the seats?" he said. "If we stain 'em with this shit, it'll never come off."

"Fuck it. Let's just get out of this—"

"I mean I got a lot of scratch invested in this here BMW, bro'—"

The wind-whipped blood flailed our yellow slickers, dripped from the flapping brims of our silly yellow rain hats. We both climbed in. The engine started smooth, like a vacuum cleaner; the windshield wipers clapped to and fro. "Let's drive to the desert, the Arizona desert, and get away from this ... shit," I said. My voice was weak. I felt ill. Automatically I reached for the window. "Hey, what the fuck you doing?" Gesh said. It streamed down the inside of the glass, bubbled over the upholstered door, puddled in the ashtray on the armrest. I rolled the window up. "I feel sick," I said. "Well, for Christ's sake, puke outside."

I didn't. The thought of hanging my head out in that insane, unnatural downpour brought it up right there. In that sealed compartment, the sweet-acid smell of the vomit and the stink of the mud-blood on our shoes was unbearable. I retched again, then dry-retched. "Oh, shit," said Gesh.

"I'm going back in," I moaned.

Five minutes later, Gesh returned, cursing. Scott was on his way out the door, three cameras strung round his neck, to get some color slides of the dripping trees. "What's the matter?" he said. "You

back already?"

"Can't see a fucking thing. I got down the end of the drive and smacked into the stone wall. The wipers are useless—they just smear the crap all over the windshield. It's like looking through a finger painting."

"So what happened to the car?"

"Oh, it's not too bad. I was only going about two miles an hour."

Alice emerged from the kitchen, two lighted candles in her hand, egg-walking to avoid spilling the hot wax. "Gesh! Take your slicker off. You're dripping that shit all over the floor ... Couldn't make it, huh?"

"No."

"What are we going to do for food?" she asked.

"Scoop it up!" Walt shouted from the living room. "Scoop it up and pour it into balloons. Make blood pudding."

I was sitting in a chair, weak, stinking, blood crusting in the lines of my hands. "I'm fed up with it," I said. "I'm going up to lie down."

"Good idea," said Gesh. "Think I'll join you."

"Me too," said Alice. "Can't do anything here—can't even read or listen to music."

"Yeah," said Walt. "Good idea. Save me a pillow."

"Me too," said Amy.

Scott stepped from beneath the cameras, laid them on the chair. He yawned. Isabelle said it would be better if we all went to bed. She expressed a hope that after a long nap things would fix themselves.

I woke from fevered dreams (a tropical forest: me in jodhpurs and pith helmet, queasy-faced, sharing a draught of warm cow's blood and milk with tree-tall Masai warriors) to a rubicund dimness, and the gentle breathing of the rest of the crew. They loomed, a hump-backed mound in the bed beside me. My ears were keen. Still it beat on the roof, sloshed in the gutters. Downstairs, somewhere, I heard the sound of running water—the easy coughing gurgle of a stream. I sat up. Were we leaking? I slipped into Amy's slippers, lit a candle, crept apprehensively down the stairs. I searched the hallway, living room, dining room, kitchen, bathroom. Nothing. A cat began wailing somewhere. The basement! A cat scurried out when I opened the door, peered down the dark shaft of the stairway. The flood was up nearly to the fifth step, almost four feet deep, I guessed, and more churning audibly in. The stench was stifling. I slammed the door. For the first time I thought of the dike: *Why 'sblood! If the dike went ... It must be straining at its foundations this very minute!* I envisioned us out there, heroically stacking sandbags, the wind in our faces, whipping our hair back, the rising level of the flood registered in our stoic eyes ... Then I thought of the

BLOODFALL

tepid blood seething in my nose, my mouth, my eyes, and felt ill.

Gesh came down the stairs, scratching himself sleepily. "How's it?" he said. I advised him to take a look at the cellar. He did. "Holy shit! We've got to do something! Start making barricades, strapping floatables together, evacuating women and children—and dogs!" He paused. "I'm starving," he said. "Let's go see what we got left, bro'." From the kitchen I could hear him taking inventory: "Two six-packs of warm Coke; a jar of Skippy peanut butter, crunchy—no bread; ten cans of stewed tomatoes; half a jar of granola; a quart of brown rice; one tin of baby smoked oysters. Not a fuck of a lot. Hey Mark, join me in late afternoon snack?"

"No thanks. I'm not hungry."

We sat around the darkened living room that night, a single candle guttering, the sound of blood-fall ticking at the windows, the hiss of rapids rushing against the stone walls of the house, an insidious sloshing on the basement. Seepage had begun at the front door, and Isabelle had dumped a fifty-pound bag of kitty litter there in an attempt to absorb the moisture. Atop that was a restraining dike of other absorbant materials: boxes of cake mix, back issues of *Cosmopolitan*, electric blankets, poetry books, throw pillows, three dogs, a box of Tampax. A similar barricade protected the basement door. When Gesh had last opened the window to look, the red current eddying against the house had reached almost to the windowsill. We were deeply concerned, hungry, bored.

"I'm bored," said Amy.

"I'm hungry," whined Scott. "And I'm sick of Coke. I want a hot cup of Mu tea."

"It stinks in here," complained Isabelle. "Reminds me of when I was fifteen, working in the meat department at the A & P."

"My teeth are gritty," complained Alice. "Wish the water and the damned toothbrushes would work."

Blood began to drip from the windowsill in the far corner of the room. It puddled atop the thirty-six-inch Fisher speaker in the corner. One of the cats began to lap at it.

Walt paced the room, a man dislocated. Without his bass, he was empty, devoid of spirit, devoid of personality. He was incapable now of contributing to our meaningful dialogue on the situation. Gesh, however, tried to amuse us, take our minds off it. He said it was just a case of old mother earth menstruating, and that by tomorrow, the last day of the moon's cycle, it would no doubt stop. He passed around a fifth of Chateau Neuf and a thin joint. The pool beneath the door began to spread across the floor, creeping and fanning out amoebalike to where we sat in a small circle, the candlelight catching the blood in our flared nostrils. Shocked silent,

we watched its inexorable approach, as it glided out from the barricade in fingerlike projections, seeking the lowest spot. The lowest spot, it appeared, was directly beneath the Naugahyde pillow upon which my buttocks rested. Slowly, methodically, the bulbous finger of blood stretched toward me, pointed to me. When it was about a foot away, I stood. "I'm going to bed," I said. "I'm taking two Tuinals. Try not to wake me."

It was morning when I woke. Gesh sat in a chair beside the bed, smoking a cigarette. The others slept. "It stopped," he said. He was right: the only sound was a sporadic drip-drip beyond the windows, a post-storm runoff. The celestial phlebotomy had ceased. "Good," was all I could manage. But I was elated, overjoyed, secure again! Life returned to normal!

"Hey, let's slip down to the deli and get some sandwiches and doughnuts and coffee and shit, sneak back, and surprise the rest of the crew," Gesh said.

Curiosity stirred me, and hunger too. Yet I sickened at the thought of the gore-spattered earth and the stench of decomposition. I stared down at my pajama sleeve. Amy's sleeping wrist lay across mine. I studied the delicate contrast of her white wrist and the little pink and brown figures of cowboys on my pajamas. "Well? What do you say?" asked Gesh. I said I guessed so. We pulled on our corduroys, our white rubber boots, our mohair sweaters.

Downstairs the blood had begun to clot. In the hallway it was still sticky in places, but for the most part crusted dry. Outside, a massive fibrinogenification was taking place under a dirt-brown sky. Scabs like thin coats of ice were forming over the deeper puddles; the mud was crusting underfoot; fresh blood ran off in streams and drainage ditches; the trees drooled clots of it in the hot breeze. "Wow! Dig that sky, bro'!" said Gesh. "Brown as a turd."

"Yeah, it's weird . . . but thank Christ it stopped bleeding."

Gesh started the car while I broke the scab-crust from the windshield: it flaked, then crumbled into dusty grains. I climbed in, laid some newspaper over my two-day-old vomit on the floor, steeled myself against the stench. Gesh accelerated in an attempt to back out from the wall; I could hear the wheels spinning. I poked my head out. We were stuck to the frame in mud and gore. "Fuck it," Gesh said. "We'll take Scott's car." We started up the drive toward the other car. It was then that the first pasty lumps of it began to slap down sporadically; we reached the shelter of the porch just as it began to thunder down, heavy, feculent, and wet.

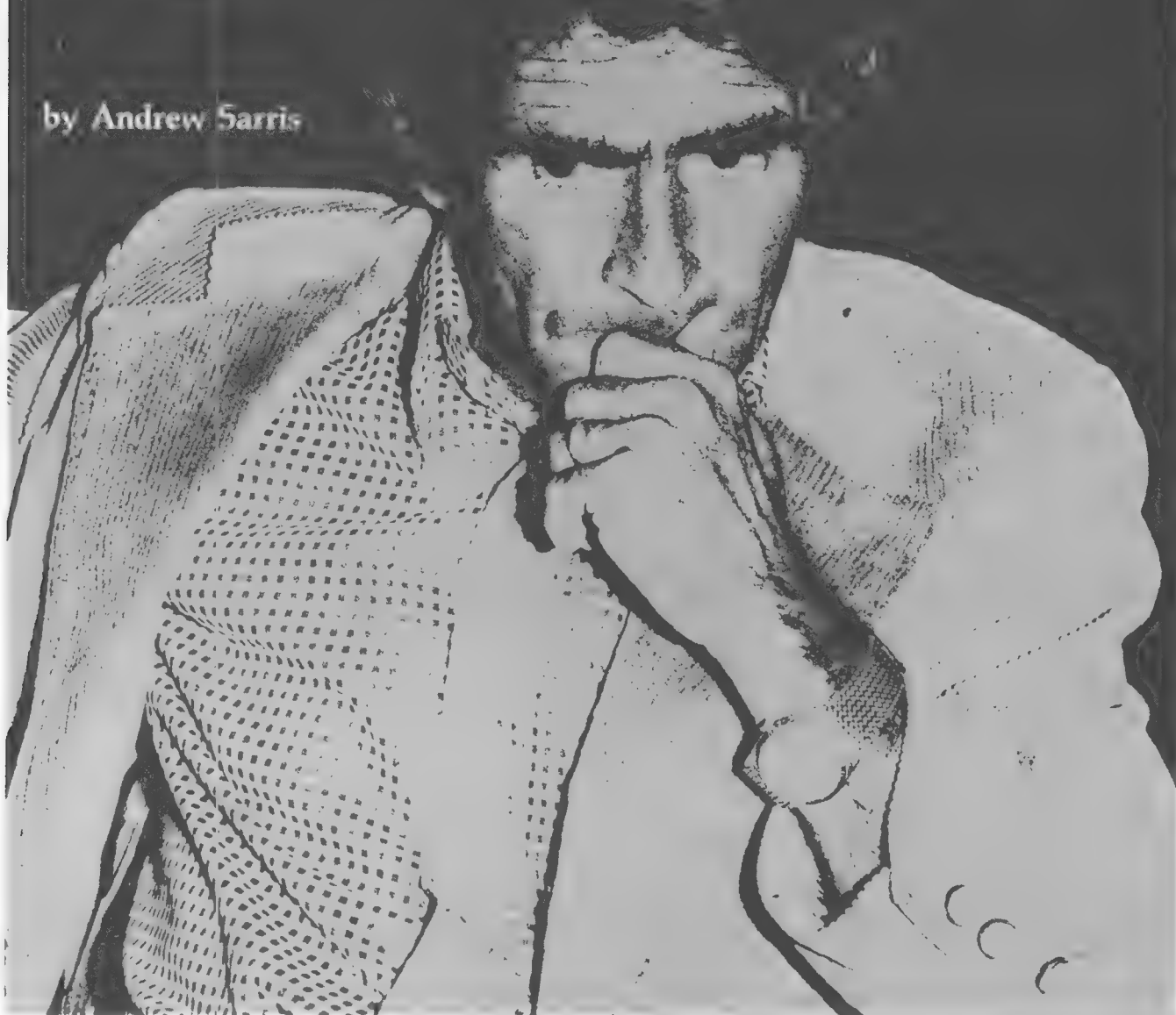
Upstairs we carefully folded our sweaters, pulled on our white pajamas and sought out the warm spots in the huddled, sleeping mass of us. 17

ROD SERLING

Viewed from Beyond 'The Twilight Zone'

A celebrated critic offers a retrospective look at Serling's entire career and discovers "a touch of the crusader."

by Andrew Sarris



Photograph by Christine Lyons

Beyond 'The Twilight Zone'

When and if the history of television is properly preserved and adequately chronicled, the late Rod Serling will be remembered, perhaps uniquely, as both a powerful force and a familiar face in the emergence of the medium as an outlet for imaginative drama. From 1959 through 1964 he literally embodied—or should we say disembodied—*The Twilight Zone* as the ruefully philosophical narrator of more than one hundred and fifty episodes—many written by Serling himself—in an unusually adventurous vein of fantasy and science fiction. Even before *The Twilight Zone*, he had seen over a hundred of his plays produced by television in little more than six years. Serling was nothing if not prolific, and to be prolific in a commercially popular and culturally unfashionable medium is to be doubly damned by posterity.

Serling himself once delivered a cautionary epitaph for the largely forgotten predecessors in radio: "Radio drama, after twenty-odd years as king, left no lasting imprint of any importance. It left no legacy of particularly memorable moments in drama. It produced very few talents who could be remembered uniquely for their contributions to radio drama. From the point of view of the writer, there were no Chayefskys and no Roses and few anybody elses. Beyond Norman Corwin, Arch Oboler, and perhaps Wyllis Cooper, go back for a known name among radio writers.... Radio dug its own grave. It had aimed downward, had become cheap and unbelievable, and had willingly settled for second best."

Drawing from his own bitter experiences with studio censors and sponsors, Serling applied the lesson drawn from radio to the new medium on the block: "It is quite conceivable that the television drama may well get stuck tighter and tighter into a mold of mediocrity. Creative people, particularly writers, can only be censored, sat on, and limited so much for so long. After a time, fighting back seems relatively unimportant. The sponsor may continue to sell his soap just as the radio soap operas did for him, but by then the television drama will be a dull, sloppy old man who sits contemplating his widening paunch without interest, without energy, and with no horizon left at all..."

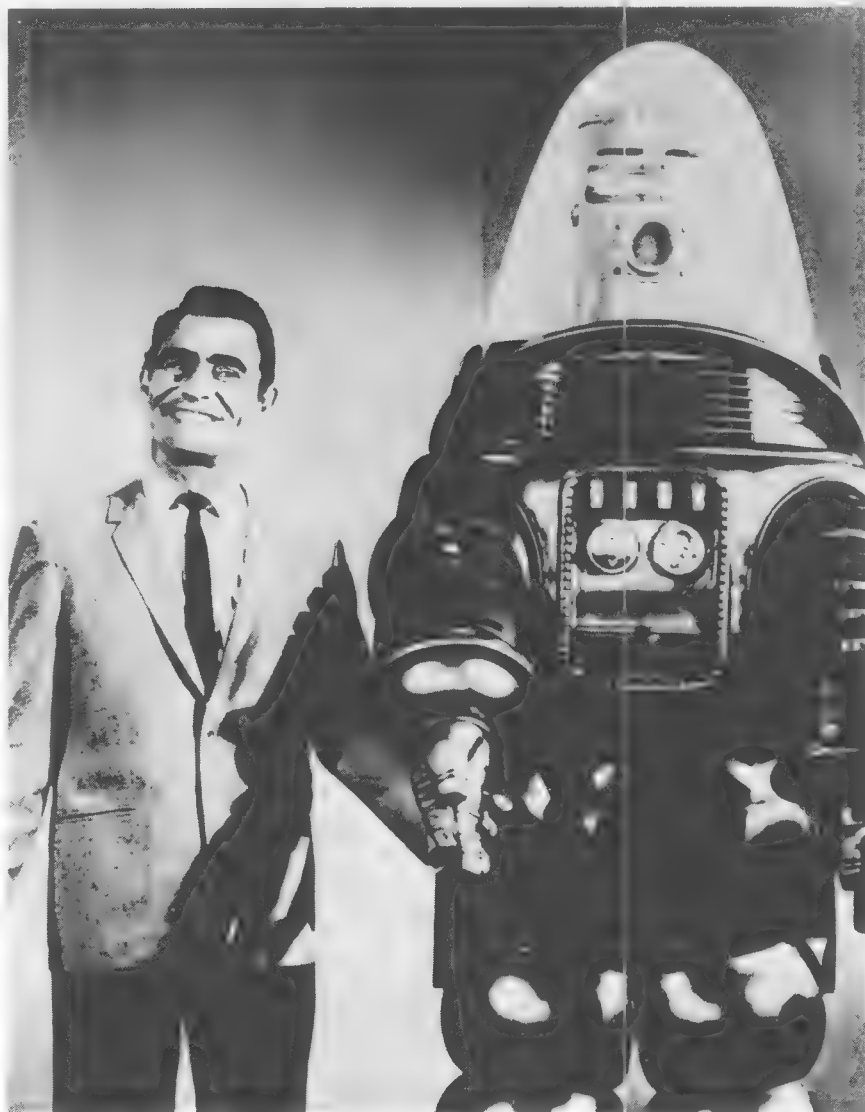
Serling, finding his own horizon in naturalistic television drama receding perceptibly during the increasing con-

formism of the Eisenhower years, tripped the light fantastic into the Fifth Dimension—it was originally the Sixth—of *The Twilight Zone*. "Things which couldn't be said by a Republican or Democrat could be said by a Martian," Serling once explained in an interview. And there were more than a few extraterrestrial editorialists on the premises

mickry or liberal politics, but, rather, the lyrical, somber, downbeat notes he struck so surprisingly often for a supposedly escapist medium.

SERLING'S DOOMSDAY SCENARIO

Much of the implacable seriousness of *The Twilight Zone* is seemingly keyed by the clipped, dour delivery of



"An age of sunny conformity." Serling found it necessary to present his messages through the medium of science fiction, since "things that couldn't be said by a Republican or Democrat could be said by a Martian."

during the six years of *The Twilight Zone*. It would be an oversimplification, however, to treat *The Twilight Zone* and Serling's writing generally as an unending exercise in devious allegory. What is of most lasting interest in Serling's long days and nights of chain-smoking productivity is not so much his plot gim-

Serling himself as the interlocutor. He never encourages us to laugh, or even smile, even when the plot twist is at least darkly funny. For example, in "Time Enough at Last" (November 20, 1959), written by Rod Serling from a short story by Lynn Venable, a frustrated bookworm played by Burgess Meredith hides in a bank vault to

finish *David Copperfield* in privacy. He emerges to find himself the only survivor in a nuclear holocaust, and looks forward to a lifetime of reading books. Unfortunately, his glasses slip off his nose and crash, leaving him forever unable to sample the literary treasures all around him. *C'est à rire, n'est-ce pas?* Well, not exactly. The H-bomb is still lurking in the background of the bookworm's "accident." The point is that the bomb could never have gone off on network television were the plot couched in a more realistic format.

Actually, doomsday scenarios were nothing new for Serling. As early as 1956 Serling had adapted Pat Frank's cold war novel, *Forbidden Area*, into a two-part *Playhouse 90* Armageddon thriller. The plot and rhetoric were surprisingly anti-Russian for a writer of Serling's liberal inclinations, but the denouement saw the President exercise restraint rather than vindictiveness when the Russians were on the run, and this civilized nuance may have been Serling's contribution to an otherwise jingoistic entertainment. Unfortunately, sponsors were becoming increasingly squeamish about any "significant" subjects, whatever their ideological coloration. Hence, by the time that Serling teamed up again with director John Frankenheimer (who had worked with Serling on *Forbidden Area*) it was with the coup d'état-type apocalypse treated in *Seven Days in May*, a theatrical film of 1964, a year in which television was considerably more timid.

Toward the end of his tragically short-lived career—he died in 1975 at the age of fifty after an open-heart operation—Serling complained with some justice that the writer was caught in a buzz-saw between the sponsors and network executives, who gutted his scripts, and the television critics who then blamed the writers rather than the institutional pressures for the resulting vacuity. The critic's response has always been very simple. If you can't find creative fulfillment in television, retire to a New England cabin inhabited by Thoreau's ghost and write as freely as you wish. You may lose your audience, but you will have gained your soul. Serling had no truck with this highfalutin nonsense. Television was the biggest sociological game in town, and he was not abandoning it to the lowest-common denominator vultures without a struggle. He had not been cast in the radical absurdist mold. He was of that genera-

tion that had fought for their country in World War II. Serling himself had served as a combat paratrooper. From college days onward he had been at ease with people, as reflected in his rather brash suggestion that he himself narrate the *Twilight Zone* after the names of Westbrook Van Voorhis and Orson Welles had been tossed into the hat. This direct form of communication with millions of people would place Serling irrevocably in touch with the crowd rather than the coterie. With a touch of the crusader and the crank in his makeup, Serling turned out to be that most valuable of all entertainers,

fiction writing is somewhat genteel by today's scary, paranoid standards. Although he has acknowledged Hemingway as an early stylistic influence, there are echoes in his recurring pastoral nostalgia of such wistful authors as Thornton Wilder, Christopher Morley, Robert Nathan, and James Hilton. Indeed Hilton's *Goodbye, Mr. Chips* could have served as the model for "The Changing of the Guard" with Donald Pleasence cast in the role of Professor Ellis Fowler, an old crock who is being retired after fifty-one years of service. Convinced that his life's work has been a waste,



"In the direction of Kafka, Orwell, and Bradbury." Fritz Weaver played the chancellor of a futuristic fascist state in Serling's *Twilight Zone* drama "The Obsolete Man."

the one who tries to lift up the populace rather than talk down to it. If it did nothing else in its six years, *The Twilight Zone* helped jar the complacency of the mass audience.

STYLISTIC INFLUENCES

It should be noted, however, that much of Serling's fantasy and science

he is reassured only by the testimony of ghosts of students past that his teachings have been applied and absorbed. This fantasy is so gentle, uncomplicated and sentimental that one is brought up short by the absence of a disquieting twist in the plot. Yet many of the episodes in *The Twilight Zone* dealt with the kind of befuddled

Beyond 'The Twilight Zone'

dreamers with whom Serling identified at least in part. There is a great deal of "The Lonely Crowd" floating all through *The Twilight Zone*, as indeed all through the so-called Philco Playhouse school of television drama. A motley array of loners, losers, misfits, wanderers, aliens, ghosts, malcontents, and victims of every description is let loose on the shifting landscapes of the mind, and though the "problem" is seldom, if ever, "solved," some insight or other is gained as a consolation.

'REQUIEM FOR A HEAVYWEIGHT' AND 'PATTERNS'

Serling and his colleagues were criticized at the time by high-brow critics of the medium of achieving easy pathos by indulging the humble dreams of pathetically little people. Paddy Chayefsky's *Marty* is, of course, the classical prototype of this kind of kitchen-sink drama involving little people lost in a big world of casual, thoughtless coldness. Serling's *Marty* was *Requiem for a Heavyweight*, a wailing meditation on the humiliating

afterlife of a washed-up fighter. Jack Palance played part of the pathetic pug on television and Anthony Quinn on the screen, and a classical critic could complain in each instance that the protagonist was anti-Aristotelian to a fault. He was not brought down by any flaw in his nature, except possibly his gullibility in believing the people around him. So much time is spent demonstrating his seemingly limitless vulnerability to pain and suffering that the audience can only wince with each new blow to his pride and dignity. Curiously, Serling himself had been a fairly successful catchweight fighter until he was badly beaten up one night by a professional fighter. He was later wounded in the service as well. Hence, the writer was hardly a stranger to the pain of the fighter. Yet, if I ultimately prefer *Patterns* to *Requiem for a Heavyweight* in Serling's full-length dramatic works, it is because I sense that *Patterns* is more characteristic of the marginal morality with which Serling was involved during his career as a television and movie writer.

Staples, the main character in *Patterns* (Richard Kiley on television, Van Heflin on the screen), is caught in a brutal tug-of-war between Ramsie, the company president (Everett Sloane in both versions) and Sloane (Ed Begley in both versions), an aging holdover for whom Staples has been hired as a replacement. Staples is young, ambitious, and yet humane enough to understand Sloane's ghastly predicament. Too high up to be fired summarily, Sloane is sadistically pressured to resign through Ramsie's repeated slights, snubs, and insults. Serling writes very knowingly about all the protocols of power and status from the respective bosses down to their respective secretaries and wives. He does not take the easy way out with a Capra-Riskin speech on the spiritual glories to be gained by renouncing the often hard imperatives of the capitalistic system. The conventionally populist rhetoric and melodrama is lacking in this surprisingly sophisticated portrayal of a man trying to balance his power drive with his decent instincts. When



"His seemingly limitless vulnerability to pain and suffering." Mickey Rooney, Anthony Quinn, and Jackie Gleason starred in the 1962 movie version of *Requiem for a Heavyweight*.

Sloane is finally driven to a fatal heart attack, Staples has the choice of accepting greater responsibility under Ramsie, or retreating to a less challenging position in the industrial backwaters from which he has emerged. In an anti-cliché ending to end anti-cliché endings, Staples decides to stay on despite his moral misgivings, with the proviso that he will fight Ramsie tooth and nail all the way on the issues that divide them. For his part, Ramsie is no cardboard villain, but a clear-eyed industrialist without any sentimental misconceptions about the Darwinian jungle he, his competitors, and his subordinates share in perpetual insecurity.

SERLING AND THE INDUSTRY

The denouement of *Patterns* probably reflects heart-wrenching decisions Serling himself had to make dozens of times when confronted with the moral challenges of the television industry. Serling, like Staples, stayed on nonetheless, determined to fight tooth and nail for what he wanted, but prepared to retreat as well when the forces arrayed against him proved to be too powerful. Serling's own most traumatic conflict with the powers that be occurred in 1956 with the production of the aptly titled "Noon on Doomsday" on the *United States Steel Hour*. Serling had originally intended to tell the story of the shameful Emmett Till lynching in Mississippi. By the time the White Citizens Councils in the South had finished their intimidating hate-mail campaigns against the network and sponsor, the locale of the play had been shifted to New England and the victim changed from a black to an unspecified "foreigner." Shades of the "aliens" in *The Twilight Zone*.

Serling himself damned the final result of this tampering in his 1968 essay entitled "About Writing for Television": "Noon on Doomsday" was, in the final analysis, an overwritten play. It was often tractlike, much too direct, and had a bad habit of overstatement. What destroyed it as a piece of writing was the fact that when it was ultimately produced, its thesis had been diluted and my characters had mounted a soap box to shout something that had become too vague to warrant any shouting. The incident of violence that that play talked about should have been representative and symbolic of a social evil. It should have been treated as if a specific incident was symptomatic of a more general problem. But by the time "Noon on Doomsday" went in front of

the camera, the only problem recognizable was that of a tv writer having to succumb to the ritual of track covering so characteristic of the medium he wrote for. It was the impossible task of allegorically striking out at a social evil with a feather duster because the available symbols for allegory were too few, too far between, and too totally dissimilar to what was actually needed."

SYMBOLISM AND 'THE TWILIGHT ZONE'

In a sense, *The Twilight Zone* provided many more "symbols for allegory" than were available to realistic dramatists on television at the time. It was not just McCarthyism, Red Channels, the Citizens Councils, and other such repressive organisms in the body politic that were to blame, but primarily the unreasoning fear of controversy in the executive suites of the networks and the agencies. It was an ugly time in which boycotts were organized against the Ford Motor Company for allowing blacks to work alongside whites on the assembly line, and against Philip Morris for sponsoring a beauty contest in Chicago where one of the winners was a black girl. One wonders how many of these bigots are still around to see pictures of the First Lady Nancy Reagan sitting on the lap of Mr. T in the role of a black Santa Claus, or of a black Miss America. How times have changed! And how television videotapes provide a graphic history of the very painful periods of transition.

This then finally is the rationale for Rod Serling's television career, and our continuing interest in all that he has accomplished. He stayed the course, and fought to keep the medium from sinking into a completely cynical mediocrity. He provided an image of dissent and disquiet in an age of sunny conformity. In "The Obsolete Man" he went in the direction of Kafka, Orwell, and Bradbury by imagining a futuristic state in which books would have been banned. Having failed to confront racism directly in "Noon on Doomsday," he confronted it obliquely in his many parables of aliens and extraterrestrials on *The Twilight Zone*.

"The Eye of the Beholder" (November 11, 1960) is peculiarly evocative in that it serves as a blueprint for his later script adaptation of Pierre Boulle's *Planet of the Apes*, directed by Franklin Shaffner. In "Beholder," the trick is to keep the audience in the

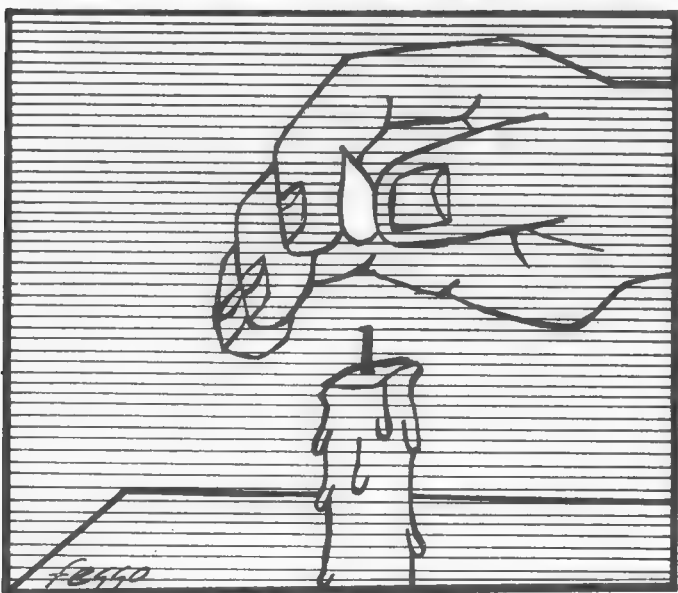
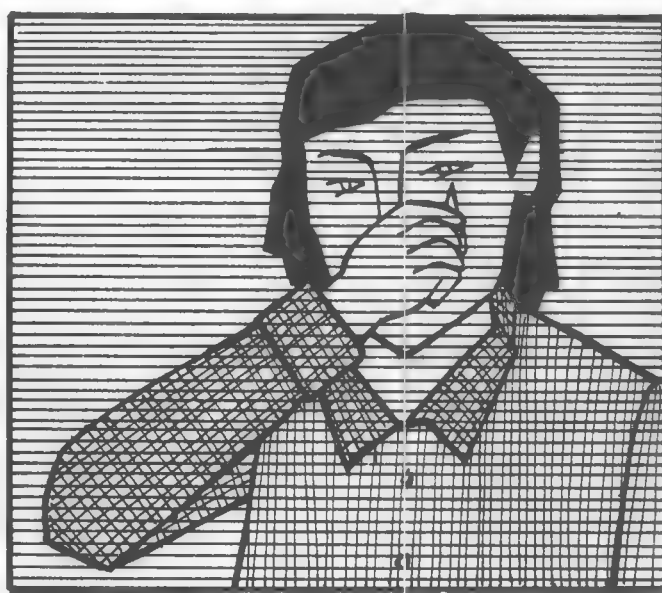
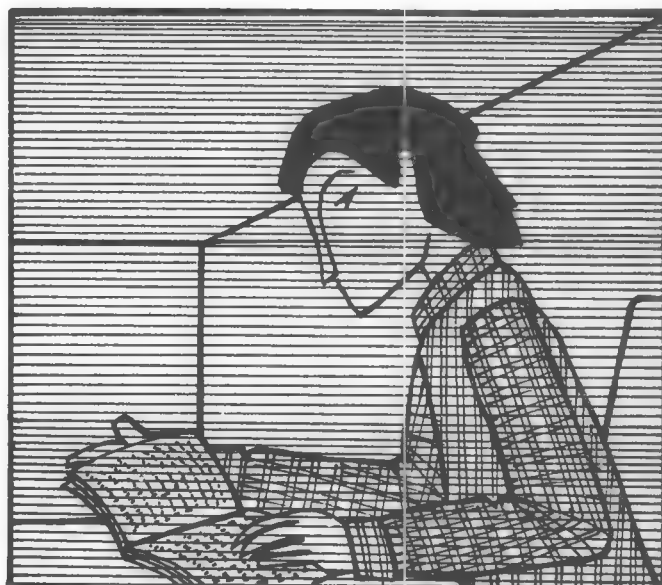
dark as long as possible on what the "normal" people actually look like. Ultimately, we discover that the normal people look like very close relatives of Miss Piggy, whereas the "freaks" all look like beautiful movie stars. Our first impulse is to laugh at this nervy, simplistic gimmickry, but gradually an after effect of terror sweeps across the screen as we realize that the pig-faced "normals" actually consider themselves compassionate in even tolerating the existence of the "freaks." We begin to enter *their* world, *their* consciousness, *their* perverted sense of aesthetics. The "joke" is thus not so much on racist bigots, as on "tolerant" liberals.

Rod Serling worked hard in a popular medium for twenty-five years, was married to the same woman, Carolyn Louise Kramer for twenty-seven. His paths crossed those of many of the writers, directors, players, and technicians who gave shape and color to the popular arts from the Fifties through the Seventies. Very often, it is this criss-cross effect that provides much of the fascination in his dramas. Who cannot be moved by the haunting strains of the late Bernard Herrmann on *The Twilight Zone*, the same Bernard Herrmann who provided the scores for Orson Welles' *Citizen Kane* and Alfred Hitchcock's *Vertigo*?

The late James Dean appeared in Serling's "A Long Time Till Dawn" on the *Kraft Television Theatre* of November 11, 1953. The young actor who was to electrify the world two years later in *East of Eden* and *Rebel Without a Cause* was already in place as a charismatic personality and a vibrant talent, but Serling's script is very unsympathetic to his restlessness. One could feel that the writer was not at home with the New Punk Breed. Serling's own life, for all its anxiety and ambition, had been much more firmly structured. A small-town boy from Binghamton, New York, Serling returned metaphorically to his roots in "Walking Distance," one of his most nostalgic contributions to *The Twilight Zone*. Gig Young plays the ad agency executive who returns to his own childhood and even to himself as a child, and then realizes, as so many Serling heroes and heroines do, that he can live his life only once, and then only by looking forward as he gets older. It is this note of wistful resignation that seems to evoke Serling now that he has, alas, taken permanent residence in his own *Twilight Zone*. 17

BEYOND THE ZONE ...

The Way-Out World of Feggo



TZ
SCREEN
PREVIEW

Brazil

Time Bandits' Terry Gilliam unveils his nightmarish new fantasy—a case of 1984, Monty Python style. James Verniere reports.



Two and a half years ago, in the May '82 issue of TZ, while doing a promo tour for his smash hit *Time Bandits*, former Monty Python member and present-day film director Terry Gilliam said that his next film would be a black comedy—"Walter Mitty Meets Franz Kafka." He also said that he expected to have difficulty raising the money to make such an offbeat film. Well, both predictions were right on target. Gilliam's latest film, the oddly titled *Brazil*, is indeed a black comedy set in a nightmarish bureaucratic society. And he did have a hell of a time raising money to make it, despite the fact that *Time Bandits*, which was rejected by all the major studios, turned into a surprise box-office bonanza.

(continued on page 67)

Top: Katherine Helmond, as the hero's domineering mother, undergoes a transformation at the hands of her personal plastic surgeon. Middle: Jonathan Pryce (*Something Wicked's* Mr. Dark) plays a mild-mannered bureaucrat who, in his dreams, becomes a flying superhero. Bottom: Robert De Niro as Tuttle, who wages a secret one-man war against *Brazil's* oppressive society.



Rod
Serling's



Night Gallery



Part One of a new series on tv's successor to 'The Twilight Zone'—with a complete show-by-show guide to each individual episode

by Kathryn M. Drennan and J. Michael Straczynski

When Rod Serling left *The Twilight Zone* in 1964, after five years and one hundred and fifty-six episodes (of which he had written ninety-two), it was with the feeling that, as he put it, "We had some real turkeys, some fair ones, and some shows I'm really proud to have been a part of. I can walk away from this series unbowed."

And walk away he did. *The Twilight Zone* was gone, despite unsuccessful plans to revive the series on ABC under the name *Witches, Warlocks, and Werewolves*, a name borrowed by network executives from a 1963 paperback anthology Serling had edited for Bantam. The working title was later changed to *Rod Serling's Wax Museum*, in which wax figures would represent the protagonist of each story under consideration. While the series never got past the proposal stage, it is worth mentioning as an indication that, even then, the concept that would eventually culminate in *Night Gallery*—exhibits in a museum of the *outré* serving as mute participants in the stories—was already present in Serling's thoughts.

During the years that followed, Serling continued to write for network television, picking up his sixth Emmy in 1964 for "It's Mental Work," an installment of NBC's *Bob Hope Presents the Chrysler Theater* that starred Lee J. Cobb, Harry Guardino, and Gena Rowlands. The following year saw the premiere of Serling's Western series, *The Loner*, starring Lloyd Bridges. The CBS series was first telecast on Saturday, September 18, 1965, in a nine thirty-to-ten p.m. time slot and dealt with a former Union cavalry officer, William Colton (Bridges), who headed West after the Civil War in search of a new life. According to one description of the series, Colton, "wandered the frontier, looking for something that would give his life meaning. His encounters with people both honest and dishonest, hard-working and fast-buck, gave him an expanded understanding of himself and of human beings in general."

The premise was interesting, thoughtful, and not at all what CBS was looking for. Where Serling pro-

vided fascinating characters with real and sometimes tragic motivations, and all with a minimum of gunplay, CBS wanted a traditional shoot-em-up series. More specifically: according to one network vice-president, CBS wanted "action—chases, running gun battles, runaway stage coaches, et cetera." The series lasted only until April 30, 1966.

Nonetheless, even a partial list of Serling's activities in the years following *Twilight Zone* is an impressive track record of achievement. His work during this period includes:

1965–1966: Serling serves two years as president of the National Academy of Television Arts and Sciences.

1966: On December 13, NBC airs Serling's tv movie *The Doomsday Flight*, which to everyone's shocked dismay leads to a rash of bomb threats. A devastated Serling remarks "I wish to Christ I had written a stagecoach drama starring John Wayne instead. I wish I'd never been born." Later, however, he retracts his apologies for the movie, saying, "A writer can't be responsible for the pathology of idiots."

1967: Serling adapts Pierre Boulle's *Planet of the Apes* for the feature film of the same name. (The final screenplay is credited to Serling and Michael J. Wilson.)

1968: Serling writes the critically acclaimed *Certain Honorable Men*, a political drama starring Van Heflin, Peter Fonda, and Will Geer.

1969: Serling hosts the syndicated quiz/participation series *The Liar's Club* (to be resurrected from 1976 to 1978 with hosts Bill Armstrong and Allen Ludden). He also creates and writes the pilot episode of ABC's *The New People*, concerning forty young Americans stranded on a Pacific atoll after a plane crash who decide to start their own Great Society, with mixed results. The series, which ran in an unusual time slot (eight-fifteen to nine p.m. on Monday nights) lasted from September 22 to January 12, 1970.

With 1970 came *Night Gallery*.

But the series, which debuted on December 16, 1970, had its roots in Serling's pilot tv movie aired the previous year. Produced by Universal Studios, the movie consisted of three stories, two of them—"The Escape Route" and "Eyes"—based on a pair of Serling's short stories that had already

appeared in his book *The Season To Be Wary*.

The project had a lot going for it: Serling's flair for the supernatural, a cast that included Joan Crawford, Richard Kiley, and Roddy McDowall and directors—one for each segment—such as Boris Sagal and Barry Shear (both deceased) and then-newcomer Steven Spielberg.

The producer was William Sackheim, whose career had begun as a writer for Columbia Pictures in the late 1940s on such films as *The Human Jungle* and who'd moved on to such television projects as *The Law* and *Playhouse 90*. Sackheim had no sooner been hired at Universal studios when he came upon Serling's work. "I read three short stories that Rod had written in script form that never went anywhere," he recalls. "Probably what happened is that he had done these with the idea of maybe doing another *Twilight Zone* thing, found nobody was biting on a half-hour show at the time, and kind of stuck them away and forgot about them.

"They were over-written and they were too long, but I loved them, and I came up with the idea of doing them as a trilogy for a two-hour movie. The studio at that time, strangely enough, was very reluctant to do it. They didn't fall over me when I approached them. They said, 'Oh, come on, that old-hat nonsense?' But I was sure it'd make a wonderful television movie."

Which is not to say that the studio thought that Serling or the stories were old hat, Sackheim hastens to add. "They didn't think the *idea* would work. I had to push like crazy."

The problem, Sackheim feels, was one of approach. "They were looking for something much more classically spooky or frightening. But *Night Gallery* was never meant to be scary in that sense. There was a good deal of provocative material there. The Nazi story, 'Escape Route,' was really more of a study of a man's guilt than anything else. The horror story actually was the Joan Crawford one, 'Eyes,' in the sense that she was bitch enough to say, 'I'll take a man's eyes.' It was that kind of horror."

As far as Serling's side of the project was concerned, "We had no problem with him," Sackheim says. "I think that the thing that sold him most of all was the idea that he would be host, to

Hosted by Rod Serling (above), the series opened in November 1969 with a trio of gothic morality tales starring (left to right) Roddy McDowall, Joan Crawford, and Richard Kiley.

tie it all together. He really enjoyed being on camera."

Finally, after much persuasion, a go-ahead was given, and Serling came up with the unifying title and concept *Night Gallery*. Sackheim's subsequent decision to employ three directors, not a usual procedure, stemmed from his need to "shoot simultaneously so that we could meet our production dates."

On the advice of Universal TV President Sid Sheinberg, Sackheim gave the segment "Eyes" to Steven Spielberg, who had just signed his first directing contract with Universal. *Night Gallery* was Spielberg's chance to prove himself after being all but snubbed by the other producers reluctant to take a chance on a twenty-year-old kid.

"I would have done anything," Spielberg said in a published interview. "I would have shot the Universal director if I had to, just to get on a sound stage." But as much as Spielberg admired Serling's work, he wasn't fond of this script. He immediately began planning ways to make it "interesting visually and it turned out to be the most visually blatant movie I've ever made."

Then there was the problem of directing Joan Crawford. "That's when the sweat began," Spielberg said. "I never got over the idea of directing Joan Crawford! It was a quantum leap."

John Badham, then associate producer on the movie, who would later go on to direct several episodes of the series in addition to such movies as *WarGames* and *Blue Thunder*, laughs as he recalls Spielberg's nervousness. "Crawford's a formidable lady. She wanted to know who this child was who was going to be directing. So she says to Steven, 'You'll take me to dinner.' And Spielberg calls me up and says, 'I can't take her to dinner by myself. You'll have to go along!' So we both kind of very timid youngsters go over to her apartment, which looked like something out of the Loretta Young series, and she took us in a limousine to Trader Vic's for dinner and regaled us with all of her fights with Bette Davis over the years."

Spielberg's nervousness stemmed from being so young and "green." Says Sackheim: "Everybody should be so green. This was the first professional thing he'd ever done, so there was a little difficulty putting a couple of his scenes together because he used very off-the-wall techniques. He spent a lot of time in the editing room trying to

get it together, but there wasn't any question about his talent. It blew right off the screen at you."

Says Badham: "I can remember standing in an editing room and having Bill Sackheim say to Spielberg, 'Steven, let's take this shot through the chandelier out; it's really very self-conscious and kind of says, 'Look, Ma, I'm directing!'" And Steven said, 'Oh, but really, it's so special.' And it was. I know how hard it is when you've thought of something nifty and have to give it up. So Bill finally said, 'Okay, fine. Leave it in.' And we could tell from the dailies that we were dealing with a very talented person, a guy who was just *amazingly* good. But he had lots and lots to learn."

Looking back, Spielberg has said: "I did an awful job. I was so frightened that even now the whole period is a bit of a blank. I was walking on eggs. I was told not to change one word of dialogue or they'd put sprocket holes up and down my sides. I had no idea I was telling a story. To me, it was just a menu of shots, a memorandum of things to do each day. It was only when I saw the show years later that I discovered the story I was telling."

Asked about the "sprocket holes" threat, Sackheim laughs. "Offhand I can't remember that, but it's entirely possible. Quite frequently what we did in those days was to put a page in the front of the script saying, 'No dialogue, no change in the script may be made without the approval of whoever.' That was at a time in this business before the directors ascended to the top of the mountain and removed the stone tablets from Moses's hand and have been giving us the Word ever since; a time when a few of us maintained some control over the material that was done, particularly in television."

The pilot tv movie finally aired on November 8, 1969. It was the highest-rated program for that evening and received a special "Edgar" Award from the Mystery Writers of America.

Up until November 8, says Sackheim, "Nobody really wanted to do the movie except me, and nobody thought it would be a series. I kept saying, 'There's a series here,' and, 'Can we have a deal with Rod?' And they always said, 'Don't worry about it.' Then all of a sudden they come in and say, 'Listen, this is a great series, and we want to make a deal.'"

A deal was quickly signed, one that included Serling—but not Sack-

heim, at his own request. "When I went over to Universal, I had stipulated in my contract that I would not do any series television. I had done fourteen years of series at Screen Gems, and I said, 'That's enough.'"

The series was given the go-ahead to begin production under the auspices of Jack Laird. It would alternate on Wednesday nights from ten to eleven p.m. with three other series, *The Psychiatrist*, *McCloud*, and *San Francisco International*. The series eventually occupied the Wednesday time slot by itself, but was later shifted to ten p.m. Sunday nights, where it stayed until its final episode aired on August 12, 1973.

There were to be a grand total of ninety-five individual stories, many of them containing smaller vignettes sandwiched between the longer stories. Among the scripts written by Serling were "Rare Objects," starring Mickey Rooney as a racketeer trying to escape the travails of his life (a theme Serling explored in several episodes of *The Twilight Zone*, including "A Stop at Willoughby" and "Walking Distance"); "The Doll," based on Algernon Blackwood's tale of a British Empire officer (John Williams) who confronts a toy bent on revenge; the poignant and effective "The Messiah of Mott Street," which starred Edward G. Robinson as a Jewish grandfather standing up to Death; and "They're Tearing Down Tim Riley's Bar," which star William Windom has described as "the best thing I've ever done. If I could have only one tape out of all the work I've done, it would be that one."

For many of the directors, writers, production people, and actors involved, *Night Gallery* would prove to be a happy experience providing opportunity for experimentation and professional growth. But though the series would produce some excellent episodes, it often fell short of what Serling had hoped for—usually as the result of interference at the network and studio level. "On *Twilight Zone*," Serling said, "I took the bows, but I also took the brickbats, and properly, because when it was bad it was usually my fault. But when it was bad on *Gallery* I had nothing to do with it—yet my face was on it all the time."

The joys and frustrations, triumphs and tragedies were yet to come when, on that Saturday night in November 1969, the tv movie *Night Gallery* was first seen in homes throughout America.

A Show-by-Show Guide to

Rod Serling's Night Gallery



Death and the Maiden: This early publicity still for the series showed that it appealed to a very wide audience indeed.

*The series began with a three-part tv special—
featuring an all-star cast
and a young director named Spielberg.*

THE CEMETERY

Broadcast November 8, 1969

Written by Rod Serling

Directed by Boris Sagal

Produced by William Sackheim

Associate Producer: John Badham

Music: William Goldenberg

Art Director: Howard E. Johnson

Directors of Photography: Richard Batcheller, William Marguiles

Paintings by Jaroslav Gebr

Jeremy (Roddy McDowall), Osmond

Portifoy (Ossie Davis), William Hendricks (George Macready), Carson (Barry Atwater)

"Good evening, and welcome to a private showing of three paintings, displayed here for the first time. Each is a collector's item in its own way, not because of any special artistic quality, but because each captures on a canvas, suspends in time and space, a frozen moment of a nightmare.

"Our initial offering: a small gothic item in blacks and greys. A piece of

the past known as the family crypt. This one we call simply, 'The Cemetery.' Offered to you now, six feet of earth and all that it contains. Ladies and gentlemen, this is the Night Gallery."

William Hendricks—rich, wheelchair-bound, and old—is dying. His sole heir is his nephew, Jeremy, who has moved in to await his inheritance. His butler, Portifoy, is seemingly a kindly sort dedicated to the old man. Hendricks's hobby is painting; one

such—a view of the family cemetery—hangs on the stairwell wall.

When Jeremy learns of Hendricks's plan to cut him out of his will, he locks the old man in his wheelchair by an open window. The chill is fatal. Later, drunk with celebration, Jeremy allows Portifoy to stay on. He also notices a change in the stairwell painting: there is now a freshly dug grave in the cemetery. The next day, he finds an upright coffin sticking out of the painted grave. In a fit of rage he burns the painting—which somehow turns up back in its usual place. But now the coffin is open, and the body of Hendricks is plainly visible.

When Jeremy turns to Portifoy for confirmation of what he sees, the butler says that he sees nothing—an observation which angers Jeremy, who strikes the manservant. Portifoy has now had enough, and quits. Alone and frightened now, Jeremy races about, bolting doors and windows. Each time he returns to the painting he finds another change: the body climbing out of the coffin, leaving the graveyard—to the sound of a metal gate opening somewhere outside—and heading toward the house.

There are now footsteps on the front walk, growing near. There is a pounding at the door and the painting shows Hendricks at the door. Jeremy races upstairs, away from the sound, confronting the huge portrait of Hendricks at the top of the stairs. He screams for Hendricks to go back to his grave and, in a frenzy, rips the portrait off the wall, loses his balance, and tumbles downstairs, his neck broken. The door opens to reveal—Portifoy!

Later, Portifoy pays off the artist he commissioned to do the series of paintings, which he carefully kept changing in sequence. Now everything belongs to Portifoy, the will having stipulated that he inherited it all in the absence of an heir. At the stairs, he salutes Hendricks's portrait—but as he turns, he sees *two* graves in the cemetery painting. He watches in horror as the grave opens, the coffin spills its contents, and the deceased Jeremy shambles up to the house, pounds on the door, then opens it on the rapidly-going-mad Osmond Portifoy.

"The Cemetery" features an uncannily changeable painting and a cunningly inventive butler (Ossie Davis, above) who, for all his ambition, knows how to play the perfect servant in front of his equally scheming employer (Roddy McDowall, below).





EYES

Broadcast November 8, 1969

Written by Rod Serling

Directed by Steven Spielberg

(Other production credits: See above)

Miss Claudia Menlo (Joan Crawford),
Dr. Frank Heatherton (Barry Sullivan),
Sidney Resnick (Tom Bosley)

"Painting objet d'art number two: a portrait. Its subject, Miss Claudia Menlo, a blind queen who reigns in a carpeted penthouse on Fifth Avenue. An imperious, predatory dowager who will soon find darkness blacker than blindness. This is her story."

Claudia Menlo, fifty-four and blind from birth, has found a donor willing to part with his optic nerves in a radical operation in return for nine thousand dollars. With his optic nerves, Menlo will be able to see. Her sight will last only eleven to thirteen hours, but she doesn't care. Dr. Heatherton, hearing this, refuses to cooperate until his past is dragged out and he is blackmailed into doing the operation. The donor is Sidney Resnick, a broken-down man with debts to the wrong kind of people, who finds himself having to choose between his sight and his life.

Following the operation, on the night of the unveiling, Menlo has her art objects assembled around her in her penthouse suite—all of the things she has wanted to see. After dismissing everyone, alone now, she removes the bandages—and is astounded. She can see! But after only a moment, the darkness returns. Going on a rampage, Menlo destroys the room and her art objects, finally dissolving into tears and sleep, unaware that her eyes are fine—but that a power failure has left the entire city in a blackout.

Morning finds Menlo on her balcony, by a cracked window. She opens her eyes to see the sun rising over the city. She is struck with the beauty of it. But now the time limit is passing; her sight begins to fade. In her last instant of sight, she reaches out for the sun as if determined to possess it, and in her desire she falls through the glass and tumbles to the streets far below.

Joan Crawford (above) as the blind millionairess in "Eyes" who, despite her handicap, quickly forfeits our sympathy. Below, Barry Sullivan as the doctor who can give her a few precious hours of sight—at the expense of another man's optic nerves.

ESCAPE ROUTE

Broadcast November 8, 1969

Written by Rod Serling

Directed by Barry Shear

(Other production credits: See above)

Josef Strobe (Richard Kiley), Bleum (Sam Jaffe), Gretchen (Norma Crane), First Agent (George Murdock)

"And now, the final painting. The last of our exhibit has to do with one Josef Strobe, a Nazi war criminal hiding in South America. A monster who wanted to be a fisherman. This is his story."

Josef Strobe, alias Grubenführer Helmut Arnt, formerly of Auschwitz, lives in constant fear of capture by the Israeli agents who are closing in on him. As he flees what he wrongly believes to be pursuit, he escapes into the local museum. There he comes upon a room containing two paintings: a gruesome rendering of a concentration camp crucifixion, and a painting of a man in a rowboat. Also in the room is Bleum, impressed by the power of the pictured crucifixion. A survivor of Auschwitz, he asks Strobe if they have met before. Strobe denies

it. Then, as Bleum leaves, he turns his attention to the rowboat painting. Suddenly he feels as if he is inside the painting, in a boat on a placid lake.

His reverie is interrupted at closing time. He hastens to return the next morning and the miracle happens again, this time more easily, quickly. Back in his flat, he tries to make sense of it, confiding his feelings to the prostitute next door, talking through the wall that separates them. He is sure that if he exerted all his will, he could have moved into the picture, stayed there. The prostitute, Gretchen, mocks him. He desires peace of mind and immortality, she says, for which the price is a soul and a conscience—and he has neither.

The next day, at the museum again, Bleum approaches him and addresses him in German, calling him by the name Helmut Arnt. Strobe tells him that he is mistaken, and Bleum leaves. Alone, Strobe returns to the picture—and this time, he is truly in the picture, living the life, feeling the sunlight, the cool air, the water—until once more wrenched back to his own body by the announcement of closing time.

Later, at a bar, Strobe gets drunk, tears up the place while singing *Deutschland über alles*, then leaves. Bleum now confronts his former torturer openly, without fear. Strobe circles him like a cat circling some curious prey and becomes once more the swaggering, black-booted Nazi. He bludgeons Bleum to death, then flees to the main bus terminal, where he is intercepted by the Israeli Nazi-hunters contacted by Bleum.

But Strobe breaks free and works his way back to the museum, now closed and dark. He finds the room with the paintings, a security guard and the Israelis not far behind. He pleads in the pitch dark for God to put him into the picture. He smiles—the transformation is beginning. But the smile is replaced by a look of horror, and a scream splits the night air.

A short while later, the curator arrives after being summoned by the security guard, who has found no one. Passing through the room, they hear a strange noise, almost a moaning. They look at where the picture of the fisherman had been, and which was taken away earlier. Moved in to fill the place is the painting of the concentration camp crucifixion—and the face on the picture is that of Josef Strobe.

"Good evening..." 17



In "Escape Route," a concentration camp survivor (Sam Jaffe, above left) recognizes his old tormentor (Richard Kiley, right and below).



ALIENS IN HOLLYWOOD

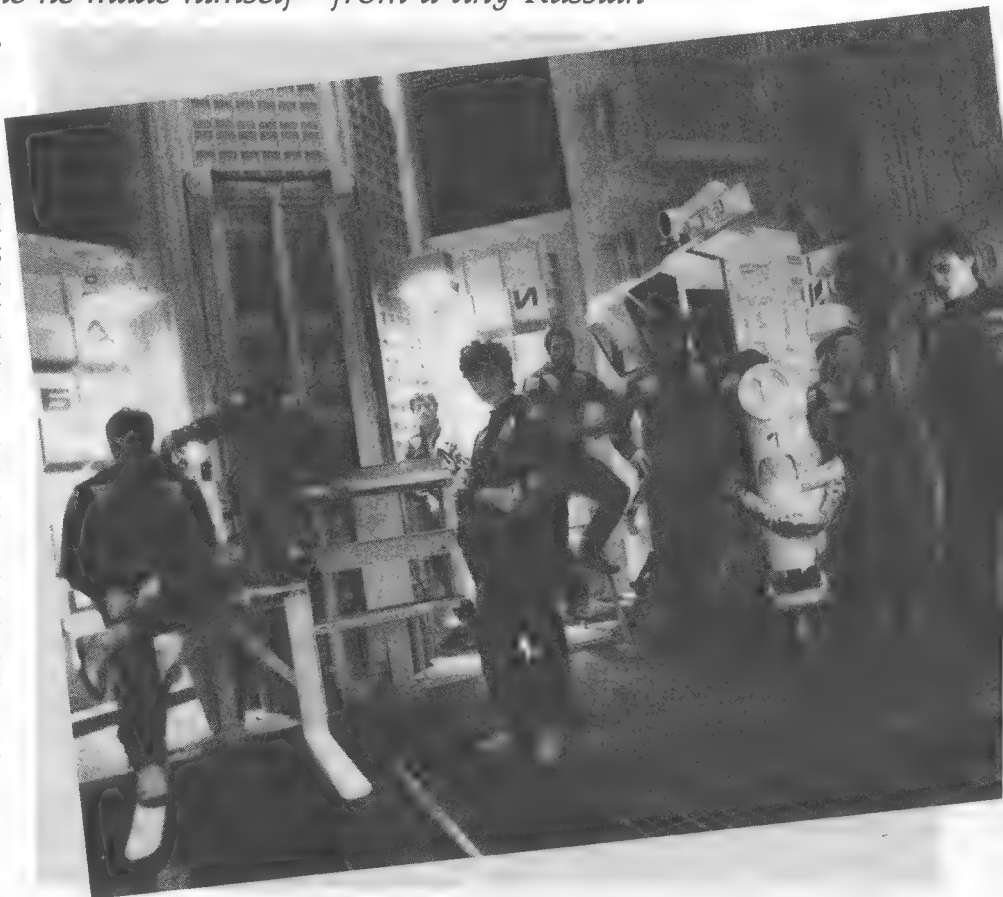
One of 2010's cosmonauts reveals that the journey from Earth to Jupiter is no more dramatic than the one he made himself—from a tiny Russian village to the silver screen.

by Victor Steinbach

I remember the first American movie I ever saw. It was a musical called *Bathing Beauty*, starring Esther Williams. I was eight years old at the time, growing up in Birobidzhan, a small provincial town in eastern Russia ten thousand miles from Moscow, nestled in a huge forest just a few miles from the Chinese border.

Moviegoing was a serious event in Birobidzhan. The citizens would put on their best clothes and grandly walk their carefully powdered wives to the town's only theater, the *мир* (Peace). In addition to a theater, the town boasted two high schools, two drugstores surrounded by honeysuckle bushes, a hospital concealed behind tall whitewashed fences, men's and women's bathhouses, and a railroad station which announced Birobidzhan in both Russian and Yiddish. In the station lobby, above the ticket windows, hung a gigantic full-length oil painting of Stalin in his marshall's uniform and boots, standing deep in thought before his desk, on which stood a half-finished glass of tea with a slice of lemon floating on the top. A smaller version of the same portrait was displayed over the foyer of the movie theater. I remember how, half an hour before the show, a small orchestra of local music teachers sat themselves beneath the portrait and played an overture from the Hungarian operetta *Silva*, while all the assembled Birobidzhaners gathered round and listened. Then the host of the program rose from the orchestra, holding his violin and bow in his left hand, and announced the soloist, a middle-aged former soprano dressed in a long black gown with open shoulders. Clasp ing a white handkerchief in her plump little hands, she graced the audience with a repertoire of songs from Soviet films. Finally the orchestra played a farewell waltz, and everyone rushed inside to their seats.

I remember how, as the movie began, the head of a roaring lion appeared on the screen, and with it three



The *Leonov* team on deck: (l. to r.) Steinbach, Triska, Rudnik, Mirren, Skomarovsky, Baskin, Kramarov, and Shneider.

mysterious words: *Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer*. And I remember one scene, set in a gigantic swimming pool, where, amid the magic of light and music, Esther Williams and several dozen aquatic chorines slipped through jets of water and flame to the rhythms of "The Blue Danube."

Thirty-two years later I found myself dangling in the air, suspended by thin, almost invisible wires high above that same Hollywood sound stage where once Esther Williams had frolicked. Twenty feet below me, instead of a swimming pool, there now appeared the vague outline of a sphere, yellowed with time and half obscured by mist. It was the lost U.S. spaceship *Discovery*, sent to Jupiter by Arthur C. Clarke and Stanley Kubrick in the film *2001: A Space Odyssey*. About ten feet away floated another Russian, the rays of Jupiter's moons sparkling on his spacesuit. We two cosmonauts were

building a bridge between the *Discovery* and our own vessel, the Soviet spaceship *Leonov*.

It was fifteen years after *2001*, and Peter Hyams was making *2010: Odyssey Two*, a sequel to the classic 1969 film which left so many unanswered questions.

Hyams's *2010* is probably the only Hollywood movie in which half the cast—in fact, half the principal parts—are played by Russians. There are eight cosmonauts in the film: six of them are played by Russian actors who have recently emigrated to the U.S., one by the Czech actor Jan Triska, who defected to this country several years ago, and one, the captain of the *Leonov*, by British actress Helen Mirren. I was the only Russian in the cast new to American audiences; Elia Baskin, Oleg Rudnik, and Savely Kramarov had played

in *Moscow on the Hudson*, and Vladimir Skomarovsky and Natasha Shneider, a rock singer, had appeared on various tv shows.

For the seven years that I'd lived in New York, I had never gone to an audition. I was afraid to; I believed I wasn't ready for it. I had been an actor in Leningrad, but I'd also begun writing plays, and had come to the U.S. with the hope of continuing as a writer. When I arrived in America in 1976, the only thing I could say in English was "I'm fine." Determined to master this new language, I dropped all my Russian contacts and stopped speaking Russian. I forced myself to talk in English even if I wasn't sure I was making sense. After about five years watching the *Tonight Show*, I suddenly realized that I understood everything Johnny Carson was saying in his monologue. I proudly read the *New York Times* without using a dictionary. But I still didn't feel ready to audition for an acting job. A year ago I was sitting in a New York casting office, auditioning actors for the New Haven opening of my play *The Bathers*, when a call came through from MGM. "They're looking for a Russian actor," our casting director said to me. "I told them there's one sitting right here. Would you like to audition for *2010*?"

I had only seen *2001* once, a year after my arrival in America. It has never been shown in the Soviet Union. Any hint of American superiority in space, even if it's found in fiction or a movie, is closed to Russian audiences. When America astonished the entire world by landing men on the moon, Soviet newspapers had very few lines about the historic event, burying it in a stream of information about the great achievements of Soviet agriculture.

When I finally saw *2001*, it was on a little black-and-white television at a time when I still understood almost nothing in English. Nonetheless, I was aware of its philosophical and religious implications, and I could see what a breakthrough this film represented for the science fiction genre. I was already acquainted with Arthur C. Clarke's other work, because back in the Soviet Union I had been a science fiction fan, reading every novel available. In 1969, in fact, I had embarked on my career as a writer with a play based on one of the greatest works in the genre, Stanislaw Lem's *Solaris*. A few days before opening night, when the production was in its dress rehearsals, representa-

tives of the Department of Culture in Leningrad had shut it down because of the play's religious overtones.

But *2001* was also familiar to me for another reason, stemming from my longtime fascination—a common one among Russians—with America. The closest I'd ever been to the U.S. before emigrating here had been in 1969, when I'd worked as a sailor on the Soviet fishing trawler *Bison 441*. At one point it had cruised only eleven miles from the Connecticut shore (indeed, almost within sight of New Haven, where one day fifteen years later my play would be produced), and I'd had more than one fantasy of jumping ship and getting picked up by one of the American boats in the area.

Later my fascination with the United States had continued, fed by a Russian-language magazine called *America*, published in the U.S. but, in the late sixties and early seventies, distributed for sale in the Soviet Union at a price of fifty kopeks—quite high for a magazine at that time. It was sharply distinguished from similar Soviet magazines by its high-quality printing, superb photography, and an amazingly low circulation. In fact, it was practically impossible to buy it at the newsstands; it made its way mostly into the hands of those who were close to the Party elite or others with *блат* (connections). Ordinary Soviet citizens hungry for information about America had to be very nice to the crooks who worked at newsstands in the big hotels catering to foreigners, and we had to pay them a ruble for a copy. I myself made friends with a bashful wheeler-dealer in the Astoria Hotel in Leningrad, paid my ruble, and got myself a little piece of America wrapped up in the newspaper *Soviet Culture*.

The copy that I bought had an article about the recently released movie *2001*, complete with a full-page picture of Keir Dullea with a rainbow of lights from a spaceship's instrument panel reflecting in his face. That was in 1970. If I had been told that someday I'd be acting in the sequel to that movie—and with the very man who looked up at me from the pages of *America*—I'd have taken it as a pleasant but stupid joke, or perhaps even, if it had come from some government official, as an insulting insinuation about my loyalty. I certainly wouldn't have believed it.

But perhaps time had been playing tricks on me, sending me to the Astoria to buy that particular copy of



In a tight moment, Roy Scheider comforts Natasha Shneider.

the magazine, for fifteen years later, on a cool March morning in Los Angeles, an MGM car picked up Keir Dullea and me at the Beverly Comstock Hotel in Beverly Hills, where we both were staying, to take us to the set of *2010*.

I was in Hollywood at last—and after seven years in New York, it seemed like another country. Air, sky, palm trees, and Armenians: it reminded me a little of the Caucasian shores of the Black Sea! But that illusion was destroyed by the sight of a Mercedes on every corner, Beverly Hills mansions in every possible architectural style, and a passing glimpse of Candice Bergen. It all felt like something out of a dream: the trailer with my name on it, the tall gate at the studio topped with the head of the familiar-looking MGM lion. Every morning, when I got the wake-up call at my hotel, I would greet the day with joy and excitement, knowing that in an hour I'd be in my costume and makeup, passing through the forbidding-looking door at the studio with a sign that said CLOSED SET, and entering Stage 15 to find myself in the labyrinths of a Soviet spaceship.

The most striking thing about the set was its absolute authenticity. Arthur C. Clarke says in his novel, "The *Leonov* was not a thing of beauty," and his conception was matched by the set constructed for the film, complete with narrow corridors; extremely low grey ceilings covered with braided cables; lights from monitors and graphic display screens flickering on walls of a dimly lit wardroom; signs in Russian on the massive doors that divided the sections of the ship; the data bay, with control panels for coordination and navigation; the cryogenics ward in the medical bay, with seven coffinlike containers in which three Americans would sleep on their way to Jupiter; a ship's bridge that actually vibrated and turned 180 degrees. All of

it looked real enough to make you feel millions of miles from Earth. But there was nothing futuristic about the interior; in fact, the ship looked more like a flying power station in which every inch was filled with only the things most necessary for survival on the long space journey. It was also huge, too big to fit in its entirety into one of the biggest of the MGM stages. The rest of the spaceship—the pod bay—was built on another stage, together with the reconstructed *Discovery*.

Time seemed to be playing tricks on Keir Dullea, too. When he was sitting quietly near the rebuilt HAL computer, waiting for shooting to begin, one had the strange sensation that between 1969 and 1984 time had ceased to exist. Reconstructed without any of the original blueprints, the *Discovery* looked exactly as it did in 2001, and Keir himself hadn't aged at all. Everybody at the studio was amazed: he looked as young as fifteen years ago. He mentioned once that he'd been doing yoga for years. I wondered if it was the yoga and meditation that had kept him so unchanged, or was it time itself wisely directing our looks, our deeds, our lives? And was it a simple coincidence, or was it an irony of time, that six Russians had been cast in an American movie directed by the grandson of Sol Hurok, the great impresario who did so much to further cultural exchange between the United States and Russia?

A week before shooting, flying rehearsals began. Strapping us into leather harnesses, stunt coordinators pulled us high in the air upon thin metal wires, where we flew with trepidation as technicians made us spin around and turn upside down, the whole set, meanwhile, spinning in front of our eyes. Clear head and strong stomach required! Between takes they would lower us to the floor and carefully set us down horizontally, like heavy pieces of wood. Walking in the harnesses was impossible; it was like trying to walk with iron legs on a magnetic floor.

However, flying was not the only new sensation for the actors in 2010. Russians are often amazed by the speed with which American directors work. A Broadway play may rehearse for just four weeks, a tv movie can be shot in three, and *Uncle Vanya* might take just two and a half. In Russia I was once in a play which rehearsed for a full twelve months. It is difficult for a Rus-



Author Victor Steinbach as a cosmonaut at the controls.

sian to imagine how one can obtain significant results in the short time we had on 2010. Nonetheless, it happens. Not always, but it happens. For that matter, six months' rehearsal can still produce a flop. That happens often, even in Stanislavsky's motherland.

A film of such complexity as 2010 would have taken Soviet filmmakers at least twice as long to make, not only because of the technical problems, but also because of the directorial approach. Most Russian actors begin to act only after a very thorough analysis of the scenes they are playing. Peter Hyams, on the other hand, barely spoke to us before a take. This afforded us total freedom to improvise, but it also scared us, accustomed as we were to close contact with a director. Actors know that when a director gives them such freedom, it's either because he admires them and trusts them completely, or because there's something wrong between them and the director just doesn't want to waste his precious time. In such cases, the director simply says, "You sit here," and shoots over the actor's shoulder.

A couple of weeks after shooting began, Peter finally talked to us for about fifteen minutes to express his satisfaction. "If you were doing something wrong, I'd let you know," he said. "I wouldn't let you go after a bad take." We also received some moral support from the producers, who watched the rush every day (something none of us actors were allowed to do, as it tends to throw off one's performance) and assured us we were doing fine. All this certainly helped maintain our confidence, and our level of improvisation noticeably went up.

I played Nikolai Ternovsky, the ship's engineer—a character who, in Clarke's novel, was the only cosmonaut who spoke fairly good English and therefore the only one whom Chandra, the American computer de-

signer, was able to confide in. Unfortunately, in the screenplay Ternovsky only speaks Russian and doesn't talk to Chandra at all. In fact, he doesn't talk to anyone. I decided to turn this taciturnity into an asset. To me, Ternovsky became the kind of guy who is so devoted to his work that conversation would be merely a distraction. And, as any actor does who has a small part, I wanted to bring as many idiosyncratic details into the role as possible. Since I felt encouraged to improvise, I started to chew gum in my scenes—until, a few days later, Peter said, "Cut it out." Savely Kramarov, who played the Russian Surgeon-Commander, wanted to keep a small hand-exerciser constantly in his fist. "Better not," said Peter. Vladimir Skomorovsky brought in snapshots of his father and himself taken in Moscow's Red Square and asked Peter if he could keep them on a panel in front of his pilot's chair. That suggestion was enthusiastically approved, and Vladimir's pictures can now be seen on screen, floating in weightlessness on the bridge of the Leonov.

It was curious to us to see how, in spite of the tremendous pressures and technical difficulties, peace and order reigned on the set at all times. In a Moscow studio, such a project—in fact, virtually any project—would be accompanied by screaming and yelling from every side, beginning with the director and ending with the frantically harried unit manager, lathered with sweat from running after impossible-to-find equipment. I never heard anyone raise his voice on the set of 2010. Maybe it was because of the cultural differences between Russians and Americans, or perhaps the English language has some natural, built-in politeness. Or was it because of the money involved? Maybe when a film costs twenty-seven million dollars and every hour costs thousands, the producers simply can't afford to spend a year on principal shooting. They can't afford the screw-ups or problems with the personnel, and the director can't afford an actor who needs hours of rehearsal before shooting. That's when the term "professionalism" takes on a new meaning. It's not the kind of professionalism that allows a director and actor to reach high levels of artistic achievements within as much time as they need. No way! You've got to come up with a great product within the time you're given by the producer, or you shouldn't call yourself a profes-

sional. It's tough, doing things that way, but so is art.

The film has a relatively small cast, with just eleven human beings making the journey out to Jupiter. All of us spent fourteen weeks together on board the Leonov sharing Russian and American jokes and anecdotes, and teaching Helen Mirren how to say "Damned condensor!" in Russian.

There is a Russian saying, "Vodka brings people together"—and it certainly did the night we invited Roy Scheider to one of Los Angeles's Russian restaurants. Imagine several hundred Russians toasting each other amid the cacophony of the "The Volga Boatman" played at full volume. Now imagine Roy Scheider sitting at one of these tables, holding half a sour pickle in one hand and a shot of vodka in the other. There are three Russians with him, shouting in his ear, "Try these pig's feet! Come on! They're out of this world!" Toasting each other, they drink to long life and slap each other on the back, posing for the restaurant photographer to commemorate this glorious moment.

The next day, as they were hanging in the air suspended from guy wires, I saw Roy talking excitedly to John Lithgow, who was dangling next to him. A few days later John showed up at the same Russian restaurant carrying a big basket which contained his five-month-old son. John had just been nominated for an Oscar, and we celebrated it the Russian way, while the singer on the stage yelled something in Armenian and, over the raucous festivities all around us, John boisterously tried out his new Russian vocabulary. Glasses clanked as the vodka brought people together. The baby in the basket didn't give a damn; it slept serenely under the table through an entire evening of Russian carousing.

Among my fellow actors, Savely Kramarov was surely the best known in the Soviet Union. He emigrated to the U.S. three years ago with tremendous difficulties, at a time when emigration had practically been stopped by the government. The first time I had seen him was about twenty-five years ago, in a rather good picture called *Farewell to Pigeons*, one of the first movies to come out during Khrushchev's "thaw," when Soviet writers and directors could work more freely than before. Underneath the film's romantic, somewhat melodra-

matic façade, there had been, for the first time, allusions to the horrors of the Soviet past.

Since then, Kramarov had become one of the Soviet film audience's favorite comedians. He's always played supporting roles, mostly total idiots, and was always hilarious. Although the parts were seldom large, every time his face appeared on screen the audience cracked up. If you can imagine a combination of Jerry Lewis, with his crossed eyes, and the smile of the British comedian Norman Wisdom, you might get a good idea of his character. No Soviet director would ever have cast him as a cosmonaut, unless as a spoof. Anyone doing such a thing would have been accused of dishonoring the Soviet space program—and would have paid dearly for it. Nonetheless, Savely's face appealed so to Peter Hyams that he gave him a part originally written for a woman, that of Surgeon-Commander Katerina Rudenko. We Russians all enjoyed Savely's presence very much, although without expressing it openly. He had made us laugh often during the past twenty-five years, and we were grateful to him.

As our shooting schedule neared its end, we had an unexpected visit from Arthur C. Clarke. I had never met him before, and had never seen a photograph of him. About twenty years ago, when I read his work in Russian, I'd pictured him as a rather strange, even mysterious person, the sort of scientist that is "not quite of this world."

He turned out to be a smiling older man, rather thin, dressed with the casualness of a someone too busy to worry about such things. He reminded me very much, in fact, of my seventh-grade math teacher.

"Would you like to look at my pictures?" He opened his photo album. "These are my elephants," he said with almost childish pride. "And this is my house in Sri Lanka. And here are me and my elephants bathing in the river."

I remembered how my math teacher had flunked me on my final exam, then had slapped me on the shoulder and said, "Come on, cheer up. The most important thing in life is health."

"And this is in Moscow," Clarke was saying. Standing next to him in the photograph were the Soviet cosmonauts Leonov and Beregovoy. He had honored Leonov by naming the Soviet spaceship in 2010 after him.

Clarke is very popular among Soviet readers and apparently has a lot of friends there. Not only did he dedicate his book to Leonov and Sakharov, but he named all the Russian cosmonauts after well-known Soviet dissidents. Orlov, Kovaliov, Rudenko, Brailovsky, Ternovsky: all these names belong to people who are either in jail or in psychiatric hospitals for their political activities. Nevertheless, the Russians began publishing 2010 in periodicals, chapter by chapter, beginning last year.

"They called me," Clarke smiled, "and asked if I minded them changing the cosmonauts' names. It was such a big deal to them. I said go ahead."

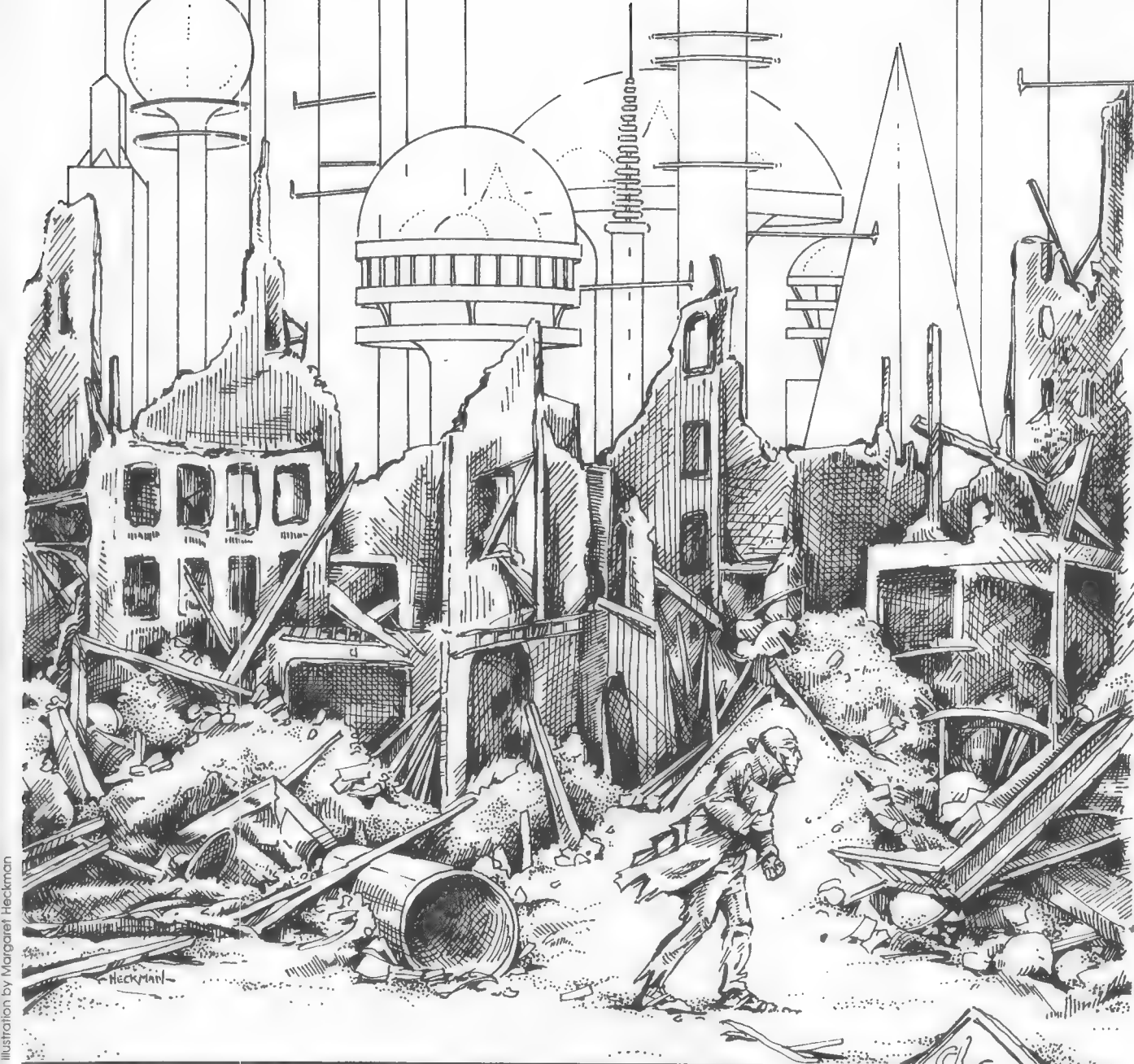
When I came to the studio for the last time, the *Leonov* set which had been standing there the day before had been turned into a heap of wood chips. The gigantic spaceship, which had seemed so real to us for fourteen weeks, had been obliterated in one day, perhaps in just a few hours.

Stepping over pieces of ripped-up cable, I walked through a narrow corridor of what used to be the data bay. Black holes gaped at me where the monitors had been torn out of the walls.

I picked up a piece of broken plastic with the Russian letter *и* on it. It was proof, somehow, that the whole experience hadn't actually been a dream. I put it in my pocket and walked outside. As I passed through the outer gates emblazoned with the studio's symbol, my good old friend the lion seemed to give me a look of farewell. **U**

"Whatever the novel's Soviet editor may have censored, it wasn't enough. According to an item that appeared in the September 1984 *Science Fiction Chronicle*, that editor—a man named Vasili Zakharchenko—was fired and the serialization discontinued. "According to reliable sources," says SFC, "2010: *Odyssey Two* was extensively censored by Zakharchenko. Apparently, he did not do a good enough job, allowing the names of some dissidents to slip through his editing." The reported official reason for Zakharchenko's ouster was "embarrassing the government."

In a letter to Charles N. Brown, the editor of *Locus*, Clarke denied responsibility for Zakharchenko's firing. "I never considered the possibility that the novel would appear in the U.S.S.R.," said Clarke. "I gather that his friends are quite angry with me. And though I am naturally distressed, I do not feel that I am to blame."—Ed



PATTERN FOR SURVIVAL

A classic tale about the consoling powers of fantasy

by Richard Matheson

And they stood beneath the crystal towers, beneath the polished heights which, like scintillant mirrors, caught rosy sunset on their faces until their city was one vivid, coruscated blush.

Ras slipped an arm about the waist of his beloved. "Happy?" he inquired, in a tender voice.

"Oh, yes," she breathed. "Here in our beautiful city where there is peace and happiness for all, how could I be anything but happy?"

Sunset cast its roseate benediction upon their soft embrace.

THE END

The clatter ceased. His hands curled in like blossoms and his eyes fell shut. The prose was wine. It trickled on the taste buds of his mind, a dizzying potion. I've done it again, he recognized, by George in heaven, I've done it again.

Satisfaction towed him out to sea. He went down for the third time beneath its happy drag. Surfacing then, reborn, he estimated wordage, addressed envelope, slid in manuscript, weighed total, affixed stamps and sealed. Another brief submergence in the waters of delight, then up withal and to the mailbox.

It was almost twelve as Richard Allen Shaggley

PATTERN FOR SURVIVAL

hobbled down the quiet street in his shabby overcoat. He had to hurry or he'd miss the pickup and he mustn't do that. *Ras And The City of Crystal* was too superlative to wait another day. He wanted it to reach the editor immediately. It was a certain sale.

Circuiting the giant, pipe-strewn hole (When, in the name of heaven, would they finish repairing that blasted sewer?), he limped on hurriedly, envelope clutched in rigid fingers, heart a turmoil of vibration.

Noon. He reached the mailbox and cast about anxious glances for the postman. No sign of him. A sigh of pleasure and relief escaped his chapped lips. Face aglow, Richard Allen Shaggley listened to the envelope thump gently on the bottom of the mailbox.

The happy author shuffled off, coughing.

Al's legs were bothering him again. He shambled up the quiet street, teeth gritted slightly; leather sack pulling down his weary shoulder. Getting old, he thought, haven't got the drive any more. Rheumatism in the legs. Bad; makes it hard to do the route.

At twelve fifteen, he reached the dark green mailbox and drew the keys from his pocket. Stooping, with a groan, he opened up the box and drew out its contents.

A smiling eased his pain-tensed face; he nodded once. Another yarn by Shaggley. Probably be snatched up right way. The man could really write.

Rising with a grunt, Al slid the envelope into his sack, relocked the mailbox, then trudged off, still smiling to himself. Makes a man proud, he thought, carrying his stories; even if my legs do hurt.

Al was a Shaggley fan.

When Rick arrived from lunch a little after three that afternoon, there was a note from his secretary on the desk.

New ms. from Shaggley just arrived, it read. Beautiful job. Don't forget. R.A. wants to see it when you're through. S.

Delight cast illumination across the editor's hatchet face. By George in heaven, this was manna from what had threatened to be a fruitless afternoon. Lips drawn back in what, for him, was smiling, he dropped into his leather chair, restrained emphatic finger twitchings for blue pencil (no need of it for a Shaggley yarn!), and plucked the envelope from the cracked glass surface of his desk. By George, a Shaggley story; what luck! R.A. would beam.

He sank into the cushion, instantly absorbed in the opening nuance of the tale. A tremor of transport palsied outer sense. Breathless, he plunged on into the story depths. What balance, what delineation! How the man could write. Distractedly, he brushed plaster dust off his pin-stripe sleeve.

As he read, the wind picked up again, fluttering his strawlike hair, buffeting like tepid wings against his brow. Unconsciously, he raised his hand and traced a delicate finger along the scar which trailed like livid thread across his cheek and lower temple.

The wind grew stonger. It moaned by pretzeled I-beams and scattered brown-edged papers on the soggy rug. Rick stirred restlessly and stabbed a glance at the gaping fissure in the wall (when, in the name of heaven, would they finish those repairs?), then returned, joy renewed, to Shaggley's manuscript.

Finishing at last, he fingered away a tear of bitersweetness and depressed an intercom key.

"Another check for Shaggley," he ordered, then tossed the snapped-off key across his shoulder.

At three-thirty, he brought the manuscript to R.A.'s office and left it there.

At four, the publisher laughed and cried over it, gnarled fingers rubbing at the scabrous bald patch on his head.

Old hunchbacked Dick Allen set type for Shaggley's story that very afternoon, vision blurred by happy tears beneath his eyeshade, liquid coughing unheard above the busy clatter of his machine.

The story hit the stand a little after six. The scar-faced dealer shifted on his tired legs as he read it over six times before, reluctantly, offering it for sale.

At half past six, the little bald-patched man came hobbling down the street. A hard day's work, a well-earned rest, he thought, stopping at the corner newsstand for some reading matter.

He gasped. By George in heaven, a new Shaggley story! What luck!

The only copy too. He left a quarter for the dealer who wasn't there at the moment.

He took the story home, shambling by skeletal ruins (strange, those burned buildings hadn't been replaced yet), reading as he went.

He finished the story before arriving home. Over supper, he read it once again, shaking his lumpy head at the marvel of its impact, the unbreakable magic of its workmanship. It inspires, he thought.

But not tonight. Now was the time for putting things away: the cover on the typewriter, the shabby overcoat, threadbare pin-stripe, eye-shade, mailman's cap, and leather sack all in their proper places.

He was asleep by ten, dreaming about mushrooms. And, in the morning, wondering once again why those first observers had not described the cloud as more like a toadstool.

By six a.m. Shaggley, breakfasted, was at the typewriter.

This is the story, he wrote, of how Ras met the beautiful priestess of Shahglee and she fell in love with him. 17

Brazil



Above: *Brazil*'s harried hero runs into the girl of his dreams (Kim Greist) in an unheroic real-life encounter. Below: In the Ministry of Information he confers with a colleague named Lime (Charles McKeown, who collaborated on the script with Terry Gilliam and playwright Tom Stoppard), an ambitious clerk who has only half a desk and lusts for more.



(continued from page 52)

"The problem was that I was perceived as a person who made strange films," says Gilliam, whose animated sequences for *Monty Python's Flying Circus* were decidedly strange. "So I couldn't get backing to make *Brazil* from anyone." Then Gilliam experienced *Catch-22*, Hollywood-style. He turned down one offer and discovered that, as a result, his stock had risen and that *Brazil* was suddenly very much on the studios' "wanted" list. Now it's to be officially distributed in the U.S. and Canada by Universal Pictures and everywhere else by Twentieth Century-Fox.

Another by-product of Gilliam's newfound popularity was money. "I'm not used to having all the money I need to make my films," he says. "But it was heaven!"

But it was not heaven that Gilliam planned to explore in *Brazil*. It was the living hell of a futuristic society where humans are the slaves of computers. (In a tip of the hat to George Orwell, the film is actually set during Christmastime 1984.)

The hero of the film, Sam Lowry, played by *Something Wicked's* Jonathan Pryce, is a clerk in the Ministry of Information (originally Gilliam had referred to it as the Ministry of Torture) who prefers to live in his sexually symbolic dreams rather than face the reality of his bleak existence—one that includes not only a hateful job but also a domineering mother (Katherine Helmond of *Time Bandits* and tv's *Soap*) who is obsessed with plastic surgery in her quest for eternal youth. The world of *Brazil* is a world in which a perfectly innocent heating engineer named Buttle is "eliminated" because a malfunctioning computer identifies him as a fugitive heating engineer named Tuttle (Robert De Niro). Although the bulk of *Brazil*'s plot line is under wraps, Gilliam offered TZ readers a glimpse of the film in '82 when he said that in the film "people will be eaten by paper" and "wrecked houses will spill blood and guts."

More than that is not known except that Lowry, whose dreams include a fleeting look at his "dream" girl's face when it appears *Time Bandits*-like through a hole in his bedroom ceiling,

learns that there is a place where dreams and reality meet. And this time around, the place is not called the Twilight Zone. It's called *Brazil*.

Visions of a dystopic future are nothing new in cinema. The classics of totalitarian science fiction include Fritz Lang's *Metropolis* (made in 1926 but recently reissued in a restored version complete with rock score), Michael Anderson's 1956 adaptation of George Orwell's *1984* (an updated version with John Hurt as Winston Smith is coming our way), Jean-Luc Godard's *Alpha-ville* (1956), François Truffaut's 1966 adaptation of Ray Bradbury's *Fahrenheit 451*, and, of course, Stanley Kubrick's *A Clockwork Orange* (1971), based on Anthony Burgess's classic novel.

Gilliam claims not to have read *1984*, in part because he didn't want to know what similarities existed between his film and Orwell's novel. Oddly, because *Brazil* is a comedy, it may seem closer in style to Woody Allen's *Sleeper* (1973) than to more sober works. What will certainly make *Brazil* unique, besides the fact that playwright Tom Stoppard wrote one of the drafts of the script (Gilliam and Charles McKeown wrote the other), is Gilliam's use of dream imagery, a device which will come as no surprise to those familiar with Gilliam's hallucinatory animations or his previous film. A journey through the dream world of a boy, *Time Bandits* kicked off with the image of a knight on a charger crashing through the wardrobe of a sleeping boy. According to Gilliam, that single image was the catalyst of the film.

Similarly, *Brazil* is the product of a single dream image that haunted Gilliam. "I had an image of somebody sitting on a beach," he says. "A beach blackened by coal dust. Somebody just sitting there in the evening with a radio and a haunting song, *Brazil*, coming over the airwaves, romantic sounds suggesting that somewhere out there, far from the conveyor belts and ugly steel towers, is a green and wonderful world. The story that developed from it has nothing to do with this image, except that everything sprang from it. That attitude is still there in the film, and is very much a part of it."

For Gilliam, dreams have always been crucial. "As a child, dreams were the best part of living," he says. "Today, dreams are the one thing that keep me going. When I'm depressed, I'll have a dream and suddenly get back on my feet again."

What sort of dreams does Gilliam (and perhaps by inference his protagonist) have? "Filthy dreams," he says with a laugh. "Well, in fact, they're not all filthy. Just the good ones." He adds: "Dreams are the ultimate expression of individualism, and as such I think they should be banned. Obviously they lead to social unrest. When people dream, they are escaping from oppression. It's all very dangerous."

Clearly, Gilliam's jokes underscore what he sees as the real significance of dreams: they are expressions of individual longings that are often at odds with accepted social behavior. "I suppose," he agrees. "But I try to avoid analyzing them. I think we should just enjoy them when they're good and hope they don't recur when they're bad."

As a filmmaker, Gilliam is in a position to share his dreams, good and bad, with the public—and to find the right actors to populate them. Jonathan Pryce, who plays the lead in *Brazil*, was Gilliam's first choice to play the part when he began to work on the script a few years before *Time Bandits*. "By the time we got around to making the film, we were all a lot older," says Gilliam, but Pryce, an acclaimed stage actor, still got the part.

Casting the role of Sam Lowry's dream girl was perhaps more difficult.

"We found Kim Greist, a New York actress who had been in a horror film called *CHUD*, after one of those massive 'hunts.' It was an awful experience, looking for the girl of your dreams, especially when you've got a wife and two kids at home. I was terrified I might actually find her."

The oddest bit of casting in the film involves Robert De Niro, the acclaimed American actor who plays the fugitive Tuttle in *Brazil*. Gilliam explains that De Niro had always been a fan of the Pythons and their work, and that *Brazil* gave De Niro a chance to—well, to do something completely different. "It's a kind of heroic surrogate-father part, much like the Sean Connery role in *Time Bandits*," says Gilliam. "Needless to say, I was thrilled when he agreed to do it."

Michael Palin, another ex-Python member and Gilliam's collaborator on the *Time Bandits* script, rounds out the cast as Jack, Sam's best friend.

It's clear that *Brazil*, like *Time Bandits*, remains a very difficult film to categorize, in part because, unlike the classics of dystopic cinema, *Brazil* is not set in the future. Perhaps like Arthur C. Clarke, Gilliam is trying to tell us that "the future isn't what it used to be." Perhaps for Terry Gilliam, the present is already weird enough. 17

Security guards, minions of the totalitarian bureaucracy that controls society in *Brazil*, flank a luckless "bagee."



LETTERS

DO 'BLOWUPS HAPPEN'?

Dear Editor:

I have only one complaint about the otherwise delightful "Twisted Shadow": in reality, nuclear plants do not blow up. Now, I realize it is rather strange to criticize a fantasy story on the grounds that something in it is not realistic. And, you will note, I have not criticized as similarly unrealistic the story's scene depicting a séance. But there is a difference.

There is, fortunately, no political movement in this country trying to impose its belief in the occult on the rest of us (not counting Jerry Falwell). We have, however, suffered from a well-financed and powerful movement that has succeeded only too well in imposing upon the rest of us equally fantastic beliefs: that nuclear plants will blow up, or melt down to China, or that their invisible radiation will silently kill us all, or that recombinant DNA experiments will produce monsters à la Dr. Moreau.

In a sane world one would no more need worry that the ending of "Twisted Shadow" gives credibility to anti-science superstitions than one worries that inclusion of séances gives credibility to the occult. But I do get upset when exploding nuclear plants seem to march off the pages of *Twilight Zone* magazine and onto the placards of the Clamshell Alliance. At times I suspect

that some of the characters in the contemporary American political drama sprung from the pen of Rod Serling.

—Richard Katz
New York, New York

ELEPHANT ON ICE

Dear Editor:

In his review of *Iceman* back in your October issue, Gahan Wilson mentions the frozen, perfectly preserved mastodon found—and eaten—in Siberia. "Until I saw this movie," he says, "I never realized the arrogance and stupidity of what the Russians did.... My God, can you believe it? I mean, they actually ate the fucker?!"

Please inform Mr. Wilson that there were reasons behind their eating the mastodon: the Russians who did it were Zeks—political prisoners in the U.S.S.R.

Under Joseph Stalin and others before and after him, political prisoners were consigned to prison camps scattered across the Soviet Union. The prisoners were underfed and overworked. They died like flies.

In *The Gulag Archipelago*, Aleksandr Solzhenitsyn described the mastodon-eating incident in some detail. The Zeks were not guilty of "arrogance and stupidity"; they did what was necessary for their survival.

—Michael Porzani
Washington, D.C.

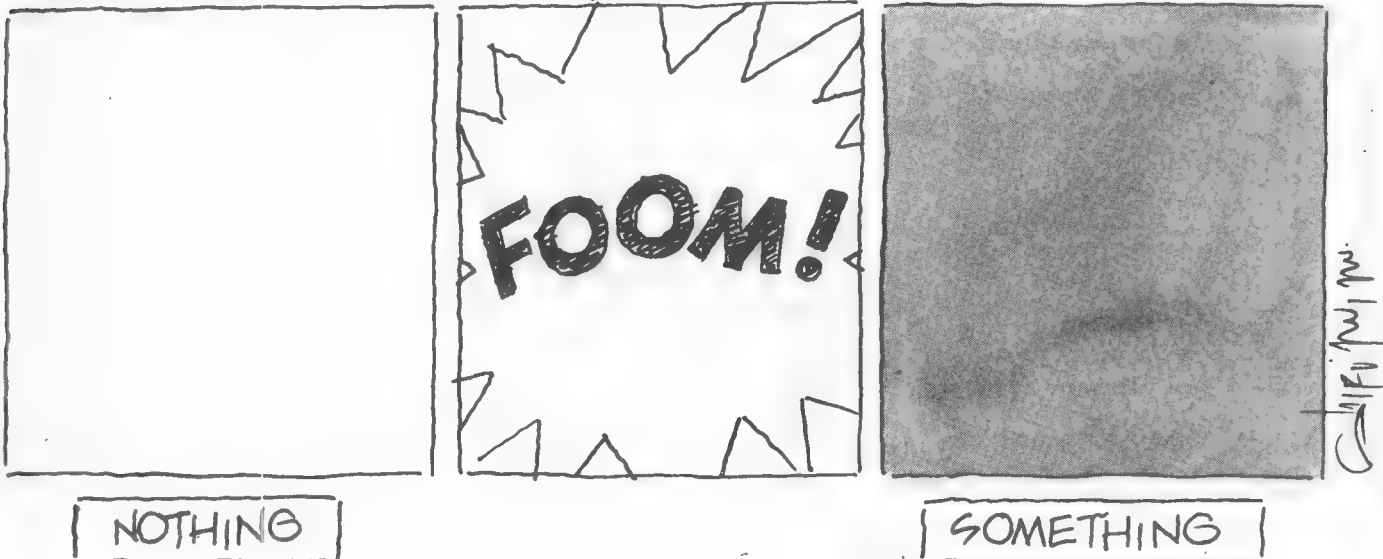
NECROMATTERS

Dear Editor:

Although I thoroughly enjoyed Robert M. Price's "The Curious Career of Lovecraft's *Necronomicon*," I must correct some bogus philology the author unwittingly included in the piece. Price states "Necronomicon" was supposed to mean [according to Lovecraft] 'The Image of the Law of the Dead,' but Lovecraft's Greek was a bit spotty; according to Lovecraft scholar S.T. Joshi, the title actually means just 'Concerning the Dead.' Having earned my degree in ancient Greek under Baylor University's renowned Dr. C.R. Cutter, I can state with pedantic certainty that the translations of both Lovecraft and Joshi are spurious.

I consulted my *Liddell and Scott's Greek-English Lexicon*—itself regarded as "an ancient volume of unspeakable horrors" by generations of first year Greek students—and confirmed what I thought to be the proper translation. *Necronomicon* is derived from two Greek words: *nekros* "dead" and *nomikos* "relating to the law." "Of Matters Relating to the Law of (the) Dead" is one of several plausible translations. (My pantagruelian sense of humor couldn't resist "a dead, sexless lawyer" as another grammatically possible, but highly unlikely, rendering.) Joshi's translation omits the "legal" element altogether, while Lovecraft's translation

THE BIG BANG THEORY OF CREATION



LETTERS

adds the word "image." It may be possible that Lovecraft construed "-nomicon" not as an inflected form of *nomikos*, but rather as a dubious combination of the Greek words *nomos* "law" and *eikon* "image, 'icon.'"

Another dubious rendering, "The Book of Dead Names," crops up in the article as a subtitle of a modern edition of the *Necronomicon* compiled by Colin Wilson and George Hay. Perhaps its fabricators had in mind a combination of Greek words *nekros* "dead" and *onoma* "name."

—George M. Hollenback
Houston, Texas

CANADIAN AS APPLE PIE

Dear Editor:

I read, with great interest, Gahan Wilson's review of the movie *Ghostbusters* in the December 1984 edition of your publication.

I was quite surprised, however, to read his comment that:

Ghostbusters is one of those really dandy comedies which make me want to unfurl the flag and salute my heritage. Only Americans can make movies like *Ghostbusters*, because only Americans are nuts in exactly the same way . . .

I would like to point to Mr. Wilson that Ivan Reitman (*Ghostbusters*' director) and actors Dan Aykroyd and Rick Moranis are all Canadians. Harold Ramis (who coauthored the script with Aykroyd and also stars in the movie) was the head writer of the SCTV (Second City Television) program, another product of Canadian origin. I am not sure, but I think that Mr. Ramis is also a Canadian.

Although I agree with the highly complimentary review that Mr. Wilson gave to *Ghostbusters*, I felt that I should be at least one Canadian who "unfurls his flag" and "salutes his heritage" by setting the record straight as to the Canadian creative origins behind the year's most successful motion picture.

Thank you for your attention.

—William D. Griffiths
Unionville, Ontario

Dear Editor:

Open your eyes, Gahan! That flag you're saluting has two red bars and a maple leaf: Aykroyd, Ramis, and Moranis are all certified Canadians. I believe that Reitman is a naturalized Canadian. And some of my friends

even vouch that Weaver and Potts have some Great White corpuscles in their blood (this possible inaccuracy provided so all you flagwaving Americans can gain revenge by correcting me).

Ever notice how Canadians are often perceived as more American than Americans? Sounds like something out of *The Twilight Zone*, doesn't it?

—D. L. Sproule
Victoria, British Columbia

CLASSIC SANTA CLAUS

Dear Editor:

Gahan Wilson wasn't only extremely fair in his review of *Gremlins* (TZ December '84), he was also extremely modest. He cites many of the film's shortcomings but neglects to mention that Phoebe Cates' stuck-Santa story was a blatant rip-off of one of his own classic cartoons.

Interested readers can find the original on page thirty-seven of Mr. Wilson's collection *I Paint What I See*. They'll also find the book a better investment than the movie.

—Stefan R. Dziemianowicz
Union City, New Jersey

THE GREMLIN GENERATION

Dear Editor:

Re: Gahan Wilson's reviews of this past summer's movies—bang on. The comment of my fourteen year-old son at the end of *Indiana Jones* summed it all up: "I kept wondering when the movie was going to start."

As for *Gremlins*, the summer's least charming offering, the only interesting thing about it was the subtext. If the Giant Insect films of the '50s were engendered by a fear of The Bomb, *Gremlins* is obviously the embodiment of the angst of the new baby-boom parent. The Me Generation has lately turned to the new experience of parenthood, which they imagine as the cooing delight generated by the first glimpse of the mogwai. But ah, baby psychology rears its ugly head. If you don't treat this little darling *exactly* as the experts tell you to, presto, he turns into a snot-faced snarling little monster wreaking havoc on all your carefully acquired possessions—and eager to chew up Mommy and Daddy, too.

Let's hear it for *Ghostbusters*, which gave us what we wanted—laffs.

—Heather Griffiths
Orleans, Ontario

SEX-FREE FUTURE

Dear Editor:

Apropos one of the "Etc." items ("Things to Come" Dept.) in the December issue, in which Jan Morris looks forward to a future in which babies will be made by "implant" or by swallowing a pill, "and the clumsy indulgences of coitus will have long lost their purpose":

The item brought to mind a movie I saw back—way back—in about 1929 or 1930. It starred the comic El Brendel and its title was *Just Imagine*.

Briefly, Brendel is struck by lightning and killed while playing golf. In a daring experiment, a sane scientist (as opposed to a mad one) brings him back to life a hundred years later.

Brendel is taken on a guided tour of the marvels that science and technology have wrought and applied to fashion a new world and a new style of society and life.

They stop to observe a young couple who approach a machine and, after considering the side that says BOY and the side that says GIRL, make their choice and drop a coin in the slot. There is a whirring and a flashing of lights and out comes a baby, wrapped in a blanket, in a crib.

Brendel throws up his hands and says, "Give me the good old days!"

—Joe Buckstein
Portland, Oregon

JUNK THE JUMPS

Dear Editor:

I have every issue of *Twilight Zone*, and it's a great magazine. What was one of its best features was that the reader could read a story or article to its conclusion without that very annoying statement, "Continued on page such-and-such." You're starting to do that now, more and more—and I can find no good reason for it.

Please go back to your old format, whereby one can start a story or article and finish it without a "Continued . . ."

—William P. Lubensky
Bartlesville, Oklahoma

We try to avoid "jumping" stories, a practice we too find disagreeable, but sometimes a last-minute demand for advertising space—or, less happily, the last minute deletion of an ad—forces us to reshuffle the pagination. However, you can rest assured that (continued on page 108)



BEN AT THE WINDOW

*The land for miles around was dry as dust.
Why, then, did he hear the sound of waves?*

by Jon Cohen

Ben sat in his chair waiting for the lizard. He imagined it crawling up the side of the house toward his window as it followed the warming rays of the morning sun. Sometimes it came at night, when the moon was up, clutching the screen and basking in the moonbeams as if they too gave off heat. In daylight the lizard was a delicate green jewel, symmetrical and finely detailed. At night all Ben could see was its dark outline pressed against the screen, and the sudden small jerkings of its head.

His daughter had never seen the lizard. Rosa had never seen *any* of the things that had come to Ben since he moved in with her. Or smelled or heard them. Because that's the way it all began, with a faint smell, a strangeness in the air—and an impossible sound.

It had been weeks ago, Ben's first night in Rosa's house. He pulled an armchair slowly across the wooden floor of the guest room, his room now, and, placing it beside the open window, already out of

breath, he eased himself down into it. There he sat thinking, and looking out at the darkened swells at the edge of Rosa's land. His first night, and already he could not bear to be in the tiny room. He knew that when Rosa finally took him she would put him in a cold corner of her house, and in a thousand small ways make him feel ancient and ignored. Ben sat long into the night, lost, oblivious to all but his restless thoughts.

The smell must have been drifting through the window a long time before he noticed it, for he became aware of it in degrees. Like a dog catching the trace of a scent, he lifted his head and sniffed the air. Impossible. He leaned against the window and sniffed again deeply. No, this was Iowa. The wind picked up. A warm breeze poured through the window, blowing back Ben's white hair. The breeze carried a scent of sand, and rich, blossoming vegetation. And of water and salt. Ben stood before the window taking in great breaths of ocean air.

BEN AT THE WINDOW

He turned and hurried to the door. "Rosa," he called. "Rosa, come quick."

At the far end of the hall a light came on. Ben watched Rosa pulling on her grey robe as she moved quickly toward him.

"Dad, what is it? What's the yelling all about?" She switched on another light, and he squinted at her through the harsh glare.

"Can you smell it?" he said. But now that his daughter was next to him, the ocean air seemed to flow from the room, out the window again and into the dark night.

"Smell what?" she said. "Something burning?" She made snuffling noises as she moved her sharp nose through the air.

"Not burning. Don't you smell something salty, something strange?" He did not say the word ocean—it would be too much.

She squinted at him. "Dad, I cleaned and aired this room before you came."

"I didn't mean that, Rosa."

"Well, what did you mean? It's late."

"I just smelled something, that's all," he said quietly.

Rosa spoke as she backed toward the door. "Go back to sleep. I'm not in the mood to investigate smells at this time of night." She brushed past him and moved off down the hall.

Ben waited until the light went out in her room, then returned to his window. The smell had disappeared; there was no warm breeze. He sat in his chair in the dark. He grew sleepy. He fell asleep just before dawn, before the wind picked up again, bringing with it the unmistakable fragrance of the sea.

At breakfast the next morning Rosa cooked his eggs without speaking to him. He watched the stiff bun on the back of her head as she moved around the kitchen. Before coming to her he had promised himself not to cause trouble. And now, the first night in her house, he had upset her.

"I'm sorry about last night, Rosa," he said as she set his plate in front of him.

She smiled tightly but did not reply. He looked up at her, then quickly down at his eggs. "I know it's not easy taking me on like this. You don't how I appreciate it."

"I did what was right," she said. "You couldn't do for yourself, so here you are. And as long as I can care for you, I will." She jabbed the air with her spatula. "But don't you start any foolishness. Don't make things any harder than they are." She turned back to the stove. "There. I said what had to be said. Now eat those eggs and forget about last night."

But he knew she wouldn't. He knew that inside her head Rosa was making a list, and that last night was the first thing on it.

There was not much Ben could do to pass the days. He tried walking a bit on the low, dry hills beyond Rosa's property, but his legs were shaky and he never got very far. Leaning on his stick, he would peer into the distance, past the dusty farmland, looking for something he could never quite see. If he did not go for his walk he would read a little in the mornings and again in the afternoons until his eyes grew tired. As for helping out Rosa, she made it clear he could do nothing for her, and that the closer to invisible he could become, the better. When she got home from work he would say hello, then ease on upstairs to his room. After a while, he did not even bother with the hello, but hurried off when he heard her car pull into the drive. Was this distant, dreary woman really his daughter?

Most of the time he sat before his window. He sat for many days and nights, so long that he began to doubt those first incredible smells. It was the beginning of his second month with Rosa, on a hot summer evening, that the moist salty fragrance drifted in again through the window. And he heard it. The sound of the ocean was so distinct, seemed so close, he was sure that if it were daytime he would see it. It was not an old man's imagination. He was not slipping. There was an ocean out there—his insides told him this. He was so sure of it this time that he knew Rosa would have to believe him.

"Rosa," he called softly from his room. He called again, and a light came on. She opened her door and peered out.

"Yes, yes. What is it?"

Ben went down the hall and reached for her hand. "Come to my room," he said careful to hide his excitement. He wanted to share with her. It was magic, after all, and magic was something Rosa could use a strong dose of. She drew her hand away, but followed him to this room.

"Listen," he said. "And smell."

"Oh, Dad, not again." She turned away, but he took her arm.

"Please," he said. But even as he held her, he knew it was hopeless. The night had become still, the ocean no longer hissed and churned in the distance. He released her arm and walked to the window.

"Something was out there, at the edge," he said. "I felt it. And I heard it." He did not turn around as Rosa walked back down the hall to her room and closed her door.

Ben did not go down to breakfast the next morning. He lay in bed until he heard Rosa's car start, then got up and sat in his chair. He watched as a gull landed beneath the window. Then another bird, a very large white one. He went to the dresser to find his glasses. As he returned the room suddenly filled with squawks and cries. Outside, a spectacular array of birds swooped through the blue

sky. Others perched in the trees or ran in swift bursts across the lawn. These were not Iowa birds. They were pelicans and herons, gulls of all kinds, and terns and sandpipers. Shore birds.

Through the clamor of the birds he could hear the water again, though he could not see it. He watched for a long time and was very happy. He had not been to the beach often in his life, but he had loved it. Something in the waves, in the massive serenity of the water, had touched him. More than that: the ocean had called to him. Standing on the beach, he was sure he had heard a sound, rich and pure and beautiful. But he had never answered the call. And now that he was too old to make the journey, the ocean and all of its strange creatures were coming to him.

He wanted to walk among the birds. He went downstairs and into the kitchen to get bread. They had traveled a long way to be with him; it was the least he could do. He wasn't sure they ate bread, but he could think of nothing else to give them. When he finally opened the back door and stepped out into the yard, the birds had disappeared. Had he scared them off? Was he only supposed to watch from his window? Then he heard a car door slam and he turned around.

"Rosa," he said. "You're home from work early."

She studied the bread in his right hand. "It's Saturday. Don't you know what day it is?"

"Yes, of course I do." He held up the bread and tried to smile. "I was going to feed the birds."

She looked around, frowning. "What birds?"

"Well, they're gone now. Your car scared them off."

"Are you sure there *were* any birds, Dad? Or are you just imagining things again?" She said the last word carefully.

It angered him. "I'm not imagining. There were birds out here, lots of them. Kinds you've never seen. And as for last night, I smelled the ocean and I heard it. I felt it. And you could too if you'd just try."

For a moment Rosa just stared at him. "Ocean?" she said. "Ocean?" She backed away from Ben as if he had something she might catch.

"That's right. Ocean. So now what are you going to do with me, Rosa?" She turned and walked deliberately to the back door. He threw his handful of bread at her retreating figure. It dropped to the ground a few feet before him.

Ben rarely left his room during the weeks that followed. Rosa cooked his morning eggs, but only he would speak. He told her about the wonderful things that appeared before his window. He had something new to describe to her every morning. He talked and talked because it did not matter. He had overheard her calls to nursing homes and convalescent centers. He knew what she was up to.

The world outside his window continued its transformation. He watched as day by day sand engulfed Rosa's property. The sand lifted and curved itself into dunes. Along the back edges of the dunes thick vegetation began to grow, tropical plants of every variety. There were coconut trees and banana plants, orchids, vines, and growing things he'd never seen. Most of it was in bloom and smelled so sweetly that when Ben inhaled he became dizzy.

The birds came back. And great tortoises pulled themselves across the sand. Dragonflies of every color buzzed in front of his window. There were lizards, too, more with each new day. They skittered about or clustered together in the sun. Some climbed along the sides of the house. One of them came every day and sometimes at night, settling on Ben's window screen. He stared at it, marveling at the bright stripe along its back and the green scales that glittered like little jewels.

The ocean was there too, alive and moving, its color changing as the sun rose and fell in the sky. The ocean dominated the scene. His eyes never wandered from it for very long. It drew Ben into its rhythm. He watched the dolphins arching just beyond the surf, and the whales spouting in the distance. At night he fell asleep in his chair, lulled by the murmuring of the waves.

Rosa had found a place for Ben. She would tell him in the morning, then gather up his things and take him away. It was best done quickly. She would be smart not to let him brood. She had provided a good home for him and he'd ruined it with his crazy chatter about pelicans and lizards and oceans. She had tried, and now she refused to feel sorry for him.

As she rehearsed her plans, she became conscious of a rich musical sound, like a single note held by a French horn. She listened as it called again. What is he up to? She pulled on her grey robe and hurried to the top of the stairs. One final resonant note echoed and reechoed through the night. And then silence.

He's outside, she sensed. He's up to some kind of craziness out in the yard. She ran down the stairs, through the kitchen and to the back door. Opening it, she stood in the moonlight. Instantly she smelled the salt air, and instantly denied it.

In the distance, in the hollow of the dunes, she saw Ben's still form. She approached him carefully, unable to take in the inconceivable landscape which surrounded her. She leaned over his body. His clothes were wet, and in his hair tiny bits of coral and sand sparkled like stars. And at his lips, as if to signal his passage into a world whose call he had at last answered, he held a large conch shell. She sat down beside him. The ocean roared, and Rosa watched, still unbelieving, as the huge wave crashed down upon them and swept them out to sea. 17

Barter

*In a world of cat barf and babies,
what was a poor housewife to do?
The little man had just the answer.*

by Lois McMaster Bujold



Her pancakes were all running together in the center of the griddle, like conjugating amoebas. Too much milk in the batter, Mary Alice thought. She should have measured it. She poked dubiously at the fault line with a spatula, trying to chivy the congealing paste back to its original assigned quarters. The spatula, cracked down the middle from metal fatigue, hooked some of the half-cooked goo on its ragged edge and drew it out of the pan as she was setting the tool down. It dripped on the burner, and smoked. She batted at it hastily with a kitchen towel, which scorched and sparked.

The television blared suddenly from the next room at triple volume. "Turn it down!" Mary Alice screamed. *The Space Kidettes* at any audible level was bad enough, but this ... She glanced at the digital clock, which read three sixteen a.m. in glowing red numerals. Since the sun was shining outside, she deduced the kids had been messing with the reset button again. No matter—if it was *The Space Kidettes*, it had to be nine thirty a.m. Saturday. I have measured out my life not in coffee spoons, she thought bitterly, but in tv schedules. She bounded into the living room, hands pressed to her ears.

"Down!" she screamed again, and blasted the button herself. "You let your baby brother mess with those controls again, and I'm going to turn it off!" The Ultimate Threat ...

"Aw, Mom ..."

"You're out there, I'm not—you're supposed to be keeping an eye on him."

"I didn't see him."

"How could you not see him—he had to be standing in front of you to turn the knob!"

Baby brother deedled to himself in loud delight, and emerged around a corner dragging a cat by its hind leg. "Let the cat go, Bryan ..."

Janie huddled, miffed, closer to her electronic panderer of injection-molded delights, eyes widening lustfully at Malibu Barbie with Swimming Pool, fifteen cents worth of assorted petroplastics bloated to a week's grocery budget. "Mom, I want one of those for Christmas ..."

"It's August, for God's sakes," snapped Mary Alice, retreating to her kitchen. The pancakes were burning and the other cat was up on the counter top, lapping out of the batter bowl.

"Aargh!" gritted Mary Alice. She scooped up the cat and flung it back into the living room, hoping the baby would get it, too. She stared into the bowl, wondering how much the cat had eaten, and where. It wasn't like margarine, where the rough tongue left little tell-tale swirly grooves, that helped you figure out which side to cut off. She carried the bowl to the sink and skimmed off a token ladleful or two, dropping them into the disposal side with a white splat. Well, it was all going to be cooked anyway ...

Her eldest son swaggered through. General Teddy Han Solo Moore, Jr., age seven. On his way to bat-

tle, evidently; massing his troops.

"Mom, have you seen Luke Skywalker?"

"I think your baby brother had him. He's probably bitten his head off by now, the little geek ..."

"What kind of pancakes are those?"

"Banana."

"I don't like banana."

"So, pick out the banana pieces—out, out, you little ingrate," she snarled. "I'll call you all when it's ready."

Her husband slinked past, toward the kitchen door.

"Where are you going? Breakfast is almost ready."

"Coffee's all I want. I'm going to start my diet again today."

"I fixed for five."

"I can't help that."

"You could've told me."

"You didn't ask me. Anyway, I'm going down to Lawson's with Harold Krieger to get some out-of-town papers. Gonna help him look through the help wanteds."

Going to the video arcade, she thought in numb resentment, to blow another five bucks on Pac-Man with ol' buddy Unemployed Harold. And I didn't buy a shower cap last week, for the fourth month in a row, because two dollars and sixty-nine cents was too much to spend and I *can* tie my hair out of my face with that old scarf, which hasn't *quite* rotted through ...

"All right, kids, come eat."

"Mom, can I have mine in the living room?"

"I don't like banana!"

"Deedle-deedle ..."

"Mrwowrrr ..."

She hurtled through the living room on a fast roundup, using the flat of her hand like a cowboy's bullwhip. Keep those dawgies movin', Rawhiiide ... Janie refused the already-poured orange juice and demanded ice water, two cubes. General Solo picked out banana pieces with elaborate scorn. Deedle-deedle, with high shrieks of "Die, die!", threw all his to the cats, who swirled like sharks beneath his high chair. Mary Alice was not sure if the cries were directed to his breakfast or the bombees.

Mary Alice, grimly, ate her way through two adult portions, thinking of the starving children in China, and wishing there were some way to teleport them all her leftovers. A silence fell, briefly, and she took her first slurp of coffee of the morning. It had been poured some time back, and was now cold. In the quiet, from the living room, floated a liquid choking sound, rich, rhythmic, and resonant; one of the cats was throwing up. On the carpet, of course. They never did it on the linoleum.

The morning was all downhill from there. Janie walked through the cat barf before Mary Alice could

get to it, because she was pulling Bryan off the counter top where he had just field-stripped the Mr. Coffee filter basket into its six constituent components. It was simple enough to snap back together—Mary Alice was becoming quite practiced—but it had been full of wet coffee grounds, which were now poured down the stove burners. Malibu Janie and General Solo had a screaming argument over Which Channel; Mary Alice flatly refused to referee on the grounds that any way you looked at it, she lost, caught between the Scylla and Charybdis of Strawberry Shortcake and Smurfs. The dishes, refusing to do themselves, remained piled and the counter top, an obstacle course for foraging cats. Cats, contrary to rumor, are not graceful beasts at all, but klutzes. They knocked Mary Alice's last remaining large platter on the floor, where it shattered.

Mary Alice stood in the kitchen doorway and vibrated miserably, torn between the cat vomit and the sharp slivers of crockery lying ready to slice bare feet. She just could not keep slippers on those kids. She had a vision of a morning spent in the emergency room, waiting for stitches to be taken in wounds festering with Cat Germs.

It was then that the doorbell buzzed.

Mary Alice, muttering words that should not be said out loud in front of children, clawed the door open, ripping a fingernail. "Whatever it is, we don't want ..." she began, and paused.

What an *odd* little man. Not an inch over five feet, he had a pale, loose complexion, and breathed asthmatically. He was dressed in a shimmering, silken material that seemed to move through all colors, no colors, unnameable colors, as he moved. A suitcase of a sort, like a salesman's sample case but covered with a similar material, hung by his side—floated, Mary Alice realized; he wasn't holding on to it. Mary Alice, alone with three children and two cats, might have been alarmed, but she made it a rule never to be afraid of men shorter than herself. Besides, he looked ill.

"Give me," he gasped, in an odd, guttural accent, "all your ammonia."

"I beg your pardon?" She sucked on her bleeding finger, gone wide-eyed.

"Ammonia—must have ammonia. Have no money—will trade. What price ammonia?"

As it happened, Mary Alice was in very good shape with respect to ammonia. There had been a coupon special that week at the supermarket, two for the price of one. Mary Alice loathed coupons. They made her feel like a rat in a paper maze, jerked through a lot of meaningless motions, cut and save, fold and paste, push the lever and ring the bell, for a reward of a few pennies. But they were like money, and you couldn't throw money away.

She eyed the little man in awed fascination. "Uh ... what have you got to trade?"

His answer was drowned in a sudden blare of noise from behind her, its content, if any, obliterated in its volume. She fled out the door and slammed it behind her, like dropping a portcullis against massed shock troops. It helped some. He was opening his—sample case? Candy store? Engineering department? Odd-shaped objects glittered and gleamed in the case, and Mary Alice blinked, dizzied.

"Look, uh, Klaatu, Beelzebub, whoever you are—you're welcome to my ammonia, if you really need it. The only thing I need is an off-switch for my kids, and I'm sure you don't have *that*..." She smiled, an artificial rictus, at her own old joke.

The little man brightened. "Ah!" he said. "Biostasis field. Very easy, nice lady. Have lots of spares."

Mary Alice froze, then thawed, trembling slightly. His words, devoid of clear denotation to her whirling mind but fairly pulsing with implicit promise, conjured ecstatic visions. She almost grasped his sleeve, but drew her hand back, a little afraid he might pop out of existence like the soap bubble he rather resembled, without even a drip to mark his passing.

"Come in," she breathed, "come in to my kitchen. Watch your step..."

The three kids, glued to the tube—it was a commercial—didn't even look up as they passed. Mary Alice wished she'd bought stock in Kenner in 1976. She tiptoed through the shards on the kitchen floor and dragged back a sticky chair for her visitor. He sat, heavily, with a grateful smile. His wheezing was becoming quite noticeable. "Nice lady," he gasped. "Ammonia—now?"

"Uh, sure." She bolted down to the basement, where the ammonia and other cleaning compounds were stored on a high shelf, theoretically out of the reach of deedle-deedles. Although since the incident with the bag of powdered sugar and the bottle of Palmolive Green from the top pantry shelf, she had lost faith in height alone as a safety measure. She tramped back up the stairs with a half-gallon plastic jug anchoring each arm. She heaved one into his lap with an anxious smile. "Bo-Peep Cloudy all right with you?"

He nodded, wheezing, and fumbled the cap off. He blinked and smiled as the fumes rose. "Yes..." he aspirated, and attempted to raise the bottle to his mouth with weak and trembling arms. It slipped, sloshing ammonia onto his shimmering clothing. It did not soak in, neither did it bead, but sheeted off into a messy puddle on the floor, leaving not a track behind. "Help... me..." he whispered.

Hoping sickly that she wasn't helping him to commit suicide, she popped to the Dixie cup dispenser. Empty. She tried the cupboard—also empty; the glasses were all stacked with the rest of the dishes, encrusted with food, stale milk rings, and greasy fingerprints. Wait, there was one—Janie's

McDonald's Going Places cup. Mary Alice glanced nervously over her shoulder—Janie usually had screaming fits when anyone else dared to use her private cup. But her middle child was still ensconced in the living room. Mary Alice grabbed a jug and plugged in ammonia level with the top of Birdie's green airplane, nerved herself, and held it hastily to her guest's lips. He drank greedily, thanking her with grateful golden eyes. The pupils, she noticed, were diamond-shaped, not round.

He finished the cupful and sat a little straighter, breathing more quietly and steadily. He rested a few minutes in the chair, not speaking, apparently regaining his strength. He took another glassful of Bo-Peep Cloudy, and recapped the jug. Mary Alice had set the second jug on the floor. Now she pushed it shyly toward him with her foot. "You were saying something about a stasis field?" she reminded him hopefully.

"Biostasis field," he corrected. "Yes. Use all the time for traveling. Very easy. You want remote switch?"

"Uh... I guess."

"All right. I fix." He knelt, reopened his case, and rummaged within. He paused a moment, picked up the second jug and tightened its cap securely, and set it within the case. The bottle shrank, melting and curling away from Mary Alice—but not toward any other part of the kitchen. It curled away from all sides at once. When it was reduced to the size of a straight pin, her guest placed it carefully in a holder displaying a long row of other tiny, ambiguous shapes, and sighed satisfaction.

"How many you want?" he inquired. "You call in children, I fix."

"Well, there's Teddy, and Janie, and Bryan..." Her eye fell on one of the cats, sleeping stretched out in the middle of a sunbeam on the kitchen table, its tail resting across a plate pooled with pancake syrup and floating banana bits. Teddy always poured too much syrup. She felt a slight maternal qualm at the thought of subjecting her firstborn to an unknown operation. "Can you do cats, too?" she asked.

"Can do anything," he stated confidently.

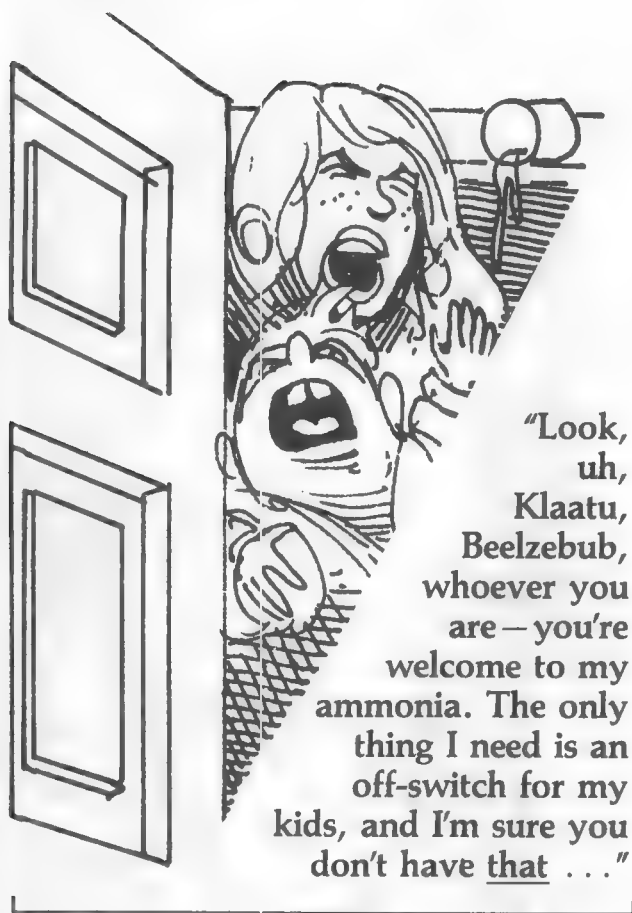
"All right—let's start with that one," she pointed.

The cat was placed on her guest's lap, where it settled, pouting at having its nap disturbed. The little man stroked it, then held a curious device the size of a cigarette lighter above the back of the beast's neck. A strange blue light, at once transparent and material, descended into the thick black fur and vanished.

"Okay, see." He handed her the device. "Press here."

The cat jumped down, stretching disdainfully. Mary Alice pressed. The cat froze in a blink, as though strobed. Unbalanced, it fell over and lay stiffly.

"Wow," Mary Alice breathed. "How do you



start it up again?"

"Press there."

The cat flipped indignantly to its feet and scampered off.

"I'll call the other one," said Mary Alice happily, pressing the electric can opener. At its quiet whirr, both cats appeared as though conjured. The operation was repeated in a moment. Mary Alice experimented for a few minutes, turning the cats on and off.

"How long does this thing keep working?" she asked. "I mean, do the batteries run down or anything?"

"Not run forever," the little man said. "Takes big power, you bet. Power cell only good for—your time ..." He lost himself in a mental calculation, lips moving. "One hundred ten years."

"That'll be okay," she reassured him. "That'll be just fine." She moved to the doorway of the living room. "Oh, Teddy ..."

She lined them up on the couch, one, two, three, like the Chinese monkeys, with the cats on either side like bookends. Last of all she turned off the television set. Silence, blessed silence, fell, broken only by the drip, drip of the refrigerator defrosting itself.

"Must you go so soon?" Mary Alice asked the little man. "You only just got here. Shouldn't you rest?"

"Must go," he shrugged.

"But my husband isn't home yet. He could roll in any time now. Just a few more minutes? Please?"

The little man shook his head apologetically. "Must go."

"Wait." An idea tugged at Mary Alice's brain. It was worth a try, anyway. "Just one second—" She galloped back down the basement stairs, and returned in a flash with another white plastic jug with a red and blue label. "Can you use any of this?" It was only three-quarters full, but still ...

He uncapped it, and sniffed. His face lit up. "Ah!" he cried. "Hootch!"

He tilted the Clorox jug up on his arm, hillbilly style, and took a swallow. "Ahhh!" He smiled, then belched hugely. Mary Alice, remembering what had happened in her toilet the time she had mixed ammonia and chlorine bleach, thinking to clean and disinfect at the same time, was not surprised. "Nice lady. Maybe I got one, two more minutes ..."

They waited, Mary Alice popping up every few minutes when a car was heard passing, or a car door slammed in the neighborhood. With a few moments' quiet, she began to think.

"You know," she said after a while, "my husband doesn't really need an off switch."

"Oh?" said the little man. "I go, then."

"No, wait—what I mean is, do you have anything like an, uh—an *on* switch, in the bag of tricks?"

The little man rubbed his lips thoughtfully, and took another slug of Clorox. "Sounds like a focal stimulator."

"What's that?"

"We use instead of toxic caffeine-laden beverage. To work."

"Work, eh? That sounds about right," Mary Alice mused, "Can I trade you that gallon of Clorox for one?"

The little man looked at the jug respectfully and grinned. "Nice lady, you got deal."

Mary Alice sat back down and prayed for a power outage at the video arcade. At last came the familiar engine noise in the driveway, the crunch of gears and the squeal of brakes.

"What's this, company?" asked Teddy, Sr., entering the kitchen.

"Uh, hello, dear. Mr., uh, Klaatu is a Jehovah's Witness. We've been having the most fascinating conversation ..."

"Oh," he said, his eyes glazing over. "Well, I'll leave you to it, then." He turned on the water, and rummaged in the cupboard for a suitable vessel. He finally chose a sherbet dish, and drew a drink of water. The little man, from his chair, sighted upon the back of her husband's neck. The glowing red

(continued on page 82)

THE MAGISTRATE'S PILLOW

*His dreams were prophetic — and so
were his nightmares.*

by Gordon Linzner

Whump!
The palanquin was deposited with a jolt at the gateway of Lord Nakima's residence. Its four bearers collapsed, panting, at the roadside.

Within the curtained cab, Fujiya yelped a protest at this final, painful indignity. Then he moaned in harmony with the creaking bamboo frame.

Fujiya thought he would have made better time traveling afoot. Certainly he'd have been more comfortable. His buttocks ached from jouncing over rough and hilly roads, his fingers were cramped from gripping with one hand the overhead strap and with the other the silk-wrapped package on his lap, and his legs were all but numb below the knees. The crimson of his traveling cloak was hidden by a layer of grey and yellow dust. Fujiya wanted a hot bath, a massage, and a bowl of warm rice wine.

His master wanted the package first.

Two youthful guards in light wooden armor and with but one sword apiece drew back the curtains, and helped Fujiya out. Fujiya staggered as though drunk for the first few paces, almost tripping over his kimono, but his stern grey eyes cut short the laughter of Lord Nakima's less-favored retainers.

"Our orders were to conduct you to Lord Nakima the moment you arrived," said one guard, almost apologetically. "May I carry that package for you?"

Fujiya shook his head. He, too, had orders. Wordlessly, the guards hastened him through the garden in the forecourt, up the short flight of steps to the main building, and along the familiar corridor to their master's private quarters.

Lord Nakima squatted on a straw mat in the center of the room, body bent forward, long chin thrust out, rubbing his hands together, a human praying mantis clothed in a dressing gown of plain grey cotton. His lips curled up and his brown eyes glittered as the door panel slid open. Fujiya just had time to kick off his sandals before crossing the threshold in his white toe-socks.

"You have it!" exclaimed the lord, clapping his hands.

"As you commanded." Fujiya held out the package with both hands, while he knelt to bow.

Lord Nakima waved him forward. "Never mind formalities now. Bring it here." He glanced past the



Illustration by Brad Hamorn

traveler's shoulder at the two guards waiting uneasily outside his chamber. "Well? Have you no other duties?"

The pair bowed deep and closed the door. Fujiya heard the scrape of their sandals fade along the corridor.

The silk ripped beneath Lord Nakima's long, anxious fingers. He tossed the cloth aside and lifted his prize into the afternoon light streaming through the lattice window.

It appeared to be an ordinary block of wood, painted black, splintered along the edges. The concave support for the neck lacked the silk padding to which Lord Nakima was accustomed. There was a drawer in which the user could store a notebook for recording stray impressions—a bedtime diary—and this slid open easily at the lord's touch. Inside was only a scrap of paper on which one of the eight beautiful views of Lake Biwa—the one of boats sailing back from Yabase—had been sketched. Lord Nakima crumpled this into a ball and tossed it after the rent silk.

"Fool," he muttered. Then, addressing Fujiya: "There was no difficulty about the price?"

"None, my lord. How should there be? For what you paid, you could have purchased half the pillows in Edo."

"None like this, Fujiya. This pillow has unique properties."

Fujiya's head bobbed. "The seller claimed it could induce restful dreams through soothing images. He'd been renting it out nightly to local bureaucrats."

Lord Nakima shook his head. "What a waste of potential! What a banal use for the fabled pillow of Magistrate Okinobu!"

Fujiya made no response.

Lord Nakima sighed. "I sometimes forget the gaps in your education due to your rough origins, Fujiya. In his time, Okinobu was the most renowned magistrate in Honshu, in fact in all the islands. He never resorted to torture to extract the confession required for an execution. Do you know why?"

Fujiya shrugged.

"Because at the trial he could describe every criminal detail to the guilty party, as clearly as if he'd been there. As he was, in a sense. Look at the workmanship of this pillow, Fujiya. Consider that it is more than a century old. Does it not surpass any you have ever seen?"

Fujiya bent forward, eyes focused on the object clutched by his master. "It appears quite fine, but my experience in such matters is limited."

"Come, Fujiya. A masseur, blind from birth, could see the quality. This pillow was crafted by tengu. Those elusive, long-nosed forest goblins gave it to Okinobu after he risked his life and position to protect a favored grove of sakaki trees from woodcutters, and of course they incorporated their magic

in the gift. It does far more than preserve an elaborate coiffure and keep the mattress free from hair-grease while one sleeps! The magistrate would place scraps of paper bearing the names of the disputing parties into this drawer before retiring. When this was not possible, as in the case of an unknown murderer, a paring from the victim's nails often sufficed. The crime was reenacted in his dreams. By dawn, Okinobu knew exactly what had happened!"

Road dust tickled Fujiya's nose. He stifled the sneeze. "A valuable pillow, if that is so. The price still seems high. Rarely is my lord required to settle such matters personally."

Lord Nakima lowered the pillow to his lap. "Of all my retainers, only Fujiya is permitted to speak so freely, and not only because you saved me from the earthquake. I value your advice. Listen. You know that for some time I have suspected the Lady Saisho of betraying me with a lover. More than once, I enlisted your aid setting traps for them. They proved too sly. I kept close watch these last few days, while you were away, but the man did not appear, did not so much as send a poem! Tonight, Fujiya, I shall place my wife's name in the drawer. By morning we shall see whose head decorates a pike outside my gate!"

Fujiya took this in with widening eyes. "Such a plan outshines in subtlety the humble workings of the mind of this faithful servant of Lord Nakima."

The lord chuckled at this overdone flattery, a private joke between himself and his retainer. "The rough journey has addled your wits, that's all. I've kept you from your bath long enough. Go, Fujiya. I need you fresh and rested tomorrow." His fingers drummed along the pillow's edge. "It promises to be a busy day."

As the last light of day seeped through the lattice windows of her chamber, Lady Saisho touched up the blacking on her teeth with a soft feather brush. She did not glance from her mirror as the door slid open. The serving girl had come unbidden, but the lady recognized her modest tread.

"Forgive me, Lady Saisho. I bear distressing news." The slight young woman prostrated herself in apology.

"Dear me," replied the lady, after another application of the brush. "It must be serious, to upset you, Etsu. You are my rock."

The servant nodded vigorously. "Lord Nakima knows you have a lover."

"Really, Etsu! That is no news." Satisfied with her teeth, Lady Saisho put down the brush and reached for a nukabukuro. The small cotton bag, filled with rice-powder, was dipped in a shallow dish of perfumed water before she smoothed it over her face to enhance her pallor.

"But now he will discover his identity!" Etsu blurted out.

Lady Saisho hesitated a fraction of a second

THE MAGISTRATE'S PILLOW

before continuing her toilet. "How? Will you tell him?"

"I, my lady?" Etsu's face turned pale as rice-powder at the suggestion. "Not even if I knew his name. Truly, if I did not see evidences on certain mornings that I tidied your chamber, I would not believe there *was* a lover."

"So?"

"The reason for Fujiya's trip to Naniwa is known. Lord Nakima sent him to obtain an enchanted pillow that will disclose all. He intends using it tonight."

"This, too, is no news, Etsu. You are not the only person under this thatch roof on whom I can rely." She smiled gently. "Your warning is no less welcome, though."

Etsu licked her lips. "What will you do?"

"What can I do? What happens, happens. At least I will look my best. Come, Etsu, do not cry. The sun is down, and my lantern's light uncertain. I need your help if these stubborn eyebrows are to be properly plucked."

“E ee-yah!”

The shout echoed in every room, heard even by the sentries at the gate. Feet, sandaled and unshod alike, caused corridor floorboard to shiver. From either wing of the main residence came confused shouts.

"What is it? What happened?"

"A fox has made its den beneath the house!"

"Beneath the lord's chamber!"

"Nonsense! It is the old lord's ghost! I heard the priest warn Lord Nakima not to neglect his father's shrine!"

"Superstitious fools! It is only a burglar!"

"What! A band of brigands!"

"Ninja! Assassins!"

In Lord Nakima's chamber, there was no need for rumors and wild guesses. Fujiya reached the door panel at the same moment as two of the nightwatch, who approached with swords drawn. Another pair came up as the retainer yanked the panel aside, tearing the opaque paper. Behind them were Lady Saisho and her servant Etsu.

"My husband! Is he ill? Is he killed?"

Fujiya silenced her with a gesture. Taking an iron lantern from a guard, the retainer entered the dark room. His candle's flame flickered weirdly, reflecting off the sheen of perspiration that coated Lord Nakima's bare torso.

"I see you!" cried Lord Nakima. He knelt with one knee on his sleeping mat, covers thrust aside. The long sword kept by his bedside was gripped tightly in both hands. He brandished the weapon at his visitor.

Fujiya flattened against the wall, well out of his Lord's reach. Foolishly, he had neglected to bring his own sword. Although he would not have dared to

to use it against his master.

The armed guards followed, also staying beyond Lord Nakima's range. They were good warriors because they knew how to kill. They were not great warriors, because they did not know how to best an opponent without killing.

Lord Nakima's pupils were dilated. His mouth was twisted in an horrific grin. A dry cackle escaped those lips. His head jerked from side to side, like a wild fowl's.

"Monster!" he shrieked. "I know you lurk here! I hear the rustle of your footsteps! I see the great green scales of your body, smell the acid of your breath! Come! Try to grasp me in your pincers! I'll chop off your legs one by one! Your armor will not save you!"

"Amaterasu preserve us!" moaned a guard. "Our lord is mad!"

"Not mad," whispered another. "Possessed by some demon!"

Fujiya pondered this. "If so," he said, "the devil must be exorcised, and our lord ritually purified."

Four guards now stood within the chamber with Fujiya. Lady Saisho and Etsu watched from the threshold. More guards and half-dressed servants filled the corridor. Their whispered speculations on the nature of the disturbance reminded the lady of a swarm of crickets.

In other circumstances, she'd have smiled at the image.

"I will send for the priest," offered Etsu.

Fujiya shook his head. "Minutes may count. We must get Lord Nakima to the temple."

"Cease your chattering, fiend, and do battle!" Spittle trickled down Nakima's long jaw. His sword slashed out. Its edge was a lightning flash in the wavering lantern glow. Since the lord held to his mat, however, none of the retainers was in real danger.

So far.

"Easy to say," an older guard replied to Fujiya, "but I do not think Lord Nakima wishes to go. We could overpower him, but I for one would not risk injuring my lord."

"Nor I," Fujiya argued, "though he may do himself greater injury." Taking a deep breath, Lord Nakima's most trusted retainer moved toward his master.

One pace.

Two. Three.

"Hai! At last you leave your foul nest, monster! Now know the taste of honest steel!"

"I am man, not monster, Lord Nakima."

"Father of lies!"

"Look." Fujiya raised the lantern until it shone full on his face. "Remember Fujiya? The gambler who dragged you from certain death when the earth opened under your feet in Yakato and to whom you gave this position as reward?"

**"Monster!" he shrieked.
"Come! Try to grasp me in your
pincers! I'll chop off your legs
one by one!"**

"Pincers. Claws. Grinding mouth-parts." Lord Nakima's facial muscles twitched. "Fujiya?"

"You've fallen into another pit, my lord. A deeper one. You cling to the edge by your fingernails. Let me pull you free once more."

"Bristles like spikes." Fujiya stood just within Nakima's reach now.

The sword licked out.

Lady Saisho gasped, and two guards muttered in astonishment. Fujiya's dressing gown hung limp where the blade had cut through cotton. None could tell if flesh had also been severed. Still, Fujiya stood. The wound, if any, was not serious.

Fujiya swallowed. "Lord Nakima. Please. Let me help you. Give me the sword."

Fujiya's free hand reached slowly forward. The fingers trembled, unnoticed in this dimness. Now, if Lord Nakima chose, he could lop off Fujiya's hand.

Now his arm, to the elbow.

The guards began whispering again. Lord Nakima's eyes seemed to glaze.

"Quiet!" spat Fujiya.

The corridor fell silent.

Fujiya took another step, placing his life wholly in his master's hands. He leaned forward stiffly.

"The sword, my lord."

Steel flashed. Etsu stifled a scream with her sleeve.

Lord Nakima presented the weapon hilt first to his retainer.

Fujiya let out a breath he had not known he'd held.

"A nightmare," said the lord through dry, crackling lips. His limbs quavered. "Yet so vivid! I heard the monster stalking me, Fujiya. Even when I'd woken. I was sure..."

Fujiya placed the weapon on its stand. "The priest will cleanse these horrors from your mind, my lord. At the temple."

Two guards came forward, blades sheathed. Each took an arm to aid Lord Nakima. The lord came unprotesting, pausing only to meet Fujiya's gaze.

"Come with me, Fujiya."

"As you wish."

Lady Saisho slipped into the chamber and busied herself straightening her husband's bedclothes. Her hand rested for a moment on the wooden pillow. She looked inquiringly at Fujiya.

The retainer nodded sharply and turned to follow the guards. Already a palanquin was being readied for travel, bearers roused, procession lanterns lit.

Etsu watched her mistress from the threshold.

"I want to be alone at the scene of my husband's tragedy, Etsu. I wish to add my prayers for his recovery."

"If my lady requires assistance...?"

"I said alone!" Then, softer, "Yes, Etsu. Find my copy of Tsurayuki's *Kokinshu*. I will have you read some poetry at my bedside, in a little while."

Etsu bowed and slid the door shut. Lady Saisho listened to the delicate footsteps wane.

She opened the drawer of the pillow as far as it would go. Her name, in angry calligraphy, stared up at her. Lady Saisho ignored the slip of paper. Bracing herself, she yanked on the open drawer. With a crack, a thin piece of wood snapped in two. She thrust the splintered halves of the false back up her sleeve. A rolled sheet of paper, twisted closed at both ends, now lay exposed. This, too, vanished up her sleeve.

The dawn was cool and clear. Lady Saisho was awake to greet it. Dismissing her attendants, Etsu included, she walked alone in the garden. She said she wished to meditate.

With the first grey sunlight had come a messenger from the temple. Lord Nakima would recover, but he must stay in retreat at the monastery for perhaps a week, perhaps a month. Lady Saisho expressed the proper sentiments. She was fond of Lord Nakima, and wished him neither mad or dead—unless, of course, the lives of her lover and herself were at stake.

When she was certain that none observed her, Lady Saisho drew the twisted paper from her sleeve and opened one end. A tiny green beetle landed on her palm. Its shining body, with white spots on the end of the abdomen below the wing cover, contrasted pleasingly with her pale skin.

"Poor thing. You must be hungry." So it should be, having eaten all the leaves that had been wrapped within the paper to keep it alive. Lady Saisho placed the insect gently on the leaf of a berry bush. "Gorge yourself, little one. You have saved more than one life today."

She then buried the broken strips of wood beneath the bush, where disturbed ground would be least noticeable.

How wise of Fujiya, to guess Lord Nakima's plan and take measures to preserve his lady's life. And, of course, his own. How clever his hands, to fashion that false back in secret on the road from Naniwa!

Lady Saisho smiled, exposing blackened teeth, anticipating other clever things Fujiya's hands would do tonight. 17

Rod Serling's
THE TWILIGHT ZONE
Magazine

Awards Ceremony!

May 16, 1985

at New York City's Famous Tower Suite

Based on your votes in our special Readers' Poll, TWILIGHT ZONE Magazine will present awards to the Best Movie of 1984, Best Novel of 1984, Best TZ Short Story of 1984, and Best TZ Artwork of 1984.

This will be a golden opportunity to meet the writers and artists you've seen in the pages of TWILIGHT ZONE—plus performers you'll be seeing in the year's upcoming films.

Among The Highlights:

- Special celebrity award presenters!
- Guest speakers!
- Exclusive previews of this summer's hottest movies and books!
- Prizes—passes to major films, *Twilight Zone* magazine subscriptions, and more!
- Unlimited hot and cold hors d'oeuvres, premium liquors, and beverages!

The Twilight Zone Awards Ceremony will take place on Thursday, May 16, 1985, beginning at 4 p.m. in the Tower Suite. Located in the penthouse of the Time/Life Building, the Suite is renowned for its superb cuisine, beautiful decor, and breathtaking view of the city.

A SPECIAL OFFER TO TZ READERS: Reservations accompanied by check postmarked before March 15, 1985, will cost \$20.

Thereafter, ticket prices are \$25 each.

Join us in the media event of the year! Reservations are on a first come, first served basis and will be limited to 150 people—so act quickly!

Checks should be made out to
TZ Publications: Awards Ceremony.

INVITATIONS WILL BE MAILED OUT IN APRIL 1985.



Barter

(continued from page 77)

blur sang quietly as a mosquito through the air and vanished into the skin of the nape.

"Do you want anything to eat, dear, after skipping breakfast?"

"Oh no. Harold and I stopped at McDonald's. I had two Big Macs, fries, and a shake, so I guess I don't want anything till lunch..." He yawned. "See if you can keep the kids quiet, huh? I'm going to try to get a nap, and—"

Mary Alice pressed her button.

Her husband blinked. "—clean out those gutters. Should have done them last fall, y'know. There's no time like the present..." He bounded energetically back out the kitchen door, heading for the garage and a ladder.

The little man shouldered his Clorox bottle and bowed his way out.

"Do stop by again, any time you're in the neighborhood," Mary Alice invited cordially. "Just let me know you're coming, and I'll lay in plenty of ammonia and bleach. Bye!"

She turned back to her house with a sigh. She had much to do herself, but at least it wouldn't be undone four times faster. One could not keep the kids switched off all the time, of course—thirty years down the line, applying for Social Security, she might still have a pre-schooler in the house if she were too self-indulgent. But there was no rush. First she would clean the kitchen, then the rest of the downstairs. Then, perhaps, she might sit down with a glass of fresh iced tea, and listen to a record. Not the high, piping voices of Chipmunks or Smurfs, hiccupping over the peanut butter jammed in the grooves, but a record of her own, maybe *Parking Plays Bach*. The television would remain off. The silence was not total; scraping noises from the eaves intruded gently through the summer-open windows, but that was all right. She began to sweep the kitchen, planning her day. Her day. ☐

QUIZ / Herman M. Sawick

CELEBRITY AUTOGRAPH HUNT

1 Michael Coady

2 Marsha White

3 Henry Cavill

4 Helen Foley

5 Savina Bodwin

6 Wilfred Harper

7 Roger Shuckelord

8 Max Phillips

9 James B.W. Davis

10 Wallace V. Whipple

11 Sam Cusick

12 Major Ivan Kuchenko

13 OLIVER CRANGLE

14 Mr. Goldsmith

Martin Landau A

Theodore Bikel B

Richard Dean C

John Anderson D

Robby McElwaine E

Janice Pennington F

Mickey Rourke G

Jack Palance H

Milton Berle I

Anthony J

Anne Francis K

George C. Scott L

Orson Bean M

Jeanne Tripplehorn N

You'll probably recognize the signatures in the second column; they're the autographs of some of the leading actors and actresses who turned in star performances on *The Twilight Zone*. Those on the left are the characters they played—signed by the same performers. Match the names in Column One with those in Column Two—and name the episodes. (Hint: If you're not up on your *Twilight Zone* trivia, you can always try matching the handwriting.)

(answers on page 100)

SPECIAL REPORT:

'THE TWILIGHT ZONE' RETURNS

The celebrated series is about to be revived. Look for thirteen new episodes on your tv screen next fall. Jefferson Graham reports.

The *Twilight Zone* is coming back to television—with new episodes and old ones updated. It will return as a one-hour anthology show next fall, once again on CBS, courtesy *Simon and Simon* producer Phil DeGuere.

When the series originally ran on CBS from 1959 to 1965, the show never made the top twenty. Yet now the network wants it back with a "very contemporary" look. "The show does exceedingly well in syndication"—that's CBS program chief Harvey Shepard's explanation for why he wanted to bring the show—and the genre known as mystery anthology—back to prime-time television. "We can't continue to turn out new things all the time. We try to do things that are different every once in a while. We were looking at the success of the show in syndication and the enormous popularity of the Steven Spielberg films. Many of them deal with elements of the show. Perhaps the public is ready for it again."

Trying to appeal to Spielberg's audience isn't the only reason CBS is stepping back into the *Twilight Zone*. It also happens to be free. After the show left the air waves in 1964, Rod Serling sold the rights to CBS. To bring it back, all the network has to do is reach into its library, dust off the old scripts, hire some new actors, and find a musician who can write background music as well as Bernard Herrmann.

Mystery anthology programs have been away from prime time since ABC's *Darkroom* went off the air in 1982. That show was produced by Peter Fischer, the man who brought the mystery genre back to CBS this season in one of the year's only new hits: Angela Lansbury as sleuth Jessica Fletcher in *Murder, She Wrote*.

"The revival is really just a new way of saying that we're doing a one-hour mystery anthology show—and that oh, by the way, it happens to be called *Twilight Zone*" says DeGuere.

"What we're doing is a *Twilight Zone* for today. It's not like bringing back *The Man from U.N.C.L.E.* or something like that."

He says that he plans to use some of the original scripts, that he'll "update them for the '80s." Which means that if someone was waiting at a bus station in an old script, the new *Twilight Zone* would find that person at an airport. Many of the stories will be set in the 1990s. "But maybe we'll cross into the twenty-first century as well," he says. "We don't want to date ourselves too much." The series' scope: "imaginative fiction that takes place tomorrow, one day or one week in the future." DeGuere keeps busy in a little office at CBS, where he's going over *Twilight Zone* scripts and artifacts and doing a lot of reading—one book in particular: *The Twilight Zone Companion* by Marc Scott Zicree. "We're really indebted to the guy who wrote that

book," says DeGuere. "He really zeroed in on what the original show did."

The new *Twilight Zone* will feature three stories a week, both new and old, and it will probably have a narrator. The question of whether DeGuere will give some poor actor the tough assignment of following in Rod Serling's footsteps as the new host is, he says, undecided. "We have many months down the road for that one."

DeGuere shot to fame in television circles as the creator of *Simon and Simon*, the action-adventure show about two wise-guy San Diego detectives that was so successful it spawned a host of imitators—*Hawaiian Heat*, *Miami Vice*, *Hardcastle and McCormick*, and others. He also produced last season's *Whiz Kids*, the CBS adventure show about four teenage kids who fight crime via computer. And he has a new show for CBS's mid-season called *Otherworld*, which he



DeGuere

calls a cross between *Star Trek* and *Lost in Space*. It's about a family that goes on vacation in a faraway land and but gets lost in—you guessed it—another world. Try as they might to get out of it, chances are that if the ratings hold up, they won't be going nowhere.

DeGuere has signed James Crocker—who, he says, has written more *Simon and Simon* episodes than any other writer on the show—to be a producer/writer for the new *Twilight Zone*.

In its attempt to reach Spielberg fans, CBS hopes to tap the same audience that flocked to recent films like *Poltergeist* and *E.T.* Yet Spielberg followers didn't line up at the box office for his *Twilight Zone—The Movie*. There he hooked together four stories, three from the original show, with new casts, bigger and better special effects, and directors John Landis, Joe Dante, and George Miller. Besides proving a box-office disappointment, the film also set off a furor in Hollywood over the on-the-set deaths of actor Vic Morrow and two young kids.

DeGuere responds by calling the film and his new show "two completely different animals. The film had many unfortunate aspects," he says, "and the film was an homage to the original show. One can say now with twenty-twenty hindsight that there apparently weren't enough people who wanted to see an homage. We're not an homage. We're 'Let's do it now.'"

NBC also wants to do it now—with a guy named Steven Spielberg. He's been signed to produce a new show called *Amazing Stories*, which the network says will be a cross between *Twilight Zone* and *Night Gallery*. Using some stories from *Amazing* magazine, the show will appear next fall.

NBC also has another mystery anthology on the schedule, *Scene of the Crime*, which will premiere in January or February with a two-part format. The shows begins with the traditional narrator setting up the scene of a crime and introduces the audience to the various suspects, all of whom give their alibis for why they couldn't possibly have committed the murder. Clues are shown on the tv screen and the narrator sums it all up before the commercial. The at-home audience must try and figure out whodunnit. The host shows who did it, and how. Who's the host? None other than Orson Welles, who was CBS's first

choice to narrate the original *Twilight Zone*. When Welles didn't work out, the network turned to Rod Serling. The rest, as they say, is history.

The second half hour features "a little mystery with a twist ending," according to executive producer Jon Epstein, "not unlike *Twilight Zone*, *Darkroom*, or *Alfred Hitchcock Presents*."

Speaking of the master of suspense, would you believe that he's coming back to tv too? That's right. He's returning to NBC, where his half-hour show played from 1960 to '62. A May pilot episode of *Alfred Hitchcock Presents* will present three mysteries featuring new actors, updated stories, and color film—as well as Hitchcock himself. They did it to *The Twilight Zone*, they're doing it to Hitch: for the three episodes, NBC will use the old black-and-white introductions Hitchcock did for his show and will color them by computer.

Networks are funny institutions. Someone makes a decision one day that mysteries don't work, and all of the sudden they're gone from television. Then one person decides to bring 'em back, and you've got *Twilight Zone*, *Hitchcock*, *Amazing*, and *Scene of the Crime* all in one year. "These cycles just go round and round," says Jon Epstein, producer of *Crime* and another old mystery show, *McMillan and Wife*. "Police shows were a no-no four years ago, now they're back. Westerns have disappeared; they will be back when one clicks. Bloopers were in, now they're gone. But they were a fad. Mysteries are more of a staple. I don't think the mystery genre has ever really been completely away. It never disappeared. It just wasn't on tv. All it takes is some courage from a network to try it."

"I don't think someone at a network sat back and said, 'It's time for mystery anthologies again,'" says DeGuere. "Network programmers are always looking for things that are fresh. Right now they're in a middle period. Sitcoms are not as strong as they were in the past, and neither is the traditional one-hour show. Flip-pant, light action-adventure has been working best, but there's a limit to how many of those you can run. So they decided it was time to take a flyer. Cable is eroding the audience, and imaginative fiction is in the films. What it all adds up to is, 1985 was the year for *Twilight Zone* to come back." 17



Ellison

Editor's note: As we were about to go to press, we heard rumors that, in addition to head writer James Crocker, fantasy novelist Alan Brennert (Kindred Spirits) had been hired as a story editor on the new Twilight Zone—and that Harlan Ellison will also be working on the series. Says Ellison: "I am officially the creative consultant. I'll be working with raw story ideas to insure there is no imitation of stories that have already been published or that have previously been on the air. If a plot idea is already familiar to an audience that's grown up with The Twilight Zone and with science fiction and fantasy in general, or if there's a problem with its logic, it'll be my job to suggest other ways in which the story can be done more originally and with greater impact." He adds: "I am not buying scripts, and I cannot help anyone get a job, so don't phone me! I'm already getting calls from friends I haven't heard from in five years."

Like *Night Gallery*, each of the hour-long shows will consist of several shorter episodes running anywhere from ten minutes to half an hour. (Under consideration is an original story of Ellison's called "The Keeper of the Lost Hour," involving, among other things, the time one loses crossing the International Date Line.) The initial contract with CBS calls for thirteen hours of material, and executive producer Phil De Guere hopes to have them all "in the can" by June, for a projected series debut in September.

MY DARKEST FANTASY

(continued from page 19)

ugly, fuzzy, multilegged, and ravenous leap out on me. Nor did I find those initialed and graffiti-carved seats—when there *were* seats—the more inviting. I figured that no matter how precariously I might perch myself, some nameless horror from the pits of sewer-dimension would find access to that part of my anatomy I most prized.

In spite of these unpleasanties, come Saturday night a bunch of the guys—the ones who couldn't get dates—would cruise over to over to the drive-in, stopping a quarter mile outside the place to stuff one member of our party in the trunk, usually the fellow who had the least money to pool toward entrance fees. Then we would drive up the pay booth and would promptly be asked, "Got anybody in the trunk?"

Obviously we were a suspicious-looking lot. Still, we never admitted to a body in the trunk, and for some reason we were never forced to open up. Instead the ticket seller would eye us over for a while, trying to break our resolve. Finally, he would take our money and we would drive inside. My Plymouth Savoy was rigged so that the man in the trunk could push the back seat from the inside and it would fold down, allowing our unthrifty and generally greasy contortionist to join our party.

That Savoy—what a car, what a drive-in machine! What a death trap. It took a two-man crew to drive it. The gas pedal always stuck to the floor, and when you came whizzing up to a red light you had to jerk your foot off the gas, go for the brake, and yell, "Pedal." Then your copilot would dive for the floorboard, grab the pedal, and yank it up just in time to keep you from plowing broadside into an unsuspecting motorist. However, that folding back seat made the sticking pedal seem like a minor liability. The Savoy was a popular auto with the drive-in set.

The drive-in gave me many firsts. The first sexual action I ever witnessed occurred there, and I don't mean on the screen. At the Apache the front row was somewhat on an incline; and if the car in front of you was parked just right and you were lying on the roof of your car, any activity going on in the back seat of the car ahead was quite visible, providing it was a moonlit night and the movie a particularly bright one.

The first sexual activity that in-

cluded me also occurred at a drive-in, but that is a personal matter, and enough said.

The first truly vicious fight I ever saw was at The Riverroad. A fellow wearing a cowboy hat got into some kind of shindig with a hatless fellow right in front of my Savoy. I've no idea what started the fight, but it was a good one, matched only by a live Championship Wrestling match at the Cottonbowl.

Whatever the beef, the fellow with the hat was the sharper of the two, as he had him a three-foot length of two-by-four while all the other fellow had was a bag of popcorn. Even as the zombies of *Night of the Living Dead* shuffled across the screen, the Hat laid a lick on Hatless's noggin that sounded like a beaver's tail slapping water. Popcorn flew and the fight was on. It went on, fast and furious, until a bunch of drive-in personnel showed up and tried to separate the boys. That's when the chili really hit the fan. There were bodies flying all over the lot as relatives and friends of the original brawlers suddenly dealt themselves in. One guy got crazy, ripped a speaker off a post, and went at anyone and everybody with it. He was good, too. The way he whipped that baby around made Bruce Lee and his nunchukas look like a third-grade carnival act.

While this went on, a fellow in the car to the right of us, oblivious to the action on the lot, wrapped up in *Night of the Living Dead*, and probably polluted on Thunderbird wine, was yelling in favor of the zombies, "Eat em, eat em!"

Finally the fight moved on down the lot and eventually dissipated. Half an hour later I looked down the row and saw Hatless crawling out from under a white Cadillac festooned with enough curb feelers to make it look like a centipede. He sort of went on his hands and knees for a few yards, rose to a squatting run, and disappeared into a winding maze of automobiles.

Them drive-in folks, what kidders.

The drive-in is also the source for my darkest fantasy; I refrain from calling it a nightmare, because after all these years it has become quite familiar, a sort of grim friend. For years now I've been waiting for this particular dream to continue in a new installment, but it always ends on the same enigmatic note.

Picture this: a crisp summer night in Texas. A line of cars winding from

the pay booth of a drive-in out to the highway, then alongside it for a quarter mile or better. Horns are honking, children are shouting, mosquitoes are buzzing. I'm in a pickup with two friends who we'll call Dave and Bob. Bob is driving. On the rack behind us is a twelve-gauge shotgun and a baseball bat, "a badass persuader." A camper is attached to the truck bed, and in the camper we've got lawn chairs, coolers of soft drinks and beer, and enough junk food to send a hypoglycemic to the stars.

What a night this is. Dusk-to-Dawn features, two dollars a carload. Great movies like *The Tool Box Murders*, *Night of the Living Dead*, *Dawn of the Dead*, *Zombies*, and *I Dismember Mama*.

We finally inch our way past the pay booth and dart inside. It's a magnificent drive-in, like the I-45, big enough for three thousand cars or better. Empty paper cups, popcorn boxes, chili-and-mustard-stained hot dog wrappers blow gently across the lot like paper tumbleweeds. And there, standing stark white against a jet black sky, is a portal into another dimension; the six-story screen.

We settle on a place near the front, about five rows back. Out come the lawn chairs, the coolers and the eats. Before the first flick sputters on and Cameron Mitchel opens that ominous box of tools, we're through an economy size bag of 'tater chips, a quart of Coke, and half a sack of chocolate cookies.

The movie starts. Time is lost as we become absorbed in the horrifying campy delights of *Tool Box*. We get to the part where Mitchel is about to use the industrial nailer on a young lady he's been watching shower, when suddenly—

—there is a light, so red and bright the images on the screen fade. Looking up, we see a great crimson comet hurtling toward us. Collision with the drive-in is imminent—or so it seems. Then, abruptly, the comet smiles, splits down the middle to show a mouth full of grinning, jagged teeth not too unlike a power-saw blade. It seems that instead of going out of life with a bang, we may go out with a crunch. The mouth gets wider, and the comet surprises us by whipping up a fiery tail that momentarily blinds us.

When the crimson washes from our eyeballs and we look around, all is as before. At first glance anyway. Because closer observation reveals that



everything outside the drive-in—the highway, the trees, the tops of houses and buildings that had been visible above the surrounding tin fence—are gone. There is only blackness, and we're talking *blackness* here, the kind of dark that makes fudge pudding look pale. It's as if the drive-in has been ripped up by the roots and miraculously stashed in limbo somewhere. But if so, we are not injured in any way, and the electricity still works. There are lights from the concession stand, and the projector continues to throw the images of *Tool Box* on the screen.

About this time a guy in a station wagon, fat wife beside him, three kids in the back, panics, guns the car to life and darts for the exit. His lights do not penetrate the blackness. As the car hits it, inch by inch it is consumed by the void. A moment later, nothing.

A cowboy with a hatful of toothpicks and feathers gets out of his pickup and goes over there. He stands on the tire-buster spears, extends his arm ... and never in the history of motion pictures or real life have I heard such a scream. He flops back, his arm gone from hand to elbow. He rolls on the ground. By the time we get over there the rest of his arm is collapsing, as if bone and tissue have gone to mush. His hat settles down on a sloppy mess that a moment before was his head. His whole body folds in and oozes out of his clothes in what looks like sloppy vomit. Carefully I reach out and take hold of one of his boots, and upend it. A loathsome mess pours out and strikes the ground with a plopping sound.

We are trapped by the drive-in.

Time goes by, no one knows how much. It's like the Edgar Rice Burroughs stories about Pellucidar; without the sun or moon to judge by, time does not exist. Watches don't help either. They've all stopped. We sleep when sleepy, eat when hungry. And the movies flicker on. No one even suggests cutting them off. Their light and those of the concession stand are our only lights, and should we extin-

guish them, we might be lost forever in a void to match the one outside of the drive-in fence.

At first people are great. The concession folks bring out food. Those of us who have brought food share it. Everyone is fed.

But as time passes, people are not so great. The concession stand people lock up and post guards. My friends and I are down to our last kernels of popcorn, and we're drinking the ice-and-water slush left in the coolers. The place smells of human waste, as the restrooms have ceased to function altogether. Gangs are forming, and cults based on the movies, including a zombie cult that stumbles and staggers in religious mockery of the "dead" on the screen. And with the lack of food an acute problem, they have taken to human sacrifice and cannibalism. Bob takes down the shotgun. I take down the baseball bat. Dave has taken to wearing a hunting knife he got out of the glove box.

Rape and murder are wholesale, and even if you've a mind to, there's not much you can do about it. You've got to protect your little stretch of ground, your automobile, your universe. But against our will we are forced into the role of saviours when a young girl runs against our truck while fleeing her mother, father, and older brother. Bob jerks her inside the truck, holds the family at bay with the shotgun. They are part of the Zombie Cult and run as if they are cursed with a case of the rickets. They start to explain that as the youngest member of the family, it's only right that she give herself up to them to provide sustenance. A chill runs up my back—not so much because the suggestion is horrible, but because I too am hungry, and for a moment, their words seem to make good sense.

Suddenly the father leaps forward. The shotgun rocks against Bob's shoulder and the man goes down, hit in the head, the way you have to kill zombies. Then the mother is on me tooth and nails. I swing the bat and down she goes, thrashing at my feet like headless chicken.

Trembling, I hold the bat before me. It is caked with blood and brains. I fall back against the truck and throw up. On the screen the zombies are feasting on bodies from an exploded pickup.

Rough for the home team. Time creeps by. We are weak. No food. No water. We find ourselves looking at the

rotting corpses outside our pickup for far too long. We catch the young girl eating their remains, but we do nothing. Somehow it doesn't seem so bad. In fact, it looks inviting. Food right outside the truck on the ground, ready for the taking.

But just when it seems we are going to join her, there is a red light in the sky. The comet is back, and once again it swoops down. When collision looks unavoidable, it smiles with its jagged teeth, peels up, and whips its bright tail. And when the glow burns away from our eyes, it is daylight and there is a world outside the drive-in.

A sort of normalcy returns. Engines are tried; batteries have been unaffected by the wait. Automobiles start and begin moving toward the exit in single file, as if nothing has ever happened.

Outside, the highway we come to is the same, except the yellow line has faded a bit and the concrete has buckled in spots. But nothing else is the same. On either side of the highway is a great dank jungle. It looks like something out of a lost world movie.

As we drive along—we're about the fifth automobile in line—we see something move up ahead, to the right. A massive shape steps out of the foliage and onto the highway. It is a tyrannosaurus ~~mex~~ covered in batlike parasites, their wings opening and closing slowly, like contented butterflies sipping nectar from a flower.

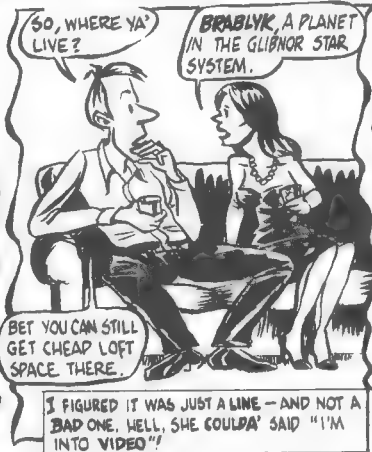
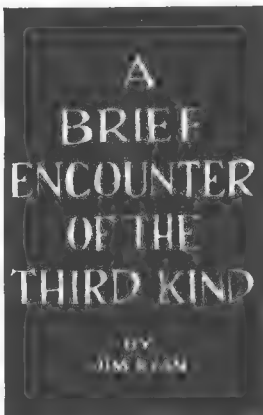
The dinosaur does nothing. It gives our line of metal bugs the once-over, crosses the highway, and is enveloped by the jungle again.

Once more, the caravan starts. We drive onward into a prehistoric world split by a highway out of our memories.

Riding shotgun, I glance in the wing-mirror on my side. In it I can see the drive-in screen; and though the last movie should still be running, I can't make out any movement there. It looks like nothing more than an oversized slice of Wonder Bread.

Fade out.

That's the dream. And even now, when I go to a drive-in, even the beat-up Lumberjack Theater here with its cheap tin screen, I find myself occasionally glancing at the night sky, fearing that out of the depths of space there will come a great red comet that will smile at me with a mouthful of saw-blade teeth and whip its flaming tail. 17





THE FIRST 'TWILIGHT ZONE' EVER!

Where Is Everybody?



Photos courtesy Carol Serling

by
Rod Serling

*The original
television script
first aired on CBS-TV
October 2, 1959*

CAST

Mike Ferris.....Earl Holiman
Air Force General.....James Gregory
With.....John Conwell, Paul Langton,
James McCallion, Jay Overholts,
Carter Mulavey, and Gary Walberg

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

1. EXT. SKY NIGHT

Shot of the sky ... the various nebulae and planet bodies stand out in sharp, sparkling relief. As the camera begins a slow pan across the Heavens—

NARRATOR'S VOICE

There is a sixth dimension beyond that which is known to man. It is a dimension as vast as space, and as timeless as infinity. It is the middle ground between light and shadow—between man's grasp and his reach; between science and superstition; between the pit of his fears and the sunlight of his knowledge. This is the dimension of imagination. It is an area that might be called the Twilight Zone.

The camera has begun to pan down until it passes the horizon and is flush on the opening shot (each week the opening shot of the play).

We are now looking down the small two-lane asphalt highway. It is dawn, the road is deserted save for a small diner on the left hand side. A broken neon light flashes on and off over the front door. From inside the sound of a rock-'n'-roll record lends a strange, raucous dissonance to the early morning silence. Then the camera sweeps right for a

2. LONG SHOT MIKE FERRIS

Who suddenly appears, walking down the road. His step is tentative, unsure. He's a tall man in his thirties. His dress is nondescript, his only identifiable garment being army pants. There's an indecisiveness, a puzzlement, in his features as he comes closer to the camera, sees the diner, stops, rubs his knuckles over the side of his face and feels his beard's stubble. He pats in his pocket, unsure, reaches in and pulls out a couple of dollar bills. For some reason this bouys him up. He looks a little more resolved as he walks up the steps and into the diner.

NARRATOR'S VOICE

We are looking at a male Caucasian, age approximately thirty-one, height approximately 5'11". As to his name, where he is, and what he's doing there—this even he doesn't know. For the journey that this man will take is an excursion into the shadows, and all of you are invited to go along.

DISSOLVE TO:

OPENING BILLBOARD

3. INT. DINER

It is a small, nondescript, typical eatery with a row of small booths along the outside window, a counter, and a kitchen beyond. The room is empty.

4. PAN SHOT MIKE

As he walks over to a stool and sits down at the counter, reaches over, takes a menu, studies it for a moment, then turns and looks over toward the juke box.

5. MED. CLOSE SHOT JUKE BOX

Garish, multicolored, still blaring out the music.

6. MED. SHOT ROOM

He turns on his stool to look toward the opening to the kitchen.

7. CLOSE SHOT AN OVEN INSIDE KITCHEN

Through the glass we can see a row of six or seven pies baking and almost fully browned.

8. MED. SHOT ROOM

Mike calls out.

MIKE

(sardonically calling out)

Is this thing loud enough for you out here? I mean, can you hear it all right? He grins wryly, waits momentarily for an answer that never comes, turns and looks again at the juke box. He rises, gets off his stool, goes over the juke box, looks all around it, pushes it away from the wall a few inches, reaches back, fiddles with a knob. The music goes much lower. Then, satisfied, he pushes the machine back against the wall and goes back over to the counter.

MIKE

Kind of early for that kind of music, isn't it?

Still, silence.

MIKE

I noticed there's a town just up the road. What's the name of it? Again, silence. Mike puts the menu down, peers through the little opening to the kitchen.

MIKE

Hey, I asked you a question in there. What's the name of the town?

Mike gets off the stool, goes around the counter, through a swinging door that leads into the kitchen.

9. INT. KITCHEN

A small room with a couple of stoves, et cetera. He goes over to the stove, turns down the oven, and looks around the room. He goes over to a back door, tries it and it swings open. He steps back as it creaks open and reveals the diner's backyard.

MIKE

(calls out)

Hey? You got a customer out front! Hey! Customer here!

Still no answer. Mike turns, retraces his steps to the lunch counter.

10. MED. SHOT ROOM

Mike still shows no real emotion beyond a puzzlement. He's neither frightened nor concerned as yet. Again he picks up the menu and studies it. He talks out loud, now.

MIKE

I think ham and eggs. Eggs up and soft. Hash browns. Coffee. Black.

(looks up, calls out again)

Customer! Got a customer out front!

(he rises from the stool again

—sticks his head in the kitchen)

Ham and eggs. Hash browns. Coffee black.

He stands there by the open, swinging door staring into the empty kitchen. His eyes dart about now and for the first time we see something beyond puzzlement on his features. What supplants it is irritation, not acute, but definitely there. He reaches into his shirt pocket and takes out a crumpled pack of cigarettes, goes back to the lunch counter. Now he scratches his head, sits down on the stool for a long moment. Suddenly the music on the juke box stops. The sudden cessation of noise brings with it a silence even more obvious. Mike turns to stare at the juke box. He looks up at the clock.

11. CLOSE SHOT CLOCK

It is on the counter near the coffee urn, its face turned sideways so that Mike can't see it.

12. MED. CLOSE SHOT MIKE

As he goes over to the clock to turn it around and stare at it.

13. CLOSE SHOT CLOCK

It reads a quarter to six.

14. MED. SHOT MIKE

Mike turns away from it, but in doing so brushes against it and knocks it to the floor.

15. CLOSE SHOT CLOCK

On the floor as Mike bends over and picks it up. The face of it is broken. He puts it back on the counter, then goes back over to his seat.

16. MED. CLOSE SHOT MIKE

His fingers tap a nervous staccato on the counter top. The silence now begins to be oppressive and nerve-racking. Suddenly, as if an afterthought, he reaches into his pocket and pulls out the money, looks at it in his hand, then reaches into all his other pockets. He finds nothing. He rubs at his face again. Mike speaks aloud but obviously to no one in an attempt to make noise or sound or just to end the stillness.

MIKE

Cash customer here. Hungry cash customer.

(he rubs his face again)

I got two dollars and eighty-five cents.

(he looks at the money very thoughtfully, almost questioningly)

Two dollars and eighty-five cents, American money.

(then he stops and looks off in obvious puzzlement)

American money.

(he throws it out into the air as if to reassure himself as to the meaning of the phrase)

Sure, American money.

He looks at the clock again, and into the opening to the kitchen and the swinging doors, at the silent juke box, and back at the money in his hand.

MIKE

Well, we got this much settled. I'm an American.

(he raises his voice a little now as if to wake someone in the next room)

There's a little question about my identity. Let me put it to you this way—I'm not sure who I am.

(he holds up the money)

But I've got two dollars and eighty-five cents and I'm hungry. This much is established!

He gets up off the stool and suddenly slams both palms down hard on the counter, making all the salt shakers and catsup bottles quiver and rattle.

MIKE

(shouts)

I got two dollars and eighty-five cents and I'm hungry!

He stops dead now, listening to the silence that enfolds and surrounds him. Then he looks around. Again the sense of irritation. He takes a drag on his cigarette, then butts it out, rises, goes to the front door and stares out.

17. EXT. LUNCH ROOM

The long road that leads away from the lunch counter without a sign of traffic, people, or anything. He whirls around to look back into the lunchroom.

MIKE

(aloud)

I'm gonna wake up in a minute. I know I'm gonna wake up. I wish . . . I wish there'd be a noise or something to wake me up.

He suddenly sticks two fingers in his mouth and whistles, listens for a moment, then he whistles again, kind of grinning to himself.

MIKE

A little noise, please!

(now he sings at the top of his voice)

Where Is Everybody?

"Yes sir, that's my baby. No sir, don't mean maybe. Yes sir, that's my baby now!"

He laughs a little sheepishly, listens for a moment to the silence, then he turns and goes back to the lunch counter.

18. INT. LUNCH ROOM

Mike sits down, buries his face in his hands, rubbing his eyes, massaging his temples as if trying to force out with his fingers some connective link ... some reassurance of existence ... some knowledge of where he is and what he's doing. Once again he looks around the room.

19. PAN SHOT WITH HIS EYES

Taking in the shots of the coffee urn, the menus, the salt and pepper shakers, all the simple, commonplace, terribly normal adjuncts to what should be a normal scene but somehow isn't. He rises now, looks around again, then walks to the door.

20. CLOSE SHOT THE 'OPEN' SIGN ON THE DOOR

21. CLOSE SHOT MIKE

As he slowly reaches down and turns the sign over to read CLOSED. Then he walks out.

DISSOLVE TO:

22. EXT. TOWN STREET MIKE'S P.O.V.

It's still early morning, and what we're looking at is the main drag of a small town, flanked by stores, a courthouse, a post office, et al. The most singularly overwhelming feature of this is the complete absence of motion and all noise.

23. LONG SHOT MIKE FERRIS

As he walks down the sidewalk looking from one side of the street to the other.

24. TRACK SHOT

Past stores as Mike goes by them. Drugstore, grocery, soda bar. Most of the doors are open and there are lights on inside, but there are no people. There's an odd, indefinable feeling that permeates the scene, a sense of activity and yet coming with no players, and no people, as if it was a place full of motion and movement suddenly stripped of the people performing it.

25. LONG SHOT DOWN THE STREET

From Mike's point of view. It is devoid of any kind of movement whatsoever. It is absolutely quiet. Over this tableau we

superimpose the title, "Where Is Everybody?" along with major credits.

26. CLOSE SHOT MIKE

As he stops and looks around. He is suddenly startled by the sound of chimes. He whirls around and looks up.

27. LONG SHOT CHURCH STEEPLE BELL

As it rings.

28. CLOSE SHOT MIKE

He shades his eyes to search out the church and then, in turning away from it, he stops abruptly, staring at something across the street.

29. LONG SHOT ACROSS THE STREET

A little clothing store and alongside of it an alley where a large delivery truck is parked. In the cab, in the passenger-seat, a human figure can be seen.

30. LONG ANGLE SHOT

Looking down as Mike goes to the curb, cranes his neck to look over to the truck.

MIKE

Hey, miss? Miss?

(he makes a gesture that is part a wave, part an attempt at reassurance)

Over here, miss. Look, I wonder if you could do me a favor? I don't want you to think I'm nuts or anything. I mean, it's nothing like that. It's just that—

(again he grins a little)

I don't seem to remember who I am. It's the craziest thing. I've looked all around and I haven't seen anybody around. I guess it's just early or something. Literally there hasn't been a soul.

(he takes a step off the curb, looks again toward the cab of the truck, a little puzzled. He smiles again.)

You know, it's a real oddball thing but ... well, I woke up this morning ...

(he stops and rubs his jaw)

I didn't exactly wake up. I just sort of found myself on the road walking.

(and then suddenly)

Amnesia, that's what they call it, isn't it? Amnesia? Well that must be what I've got. I just don't remember a thing ... I can't find anybody to ask ...

31. TRACKING SHOT

As he starts to walk across the street.

MIKE

(as he walks)

You're the first person I've seen. Look,

I really don't want you to be frightened or anything, but I was wondering if you could just tell me if maybe there's a doctor or something.

32. CLOSE SHOT MIKE

As he stops dead in his tracks. He's about ten feet from the truck.

33. MED. LONG SHOT THE TRUCK

The female figure is outlined in the passenger seat but very much in the shadows.

34. MOVING SHOT MIKE

As he gets close to the cab.

35. CLOSE SHOT PROFILE FEMALE HEAD

36. FLASH CLOSE SHOT MIKE'S EYES

As they suddenly narrow in reaction.

37. CLOSE SHOT MIKE'S HANDS

On the door handle as he suddenly yanks the door open.

38. MED. CLOSE SHOT INSIDE THE CAB

The female figure suddenly slumps down in the seat, her head sticking out of the open door. The hair cascading down. The camera pans slowly across her body until it stops at what should be arms. There are no arms. Mike reaches over, grabs at the hair of the figure and pulls it up and around, to stare into the wooden face of a mannequin. He very slowly lets loose and the mannequin tumbles back onto the seat and then down to the floor of the cab.

39. CLOSE SHOT FLOOR

The mannequin staring up with glassy, manufactured eyes.

40. MED. SHOT MIKE

As he slowly backs away, then turns to read the lettering printed on the side of the truck.

41. CLOSE SHOT LETTERING

It reads, RESNICK'S STORE MANNEQUINS.

42. CLOSE SHOT MIKE

As his lips form the words that he's read. Then he turns to look through the window of the cab at the figure of the mannequin. He takes a few steps over to her and then very gently picks her up and sets her back on the seat.

MIKE

I'm very sorry, Madame. I can assure

you that at no time did I mean to be so upsetting. As a matter of fact I've always had a kind of secret yen for quiet women.

(then he grins)

You get what I mean, Elabe?

(he kisses his fingertips and then plants them on the mannequin's nose)

Now don't take any wooden boy friends.

Then he looks at her again for a more pensive moment as if unspoken now were his earnest wish that this creature was alive and could be talked to. He turns away and walks back across the street.

43. LONG SHOT MIKE

As he walks.

44. SERIES OF SHOTS MIKE WALKING

In different sections and on different streets. The last scene ends with him stopping abruptly to stare at something down the street.

45. LONG SHOT GAS STATION

Out in front is a glass-enclosed public phone booth.

46. LONG ANGLE SHOT LOOKING DOWN AT MIKE

As he walks toward the gas station and goes into the phone booth

47. MED. SHOT THROUGH THE GLASS OF THE PHONE BOOTH

Mike closes the door, picks up the receiver and without even waiting for the dial tone or the operator, he starts to talk into it.

MIKE

Look, I wonder if anyone there could tell me—

He stops abruptly, grins, shakes his head, slaps at the side of his head with an open palm, fishes in his pocket and takes out a coin, deposits it in the phone, then dials the operator. He listens to the dial tone that comes on and off with dull regularity. He jiggles the receiver impatiently.

MIKE

Operator. Operator. Will you listen to me?

He pounds on the phone and then just indiscriminately dials a bunch of numbers. He's about to throw down the phone in disgust when suddenly at the other end of the line he hears a dial tone ringing. He very slowly and very gratefully picks up the phone now and hears a voice filtered at the other end.

VOICE

(filtered)



A conference on the set, with Rod Serling and Earl Holliman

This is the Special Operator. The number you have reached is not a working number. Please make sure you have the right number and are dialing it correctly.

Mike starts to shout into the phone.

MIKE

Is everybody asleep over there? What kind of operation do you people run?

Then she repeats all she's just said as Mike listens to her, excited beyond words that he has found someone alive. When she finishes repeating the message he grabs the phone and is about to speak when suddenly he hears the Operator's voice again.

VOICE

This is a recording.

There is a certain suggestion of tenseness that suddenly shows on Mike's face.

MIKE

A recording?

(he pounds on the receiver hook and shouts)

Operator! Look, all I want to know is where I am. I just want to know the name of this place.

Then he slowly lets the receiver loose and it hangs down from the phone box. Mike's hand touches and then grasps a telephone book, a thin one that he grabs and looks at hungrily.

48. CLOSE SHOT TELEPHONE COVER

On it is written OAKWOOD.

49. MED. SHOT MIKE

He rips open the cover, looks down at the first page.

MIKE

A. Abel. Ackerman. Adams. Allenby. Arnold. All right, boys, where are you? (his voice is a little edgier now)

Where do you all live? Just in this book here?

(he rips the page open)

Baker. Beldon. Biltmore. Botsford.

Well, look, gang—who's watching the store?

He suddenly turns to look out at the street.

50. FULL SHOT THE STREET MIKE'S P.O.V.

51. MED. CLOSE SHOT MIKE

Who's watching any of the stores?

He lets loose of the phone book now, lets it fall to the floor, and stands there motionless for a moment, deep in thought. Then he automatically reaches for the door handle, turns it, and pushes. Nothing happens. He tries again and it remains locked. He waits a moment, then puts all his weight against it. It does not yield. It is more than irritation that we see on Mike's face now. There's the first suggestion of a real concern. He looks around his strange, glass prison.

MIKE

All right. Who's the wise guy? Who locked the door?

(he tries the door once again)

It's a great gag.

He pounds again and then suddenly stops and looks all around.

52. PAN SHOT FROM MIKE'S P.O.V.

From inside the phone booth. The camera moves all the way around the glass, almost in a three hundred and sixty-degree pan.

53. MED. CLOSE SHOT MIKE

He laughs softly, shakes his head.

MIKE

Trapped in a phone booth! Trapped in a glass phone booth. Like a goldfish.

(then he suddenly calls out)

Well, here I am! You got me! Everybody come see! I'm right here on display!

Where Is Everybody?



54. LONG ANGLE SHOT LOOKING DOWN AT MIKE

In the phone booth, as once again he starts to pound on the glass.

MIKE

How about a hand, somebody? A little assistance—how about it? This is an absolutely hysterical town, and I'm growing very fond of it, but I'd appreciate it if—

He stops abruptly.

55. CLOSE SHOT MIKE'S FACE

As he stares at something through the glass.

56. CLOSE SHOT A CIGAR

Half-smoked and still burning, lying on the sidewalk just outside the booth.

57. ANGLE SHOT

Looking into Mike's face through the glass. For the very first time there's a look of incipient fear.

MIKE

Look. Whoever's out there. This isn't funny any more. You understand? I don't like this jazz. It's getting dull.

(he looks around again)

Look, I know I can be heard. I know ... I know somebody's watching me.

Immediately after he's said this he realizes he has suddenly given voice to his fear. He's labeled what is beginning to bother him. Simply a sense of being watched. He suddenly bends down, picks up the phone book, flings it against the glass of the door. The glass disintegrates. Mike sticks his hand through, opens the door from the outside, then kicks at it with his foot. It springs open and halfway off its hinges as he goes out onto the street. Then he looks down at his hand. It's cut; a rivulet of blood runs down through the fingers. He feels for a handkerchief, takes it and wraps it around the hand. He squeezes it a couple of times, trying to get more blood



to flow. Then he starts down the street again.

58. LONG SHOT STREET MIKE'S P.O.V.

Once again the sense of emptiness and loneliness and that bizarre quality of activity with no actors.

59. TRACK SHOT WITH MIKE AS HE CONTINUES DOWN THE STREET

He pauses in front of a building and looks up.

60. CLOSE SHOT SIGN Which reads, POLICE STATION.

61. TRACK SHOT MIKE

He walks up the steps and into the building.

62. INT. POLICE STATION

There's a small anteroom, and then an open, barred door which leads to a corridor lined with cells.

63. MED. CLOSE SHOT MIKE

As he enters and looks around. There is a police sergeant's desk, files, pictures of wanted men on the wall. A teletype machine hums in the corner. Mike goes to look at it. The light over it is on, but nothing is being written. He whirls around and stares toward the sergeant's desk, goes behind it, picks up a microphone, flings it for a moment, then talks into it.

MIKE

Calling all cars. Calling all cars. Unknown man walking around the police station. Suspicious looking character. Probably wanted by the FBI—

Then he stops, looks at the mike, chuckles softly for a moment and then stops abruptly, the smile gone. He flings the microphone away from him and looks slowly around the room.

MIKE

I wish I could shake that feeling ...

(he looks around again)

That crazy feeling of being watched ... listened to ...

He stares toward the cell doors then begins to walk slowly toward them.

64. CLOSE SHOT MIKE

As he stands in the middle of the next room, looking from empty cell to empty cell. Then he whirls around at a bubbling sound. There, on a hot plate, is a pot of coffee perking. Behind him we see the barred door leading to the anteroom begin to close. Mike's eyes look wild, as if subconsciously he realizes he's in danger. He whirls around to see the cell door closing and then, with a shout, throws himself against it, pushing it away before it locks. He seems to hang on it now, breathing deeply.

MIKE

All right, time to wake up! Time to wake up now!

He whirls around, his face distorted, close up against the camera. He shouts.

MIKE

Time to wake up!

He stumbles through the anteroom and then back to the street.

65. EXT. STREET LONG ANGLE SHOT

Looking down at Mike as he stands in the middle of the empty street, the stores around him, the quiet. He suddenly screams.

MIKE

Where is everybody? Where is everybody!?

FADE TO BLACK

END ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE ON:

66. FILM CLIP A HOT AND HIGH AFTERNOON SUN

Shimmering in a sea of heatwaves. The camera sweeps down until it is level with the street and a

67. LONG SHOT MIKE FERRIS

As he sits on a curb, staring dully and numbly across at nothing. The church steeple clock sounds two. He looks up, listens to it, but is no longer shocked by it. He just lets the sound of the chimes play along the edges of his consciousness without really being aware of them. Now he rises and walks slowly, methodically, without much apparent purpose across the street. He looks up to see a sign reading DRUGSTORE. He enters.

68. INT. DRUGSTORE

It is light and cheerful inside. On the left hand side is the soda bar with a big mirror behind it full of stickers advertising various concoctions—soft drinks, ice cream, sandwiches. Mike, as he enters, pauses by the cigarette and candy counter. He looks through the glass for a long moment, then reaches behind and takes out a couple of cigars. He unwraps one, sticks it in his mouth, lights it, takes a couple of draws, butts it out, reaches in another box, takes one of those, then looks in the box.

MIKE

Two for a dollar. Now that's more like it. I always like an expensive cigar. Then he turns with a smile and says to nobody,

MIKE

How about you guys—any of you want a cigar?

69-73. SERIES OF SHOTS OF EMPTY BOOTHS

74. MED. CLOSE SHOT MIKE

As he gets up on a stool.

MIKE

I'll take a chocolate soda with chocolate ice cream.

He starts to laugh, but the laugh is checked almost immediately as he sees his reflection in the mirror behind the counter. His fingers run exploringly across his face, taking in the beard stubble, the hollowness beneath the eyes, the strange, haunted, frightened look that is obvious there. He looks at himself again for a long moment.

MIKE

You'll forgive me, old pal, but I don't recollect the name. The face seems vaguely familiar ... but it's the name that escapes me.

(a pause)

I'll tell you what my problem is. I'm in the middle of a nightmare that I can't wake up from.

(he points to the reflection)

You're part of it. You and the ice cream and the cigar. That police station and the phone booth. That little mannequin. This whole bloody town, wherever it is.

(a pause)

Whatever it is. I just remembered something. Scrooge said it. You remember Scrooge, old buddy? Ebenezer Scrooge? It's what he said to the ghost, Jacob Marley, he said, "You may be an undigested bit of beef, a blot of mustard, a crumb of cheese, a fragment of an undone potato. There's more of gravy than of grave about

you." You see? That's what you all are. You're what I had for dinner last night. You must be. But now I'd like to wake up. I've had it ... I'd like to wake up now. And if I can't wake up, at least I'd like ... I'd like to find somebody to talk to.

He rises now and goes behind the counter. He starts to fix himself a chocolate soda, experimenting with some of the cupboards until he finds the right ingredients, the ice cream, the milk, et cetera. Then he mixes himself a soda, tall, frosty, delicious. He starts to sip it with a straw as he walks around the drugstore. He stops by a poster of a high school football schedule.

75. CLOSE SHOT CARDBOARD SIGN

It reads, OAKWOOD HIGH SCHOOL, 1958 SCHEDULE. A list of teams and dates to be played appears below.

76. MED. CLOSE SHOT MIKE

As he takes it in one hand and reads it as he sips the soda. But the normality of it suddenly points out the incongruity of what he's living through. He puts the poster back on the counter, shaking his head, staring at it.

MIKE

I must be a very imaginative guy. Very imaginative. Nobody in the whole world can have a dream as ... as complete as mine. Right down to the last detail.

(he taps the poster)

Right down to the last detail.

He turns, stares across at a big magazine rack near the front window of the store. He crosses over to it, stares down at some of the magazines, then kneels down, interested. He begins to trace the dates on each one of the magazines. The majority of them say October 1958 and his mouth forms that phrase, "October 1958." Then he bites his lips, shakes his head again, rises, looks down at the group of comic books, each with a lurid title having to do with horror themes, spook themes, et cetera. Then suddenly he stops and looks down at one, the cover of which is peeping out from behind the others and whose title is visible. He reaches down and pulls it out just a few inches farther so that he can read the entire title.

77. TIGHT CLOSE SHOT COVER

The title: *The Last Man on Earth*.

78. MED. SHOT MIKE

He picks it up and stares at the cover, then flings it down on the floor. He turns rapidly away and heads back to the counter where he puts the soda down. He

is suddenly gripped by another spasm of such utter loneliness that it forces him out onto the street.

80. EXT. STREET

Camera follows him out of the store. As he gets out on the street he suddenly shouts, shrilly, illogically.

MIKE

(shouting)

Hey! Hey, anybody! Anybody hear me?

Anybody hear me?

He almost lurches to the other side of the street where he buries his face against the window of a building. When his head goes back he sees the letters U.S. POST OFFICE and he starts to laugh again.

MIKE

Any mail for me? Anybody write me a letter? I don't know what my name is, but maybe you can tell me in there, huh? Will you tell me what my name is?

He pounds his fist against the glass and then suddenly has to stifle what obviously is a sob as he begins to give in to the loneliness and to the unknown and to the pulsating, gnawing fear that envelops him. Then he turns away from the window, struggling for composure.

80. CLOSE SHOT MIKE

He looks at something across the street. Camera sweeps wide until it stops on—

81. LONG SHOT BUILDING

With a sign reading CITY BANK.

82. LONG SHOT MIKE

As he gets up off the bench, walks across the street, and into the bank.

83. INT. BANK

Track shot Mike as he walks past all the tellers' cages. He stops at the end of the line, presses his face against the bars.

84. CLOSE SHOT ROW AFTER ROW OF STACKED BILLS

85. MED. SHOT MIKE MIKE

I'd like to borrow about eight hundred thousand dollars. How about it?

(then he nods and grins)

Thanks. I think that's generous of you.

I think that's really generous.

He pulls the bars up, reaches in and takes two packages of money. Then he starts to retrace his steps toward the front door. He's about to leave when he looks toward the first teller's window.

Where Is Everybody?



86. MED. SHOT ROWS OF COINS ON TOP OF THE COUNTER

87. MED. SHOT MIKE
He takes some of the bills that he's crammed into his shirt pocket, throws them away.

MIKE

Gotta make room for some silver.
He goes behind the teller's window and starts to cram rolls of coins into his pockets. Then suddenly his eyes look wild again as he looks up, his eyes scanning the room. And again, illogically, the same mixture of wisdom and paranoia.

MIKE

Somebody watching me?
He goes out in front of the teller's cage again and looks around.

MIKE

Somebody watching me?
He looks up toward the ceiling and around as if expecting to see someone.

MIKE

Crazy feeling. Crazy, odd-ball feeling.
Like ... like I knew someone was watching me.

And then his eyes narrow again in an awareness of danger.

MIKE

Watching me ... and trying to button me up someplace. Trying to trap me.
He looks around wildly again.

88. CLOSE SHOT HIS LEGS

As he starts to run toward the door. He trips over some sort of a lever close to the teller's cage.

89. FLASH SHOT ALARM BELL
On the wall as it begins to ring.

90. LONG ANGLE SHOT LOOKING DOWN AT MIKE

As he stops by the front door and whirls around as the loud, dissonant clanging pierces the quiet. Then he whirls around and tries the front door again. It's locked.

91. SERIES OF FLASH SHOTS
Bell. Teller's cage. Locked door. Mike's hand. Mike's face.

92. TRACK SHOT MIKE
As he races toward the alarm on the wall. He grabs the wires that extend from it and suddenly yanks on them, pulling them apart. The bell abruptly stops. Then he whirls around and stares at the front door.

93. CLOSE SHOT DOOR
It is now ajar.

94. MED. SHOT MIKE
As he goes back toward the teller's cage, grabs the coins and bills, crams them back into his pocket. He walks toward the open door, then out onto the street again, leaving a trail of silver and bills behind him. He sits down on the curb, unwraps the handkerchief from around his hand, wipes his face with it. He reaches into his pocket, takes out a crumpled fistful of bills, takes one out, grins at it, takes out the remnants of a cigar, sticks the cigar in his mouth, takes the bill, lights it.

MIKE

Here's something I've always wanted to do. Always wanted to do this. He takes the lit bill and lights a cigar with it, then he lets loose of the burning bill and watches it flutter to the ground and disappear in ashes. Mike watches it burn, and then slowly his face looks tired, hopeless.

MIKE

Big deal. So what? Big deal.
He lets his head hang a moment.

DISSOLVE TO:

95. EXT. TOWN SQUARE NIGHT

96. TIGHT CLOSE SHOT STREET LAMP

As it suddenly goes on. Camera then pans down for a

97. SHOT OF MIKE

On a bench looking up toward the light. Then he turns to look toward the street flanking the square. The lights have gone

on in front of all the stores and in the windows.

98. CLOSE SHOT MIKE
Reacting.

**99. MED. LONG SHOT
THEATER MARQUEE**
As the lights go on around it.

100. TRACK SHOT MIKE

He walks across the street, stops by the ticket window, and then, almost dreamlike, speaks.

MIKE

I'd like one tick—
Then he stops, shakes his head, closes his eyes, realizing how ludicrous this is. He is about to go in when he suddenly stops and stares at a poster advertising the movie.

101. CLOSE SHOT POSTER
Which shows an air force pilot in his coveralls advertising the movie.

102. MED. CLOSE SHOT MIKE
As he suddenly feels his own outfit and gradually makes the connection that the uniform of the man in the picture is similar to that which he wears.

MIKE

Air force. Air force.
(then he whirls around, looks up toward the sky)

Air force. I'm air force.
(he once again looks down at his coveralls and feels them, grabs at them)

Air force. I'm in the air force.

103. TRACK SHOT MIKE
As he walks from the outside of the theater, through the lobby, on into the interior.

MIKE

(shouting)

Hey, everybody. I'm in the air force. I remember that much. I'm in the air force. Does anybody hear me? I'm in the air force.

And then once again he rubs his eyes, runs a hand wildly across his face and then suddenly surveys the theater.

CUT TO:

104. FULL SHOT THE THEATER
There are enough lights on to cast a soft orange glow through the room. He looks around at the absolute, vast emptiness of the place. Then he sits down, checks his watch, looks up at the big white screen with nothing on it. He looks at his watch again and then settles down in the chair,

Where Is Everybody?

his eyes closed, and he starts to succumb to the fatigue that sweeps over him.

MIKE

Air force. What does that mean? Was there a bomb or something? Is that what happened? That must have been it, a bomb. But if there was a bomb—
(he looks around the empty theater now)

It would have destroyed everything. And nothing is destroyed.

Suddenly he is aware of the lights lowering. He starts and his eyes open wide in time to see the last of the lights go down. A long beam of white light shines from the projection booth and suddenly on the screen appears a big introductory title, *Cartoon Parade*, with appropriate march music. Mike leaps to his feet, looks from the projection booth down to the screen. He suddenly starts to run down the aisle, shouting.

MIKE

Hey! Hey, somebody up there?

He stops in front of the projectionist's light so that we get an almost-nightmarish picture of the cartoons partially showing on his face and body as he screams.

MIKE

Hey, somebody up there? Who's running the pictures? Can you see me? Can you see me up there? Hey!

Then he races back up the aisle, arriving at the rear of the theater. He looks wildly around, then he sees a door with a glass window, steps visible on the other side.

105. LONG ANGLE SHOT STAIRS

As he races up them.

106. INT. PROJECTION BOOTH

As he bursts inside. The picture is running from one of the two projectors, but the room is absolutely empty. Mike races over to the machine, bends down and peers at it as the film goes through and he hears the sound of the cartoon music and voices. This is too much for him. He throws himself against the wall, peering out of the small, circular hole that the picture shoots through.

107. LONG ANGLE SHOT THROUGH THE HOLE

Of the vast, empty theater.

108. INT. PROJECTION BOOTH

He turns away, goes out the door, stumbling down the steps.

109. ANGLE SHOT DOWN STAIRS

He continues down the steps and out into the lobby again.

110. INT. LOBBY

He stops for a moment and looks across the lobby.

111. MED. LONG SHOT POPCORN MACHINE

That is at this moment making popcorn.

112. CLOSE SHOT MIKE

As he closes his eyes, shakes his head. Then he opens them. His eyes go wide. He starts to run toward the camera, coming up very close and almost at the point of impact we

CUT AWAY TO:

113. TIGHT TWO SHOT

Of Mike and a mirror as he smashes his face and hands against it and then recoils from the reflection, backs off a few feet, and then looks at the mirror on the opposite side of the room. The combination throws off reflections almost to infinity. He looks from left to right staring at the hundreds of Mike Ferrises who ape him in his every movement. Then he stops and looks across at the refreshment stand where the popcorn continues to pop in the big container. This, too, is more than he can stand. His face screws up like a small child about to cry, and then he shouts.

MIKE

Oh my God. Oh my dear God!

He stumbles through the lobby and out into the street.

114. EXT. STREET

He stumbles down the street aimlessly now, intent only on moving, not finding. His footsteps start to drag and finally he stops, sits down on the curb, buries his face in his hands, rubs his eyes. Then he looks up to once again find himself looking through the drugstore window, the magazine that he'd been reading lies on the floor face up.

115. HIGH ANGLE SHOT

Looking down through the window, distorting the cover of the magazine in such a manner as to make the lettering appear big and irregular. Once again the title slaps at him across the face. *The Last Man on Earth*. He rises slowly, backing away from the window, shaking his head. He turns and races across the street. Suddenly, then, he stops abruptly as the light on the corner changes to red and he instinctively comes to a halt. And then he stops dead, realizing once again the ludicrousness of it. He begins to laugh—the laughter becomes convulsive, wild. All the way across the street he continues it.

116. TRACK SHOT

As he goes by all the stores that we've been introduced to. As he goes by each one a sound emanates from it, a sound way out of proportion to what it actually should be. When he passes the pool hall we hear the mammoth bowling alley sound echoing from it. From in front of the theater comes a cacaphony of music and laughter. From the drug store there is a fizzling, bubbling sound of drinks. From the record store, the dissonant, blaring sound of music. As each noise joins in it becomes mumbled and part of a big morass of noise. Gradually the very dimension of it so frightens and shocks Mike that he begins to back away from each store as he passes—it as if being assaulted on all sides. He stumbles against a street post, whirls around, frightened, stares at it, and then suddenly, almost supplicatingly, throws his arms around it, buries his face against it. He starts to sob.

MIKE

Won't somebody help me? Won't somebody please help me?

Then his sobs subside and he stands there, breathing deeply. His eyes slowly open. Sweat stands out on his features. He looks haggard, desperate, close to cracking. The noise somehow, for no apparent reason, suddenly stops and there's a deep, dead, all-pervading silence again. Mike's eyes travel up the post, stare up toward the sky. He squints against the sun.

MIKE

Who's watching me? Who's looking at me?

(screaming)

Who's looking at me?

He looks down toward the street.

117. LONG SHOT THE STREET

He moves to the middle of the road again, still looking up toward the sky, and then as if suddenly seeing an adversary, begins to run.

118. CLOSE SHOT STORE WINDOW

As Mike backs into it, trying to get inside, reaching for the door and missing, and then slamming his face against the front pane.

119. CLOSE SHOT MIKE'S FACE AND EYES

Looking from inside the store outside toward him. His eyes go wide and he starts to scream.

120. CLOSE SHOT OVER MIKE'S SHOULDER

At a huge eye looking at him.

121. MED. SHOT MIKE

As he starts to run away from the store again. The camera takes in a shot of an optometrist's sign with a huge eye that Mike had seen.

122. TRACK SHOT MIKE

As he runs back toward the post. He grabs it and holds on tight, then he looks down. His hands have touched a button and he looks down at it.

**123. TIGHT CLOSE SHOT
A BUTTON**

With a sign over it: PUSH TO TURN GREEN.

124. MED. SHOT MIKE

As he looks away toward the light.

125. CLOSE SHOT THE LIGHT

126. MED. SHOT

And then suddenly Mike slams the palm of his hand against the button and punches it over and over again.

MIKE

Somebody help me. Help me. Help me.

127. CLOSE SHOT THE LIGHT

As it flashes from red to green, from green to red, from red to green, over and over again.

128. CLOSE SHOT MIKE'S HAND

As he keeps pushing the button. His voice, sobbing, screeching, plaintive, frightened.

MIKE

Somebody help me. Please. Please, help me—

DISSOLVE TO:

**129. OUT OF FOCUS
ON HIS HAND**

**130. CLOSE SHOT IN FOCUS
HIS HAND**

Pushing a button on an instrument panel. The camera dollies away until both the back of the panel and Mike's face are on a small television screen.

131. LONG ANGLE SHOT

Down a line of officers in a viewing room as they intently watch the screen. We hear Mike's voice as it coincides with a red light that flashes brilliantly on and off over the viewing screen.

MIKE'S VOICE

Please. Please help me. Help me.

A general, obviously in command, turns to his aide on his right.



GENERAL

Clock him!

(and then turning to his left
says to the officer alongside)

Get him out of there, quick!

Officer two reaches over for a hand mike,
pushes the button.

OFFICER TWO

Release the subject! On the double!

**132. INT. LARGE HANGARLIKE
ROOM**

In the center of it, illuminated by a couple of spots in an otherwise dark room, is a small, hermetically sealed metal box about six by five feet and about five feet high. A sliding panel is pushed back. Several air force men reach down and start unstrapping Mike and then carefully lift him through the hole. A white-clad medical officer begins to remove electrodes that have been taped to his body at various points. By this time Mike has stopped speaking. His eyes are half closed. He breathes deeply and irregularly, slumps forward in his seat.

**133. CLOSE SHOT
HIS RIGHT FIST**

Smashed against the instrument panel.

**134. EXTREMELY TIGHT CLOSE UP
HIS FIST**

And the broken glass covering a clock on the panel which reads six fifteen.

**135. MED. GROUP SHOT
THE AIR FORCE MEN**

As they remove him.

AIR FORCE MAN ONE

Be careful. He's cut his hand on that clock glass there—

**136. LONG SHOT
GENERAL AND STAFF**

As they hurriedly approach the scene,

their footsteps ringing hollowly on the concrete floor.

MEDICAL OFFICER

He's all right, sir. Delusions of some sort. I guess that's it. He's coming out of it now.

GENERAL

(nods)

Fine. You get all your data recorded?

MEDICAL OFFICER

Yes, sir. Every bit of it.

GENERAL

(to Officer One who comes up
from behind)

Did you get him clocked?

OFFICER ONE

Yes, sir. Four hundred and eighty four hours, thirty-six minutes.

GENERAL

Good. I'd like to get a look at all the data when they're compiled. I'd like the reaction chart on him, too.

OFFICER TWO

(sotto)

The press, sir?

He points toward the opposite side of the room.

**137. LONG SHOT
THREE OR FOUR
MEMBERS OF THE PRESS**

As they stand waiting expectantly.

**138. GROUP SHOT
GENERAL AND THE OTHERS**
GENERAL

On the run, if they don't mind. I want to talk to Ferris.

OFFICER TWO

Yes, sir.

He motions toward the press, and beckons them over as the general, the medical officers, and the others start walking in the opposite direction toward Mike Ferris, who lies on a stretcher at the very far and opposite side of the room.

Where Is Everybody?

139. TRACK SHOT WITH THE GENERAL AND THE REPORTERS

As they join him and start to walk across the room toward Ferris.

REPORTER ONE

You consider it a success, sir?

GENERAL

Very much so. He's been alone in that box for something in the neighborhood of four hundred and eighty four hours, which is roughly equivalent to a trip to the moon, several orbits, and then back.

REPORTER ONE

And this then was a simulated trip to the moon? Is that right, General?

GENERAL

(nods)

For all intent and purpose.

REPORTER TWO

What about the wires attached to him?

GENERAL

Electrodes. All of his reactions have been charted and graphed. Respiration, heart action, blood pressure.

At this moment they reach a point some ten feet away from where Mike Ferris lies on a stretcher attended by a couple of medics. Their voices become low.

REPORTER THREE

What happened to him toward the end? Just before he pushed that button or whatever it is.

GENERAL

What happened to him was that he cracked. We assume delusions of some sort, but I'll tell you something, gentlemen—you spend two and a half weeks all by your lonesome in a five foot square box without ever being able to hear a human voice other than your own ... I'll give you especially good odds that your imagination would run away with you too, just as his obviously did.

One of the medics looks up, motions the general over. The general takes a few steps until he's very close to Mike.

GENERAL

How do you feel, son?

MIKE

(his voice is weak but he's obviously much improved now)

I feel much better, sir. I'm sorry about ... toward the end.

MEDICAL OFFICER

(close by)

What was it like, Ferris? Where did you think you were?

MIKE

(looks from one to the other, wets his lips)

Some place I don't want to visit again. A town ... a town without people. Without anybody.

MEDICAL OFFICER

And you had to get out of that town, didn't you?

MIKE

(nods)

I sure did.

(then he looks up toward the medical officer)

What was the matter with me? Just off my rocker, huh?

MEDICAL OFFICER

Just a kind of nightmare, Ferris, that your mind manufactured for you.

The reporters lean forward straining to overhear this conversation.

MEDICAL OFFICER

You see, Ferris, we can feed stomachs with concentrates. We can supply microfilm for recreation, reading, even movies of a sort. We can pump oxygen in, waste material out.

The camera now moves around so that it is shooting just over the heads of all the men assembled and is looking at the box in the background which is on the periphery of the light.

MEDICAL OFFICER

But there's one thing we can't simulate. That's a pretty basic need—man's hunger for companionship, the barrier of loneliness. That's one we haven't licked yet.

At this moment the medics help Ferris to his feet. He stands there motionless for a moment as if testing newfound legs, and then he looks out toward the open hangar door at the night sky.

MIKE

Next time though ... it won't be just a box and a hangar, will it?

GENERAL

(going to his side and looking out toward the sky with him)

No, Mike. Next time you'll really be alone.

There's a long, thoughtful silence as Mike

takes a few steps toward the hangar door. He pauses for a moment near the box. A side has been removed so that he's staring directly into the control panel where the broken clock can be seen still reading six fifteen.

140. CLOSE SHOT MIKE

As he reacts.

141. CLOSE SHOT COCKPIT

As the camera pans over the broken clock, a microphone which hangs by the cord, a small microfilm apparatus, et cetera.

142. MED. CLOSE SHOT MIKE

As he looks away and then continues to walk over to the hangar door. He slowly looks up toward the sky and the camera sweeps up for a long shot of the moon hanging bright and lustrous in the sky.

MIKE

(grins thoughtfully, stares up toward the silver orb, and then quietly)

Don't go away up there. Next time ... next time it won't be a nightmare or a dream. Next time it'll be real. So don't go away ... We'll be there in a little while.

Then he starts to walk out in the night followed by the others. The camera begins a slow pan back into the room until it is shooting on the box, squatting empty and impassive in the empty room.

NARRATOR'S VOICE

The barrier of loneliness. The palpable, desperate need of the human animal to be with his fellow man.

LAP DISSOLVE TO:

143. NIGHT SKY

The moon and the stars.

NARRATOR'S VOICE

Up there ... up there is the vastness of space, in the void that is sky ... up there is an enemy known as isolation. It sits there in the stars waiting ... waiting with the patience of eons ... forever waiting ... in the Twilight Zone.

FADE TO BLACK

THE END

ANSWERS TO QUIZ

- (1) Michael Grady—jockey in "The Last Night of the Jockey"—(G) Mickey Rooney
- (2) Marsha White—living mannequin in "The After Hours"—(K) Anne Francis
- (3) Henry Corwin—department store Santa in "Night of the Meek"—(J) Art Carney
- (4) Helen Foley—teacher in "Nightmare as a Child"—(F) Janice Rule

- (5) Lavinia Godwin—Southern lady in "The Passerby"—(N) Joanne Linville
- (6) Wilfred Harper—son-in-law of a dying man in "The Chaser"—(T) Milton Selzer
- (7) Roger Shackelford—madly in love in "The Chaser"—(L) George Grizzard
- (8) Max Phillips—bookmaker in "In Praise of Pip"—(H) Jack Klugman
- (9) James B.W. Bevis—man with a guardian angel in "Mr. Bevis"—(M) Orson Bean

- (10) Wallace V. Whipple—factory owner in "The Brain Center at Whipple's"—(C) Richard Deacon
- (11) Sam Conrad—astronaut in "People Are Alike All Over"—(E) Roddy McDowall
- (12) Major Ivan Kuchenko—defector to the West in "The Jeopardy Room"—(A) Martin Landau
- (13) Oliver Crangle—political fanatic in "Four O'Clock"—(B) Theodore Bikel
- (14) Mr. Goldsmith—community leader in "The Old Man in the Cave"—(D) John Anderson

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